

October 14, 1964

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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How Miriam Karlin
lost 15lb. in 2 weeks

16-page lift-out

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Page 2

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 14, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 20

CONTENTS

Regular Features

| | |
|--|--------|
| Social | 10, 11 |
| TV Parade | 15 |
| Beautiful Australia: A Gallery of Historic Homes | 23-27 |
| Letter Box, Ross Campbell, Dorothy Drain | 39 |
| Stars | 56 |
| Mandrake, Crossword | 84 |
| Teenagers' Weekly | 91-95 |

OUR COVER

● Miriam Karlin is famous to Australian televiewers as Paddy, the whistle-blowing shop steward of the TV comedy series "The Rag Trade."

Miriam, who describes herself as a character actress, is in Australia to star in Sydney's Phillip Theatre revue "Is Australia Really Necessary?" and to make a series of TV shows, "On Stage," for ABC-TV.

Picture, by staff photographer Barry Cullen, was taken on the private jetty of Miriam's harborside flat at Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W. See page 5.

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Special Features

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Miriam Karlin's Diet | 5 |
| Make a "Minute Dress" | 18, 19 |
| Cookery: Orange recipes | 69-73 |
| THE WELL-GROOMED HOUSE | Centre liftout |

Fiction

| | |
|---|--------|
| The Green Jade Cat, <i>Mary Beck</i> | 31 |
| A Whole New World, <i>Mary Lange Jones</i> | 33 |
| The Investment, <i>Jean Vance</i> | 34, 35 |
| A Song of Sixpence (Serial — Part 6), <i>A. J. Cronin</i> | 37 |

Fashion

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Needlework Notions | 55 |
| This summer see yourself in print | 60, 61 |
| Dress Sense, <i>Betty Keep</i> | 62 |
| Fashion Frocks | 82 |
| Butterick Patterns | 95 |

Family Affairs

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| Motoring with children | 41 |
| At Home with <i>Margaret Sydney</i> | 47 |
| Home Hints, <i>Collectors' Corner</i> | 49 |
| Gardening: Framing a house in shrubs | 53 |
| Home Plan | 59 |
| Prize Recipe | 72 |
| Low-calorie Recipe | 73 |

WORTH REPORTING

IF St. Philip's Church, in the background of artist Boothroyd's drawing of an early Sydney wedding procession to illustrate "A Marriage in Macquarie's Day," looks strange it is because there have been more than one St. Philip's—in fact, three.

The first, of wattle and plaster near what is now the corner of Hunter and Castlereagh Streets, was burnt down in 1798. The second, on Church Hill at what is now the approach to the Harbor Bridge, was completed in 1810, the year of the wedding (after the bell tower had twice fallen down in gales). The present building, close by, was completed in 1856.

The contemporary portrait of Governor Macquarie and the drawing of early Sydney (page 87) are reproduced from the originals in the Mitchell Library with the permission of the trustees.

WRITER of our article on pages 89 and 90 about the women of Malaya, Susan Yorke is a lively addition to Sydney's professional writers. Last week we published one of her short stories, "The Matchmaker," but she hopes that the next fictional story we publish of hers will have the background of Sydney, a city she finds one of the most pleasant she has ever lived in.

Since, over the years, she has made home in America, England, Malaya, South America, and most of the big cities of Europe, she does have some claim for comparison.

In private life Mrs. Edgar Shuttleworth, she and her husband decided to come to Australia because it was one of the very few countries they had never seen. They liked it so much that they decided to stay, and, now happily settled into an apartment with a harbor view, they may stay for ever.



This picture shows our columnist Ross Campbell whiling away his leisure hours. It appears on the back of his new book, *Mummy, Who Is Your Husband?*

The book is a collection of some of his best writings in this paper and in the Sunday Telegraph. It is a sort of sequel to his best-seller of two years ago, *Daddy, Are You Married?*

Ross has obtained many ideas for his columns from the doings of his children (Sally, Patrick, Laura, and Cressida). In gratitude for this he has dedicated his new book to them.

Mummy, Who Is Your Husband? (published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6 at booksellers and newsagents) will be a useful Christmas gift idea — perhaps for someone overseas who would enjoy a sample of Australian humor.

AUSTRALIA DAY POEM CONTEST

THE Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Australia Day Council, is sponsoring a poem contest to mark Australia's national day — January 26.

We are offering a prize of 50 guineas for the best poem entitled "Australia."

Supporting the contest are The Australian Poetry Lovers' Society, The International P.E.N. Club, the Australian Literature Society, the Henry Lawson Society, and the Bread and Cheese Club.

The winner's name will be announced in our issue dated January 27, 1965.

All residents of Australia are eligible to enter except employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies.

Entries, which should be no more than 60 lines, must be received by November 20. The poem must not have been previously published.

Entries should be addressed to Australia Day Poem Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Each sheet of the entry should carry the writer's name and address.

Three of the judges are Professor A. R. Ghisholm, O.B.E., Emeritus Professor of French Literature; Mr. David Martin, the noted writer, and Mr. W. G. Smallman, vice-president of the Australia Day Council and the president of the Council of the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology.

The judges' decision is final and no correspondence concerning the contest will be entered into either before or after the announcement of the winning entry.

Music with the drill

A MELBOURNE dentist has found a successful, simple way to deal with the genuinely petrified and the just plain naughty, screaming children who object to sitting in the dentist's chair.

Like a magic wand he waves his recorder before their eyes. He plays the recorder seriously in his spare time with a group of other professional men.

When he realizes a child is a "monster"—dentally speaking—he brings out the recorder and plays a tune—nursery rhymes, anything to soothe the fevered brow.

A tune on the recorder never fails to calm the child—"And they think because you can play a recorder you're human after all," said the dentist.

When, Pied Piper-wise, he has coaxed the child to the chair and given an injection, he plays another tune until the injection takes effect.

The dentist says he hasn't lost a child patient yet; in fact, once they've heard him play his recorder they willingly come back for more—music, of course.

His latest request for a tune was from a small girl. She wanted him to play "The Butterfly," which he did.

Princess Marina's tour wardrobe



GARDEN PARTY at Government House, Canberra. Except for an emerald-and-pearl brooch, Princess Marina wore champagne tonings from tip to toe. Her silk dress and jacket were lace-appliqued and her hat was of marabou feathers.



CANBERRA AIRPORT. Farewelled from Canberra by the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, Princess Marina wore a geranium-pink wool coat, matching her slub-silk dress and velvet hat. Accessories were beige, and she added her favorite daytime four-strand pearl choker.



AT BRITISH EXHIBITION, a dress and jacket of red silk and a hat of red feathers. Shoes (with little heels) and handbag were black. She added pearls and a brooch of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.

● Princess Marina's Australian tour wardrobe showed that elegance and prettiness needn't be tied to any particular age or era.

She wears glowing colors, and the styles are ageless — as becoming to a 20-year-old as to a grandmother.

Marina has natural advantages: lithe slender figure, creamy olive skin, eyes that look dark but are rather hazel and change color according to the light and the color she is wearing.

But she has handicaps, too. One is hats. The cardinal tenet is that Royalty must be seen, must not disappoint the public. On public occasions she is limited to hats that can be anchored to the head and that show her face.

(Early in her marriage she had to discard a chic Paris drooping brim because it hid her face and required clutching to the head in a wind.)

But looks are only one of Marina's gifts. Those who were close to her during her visit to Canberra and N.S.W. say that her voice is so lovely, she is so charming, so interested in all she sees and does that looks are forgotten.



CANBERRA RECEPTION (above) at Parliament House. The Princess' gown was green paper taffeta with a sash swathed into a side panel. Her jacket was white mink and her jewels a three-strand necklace of diamonds, diamond tiara and earrings.



TOWN HALL RECEPTION. Marina wore a printed brocade suit with matching pillbox and beige accessories. Here, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Gough, wife of the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, is presented to her.

NEXT WEEK

★ Once upon a time there were two little bears —



— toys, designed to delight the heart of a child. They're included in our eight-page lift-out . . .

TOYS AND DOLLS' CLOTHES to make for Christmas

● The time: 1997. The place: Australia, richest and most feared country in the world. And then . . . a rabbit, as big as an alsatian, is seen near Mudgee . . .

DON'T MISS our new serial

THE YEAR of the ANGRY RABBIT . . .

Australian author Russell Braddon's brilliant satire.



PLUS:

● News of our £1000 cookery contest, and . . .

INTERNATIONAL COOKERY — from 15 countries

★ DON'T MISS the special five page decorating feature (including 50 practical decorating hints) by famous English interior decorator the Hon. John Siddeley — whose lectures "Living for Comfort, 1964" begin in Sydney on October 19.

● How different are the women of Britain from their mothers and grandmothers? This is one of the most uncertain questions hanging

over the political situation as Britain nears her general election. Upon its outcome will depend the result of the voting on October 15.

HOW WILL BRITAIN'S WOMEN VOTE?

By NEIL KELLY, of our London staff

FOR the first time in living memory women in Britain have stepped out of line to become pace-setters in the social changes and in everything new that happens over here.

Some women are dressing up like men. Others are wearing topless dresses and swimsuits.

Everywhere women are offering a challenge to tradition and to what is expected of them.

How far will this revolt of the women go?

All the political parties fear the possibilities posed by these sharp changes, for they upset preconceived notions of how women will vote.

In the past, most British women voted as their men did. Women were not expected to think for themselves when it came to politics.

The political parties equated the women with their men and thus, confidently, worked out the vote they could expect.

Any time between 1900 and 1959 a woman who was asked, "How will you vote in the general election?" was almost certain to reply: "Well, my husband's Labor," or Conservative, or Liberal, and that was that.

This time the pollsters and canvassers report a different situation.

Women are not only making up their own minds on political questions. Some are also persuading their husbands and boyfriends to vote as they do.

Few men will readily admit to this, but the party canvassers confirm that it is happening.

This trend may go much further by polling day.

Meanwhile, the political difference between the sexes has never been as great as it is today.

A Gallup Poll reveals that if men only voted, the election would result in a landslide victory for Labor.

Male supporters for the Labor Party outnumber those of the Conservatives at the rate of 52 to 34.

But among women, those supporting the Conservatives outnumber Labor voters 46 to 37.

More women say they "don't know" how they will vote than do men, who have not yet made up their minds.

Women are much more willing to change their political minds. They are more susceptible to individual personalities than men voters.

Thus, in 1955, many women who had been Labor supporters changed sides because they liked Sir Anthony Eden's personality.

With the outcome of the election in the women's hands, both the big political parties are angling their campaigns to catch the attention of the women.

The search for a slogan

Their advertising stresses the issues that have the biggest impact on women — housing, the standard of living, pensions.

The Conservative Government urges them to remember the new house, the car, the Continental holidays, the TV sets, the washers and

pretty wife, formerly an actress, and a swinging, 18-year-old daughter who is definitely "with it."

And another senior member of the Conservative Government, Mr. Edward Heath, a prominent architect of schemes to modernise Britain, is a handsome, silver-haired bachelor of remarkable eligibility.

What makes the women of Britain anti-Labor when the men are pro-Labor?

Experts say this trend is true all over the world. Women everywhere are just more conservative.

In Britain there are also some special factors.

Women, by and large, are opposed to trade unions and blame them for unnecessary strikes.

The housewives in Britain

ernment has only two junior women Ministers holding minor posts as Parliamentary secretaries.

The next Government is not likely to alter this situation much, although the Labor Party has indicated they may have one woman in the Cabinet.

At the election, 90 women are standing for Parliament — 11 more than last time. However, both the big parties are putting up fewer women candidates.

Women are finding it more difficult than ever before to be selected as candidates for the Conservative and Labor parties.

Potential candidates must overcome prejudice from both sexes. Men are said to fear a woman candidate if she appears too able. And the women on the selection committees distrust the influence of young or attractive candidates of their menfolk.

However, a number of well-known women who are campaigning on behalf of the parties may have a decisive effect in some electorates.

Mrs. Sue Dexter, wife of the English cricket captain Ted Dexter, is doing the door-to-door stint in south east Cardiff, where her husband is opposing the well-known Labor member James Callaghan.

"I don't enjoy public speaking," she says, "but everyone is so nice when I knock on the door. Even the Labor people are approachable."

"Before Ted became involved in politics I was bit hazy about it. I don't pretend to know near enough now, but I'm prepared to learn."

Actress Vanessa Redgrave, who is expecting her second baby soon, is campaigning for the Labor Party. She has already spoken to a rally and will address other meetings before polling day.

The Liberal Party is said to have no hope of winning more than six or seven seats. But the party leaders have a secret weapon which, the claim, may produce startling results.

As polling day draws nearer, Honor ("The Avengers") Blackman, who has already made a sizzling impact on film and TV audiences, will try her magic Liberal meetings up and down the country.

Honor herself is a devoted Liberal supporter and believes Britain needs a third party.

"And after all," says Liberal Party officials, "James was a match for James Bond."

Usually they favor the Conservatives — this time they're less predictable

fridges that are now taken for granted as essentials.

"Let's keep it this way," is the theme.

The Labor Party's answer to this is to say, "Let's better it."

And they claim that, behind the outer glitter, there are still too many slum houses and schools, too many old and invalid pensioners living on the edge of poverty.

Either of the parties could ensure themselves victory by coming up with a slogan or a gimmick with immediate impact on women.

The "Daily Mirror," which supports Labor, hit on a sure-fire slogan in 1945 when it urged the women of Britain to "Vote for Him" — the returning soldier. The result was an overwhelming victory for Labor.

With women voters in mind, the Labor Party leader, Mr. Harold Wilson, has noticeably smartened up his appearance in recent weeks.

The cut of his suits is smarter, his collars crisper, and he has lost more than an inch or two around his waistline.

As a Scottish nobleman, Sir Alex Douglas-Home, the Prime Minister, already has plenty of built-in glamor, which is regarded as a vote-winner among the women.

Some of his colleagues are also being glamorised in the Conservative campaign. There is Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has a

are, traditionally, the savers, and more recently they have become small investors, by means of unit trusts, in stocks and shares.

Thus they are inclined to fear the Labor Party's nationalisation plans.

They also distrust Labor's social programme, for they are keener than men to preserve fee-paying schools and other class distinctions.

"This proves," claim the Labor supporters, "that women are more snobbish than men."

Britain's mounting color problem, which arises from the influx of West Indian and Asian migrants, worries women more than men. They suspect that Labor would not handle this issue as firmly as a Conservative government.

Fewer women in Cabinet

British women are also more instinctively nationalistic than men. They see a Conservative-governed Britain, with its own nuclear weapons, cutting a bigger figure in the world than would be possible under Labor.

At a time when their vote is all-important, women, ironically, are playing a decreasing role in actual government.

Other British Governments since the war have had women either in the Cabinet or controlling Ministries of Cabinet rank.

However, the present Gov-

"Paddy" can slim down 15lb. in a fortnight

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Slender Miriam Karlin, famous as Paddy the whistle-blowing shop steward in the TV comedy "The Rag Trade," swears by a diet that loses 15-20lb. in 14 days.

WHAT made Miriam want to slim in the first place was that she wanted to wear tight trousers on stage.

"It was one New Year's Day," she said. "I was rehearsing 'The Mesalliance,' due to open on January 23. I felt fat. I'd been at a New Year's Eve party and ate and drank everything.

"The director, Lionel Harris, a crafty man, chose that moment to show me the designs for my stage clothes. One of them was tight trousers.

"I took one look at those trousers and said to him, 'Who is that doctor who is so good at diets?'"

"I weighed 11st. 7lb., and was 42in. round the hips.

"I went straight to the doctor and told him I had to lose two stone by January 23. I did."

Since her first weight reduction she has evolved her own diet over the years with a doctor's help.

If it is done without cheating, its reward is a weight loss of 15lb. to 20lb. in 14 days, and to this diet she returns when necessary.

I uncovered this splendid diet when I lunched with Miriam Karlin at one of Sydney's glamor restaurants where she was being feted by TV executives.

I noticed she didn't look at the menu. She ordered chicken salad (no mayonnaise), black coffee (no sugar), refused dessert, avoided the tempting bread rolls.

(Her original diet is the famous dehydration diet which is accompanied by specially prescribed pills. It is set out in italics in the panel beneath Miriam's picture.)

Today, Miriam weighs 8st. 7lb., give or take a pound or two, hasn't a superfluous ounce of flesh, can wear anything. Her measurements are 34, 23½, 34.

Here is her diet. No pills are necessary.

EVERY DAY'S BREAKFAST

1 whole grapefruit, 2 eggs, boiled or poached, coffee.

MONDAY

LUNCH: Fruit salad, put everything in it, all kinds of fruit without restriction, eat as much as you can.

DINNER: Two eggs, combination salad (own choice), 1 piece thin dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

TUESDAY

LUNCH: Cold chicken (a big helping, drumstick and thigh, or whole breast and wing), 1lb. tomatoes, 1 whole grapefruit.

DINNER: Half-pound lean grilled steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, cucumber (in whatever quantity you can eat), coffee.

WEDNESDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Two grilled lamb chops, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

THURSDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Same as Monday.

FRIDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Large helping fish (grilled, steamed, or poached) or chicken, lettuce (any quantity), tomatoes (any quantity), 1 slice dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

SATURDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Half-pound steak, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (all in any quantity), coffee.

SUNDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Large helping chicken, carrots, cooked cabbage, tomatoes (all in any quantity), 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES FOR THE DIET

ALCOHOL is not allowed. If this is not observed, the diet is useless.

ABSTAIN from everything not included in the diet.

REPLACE sugar with substitute.

EAT the full allowance. Don't skip a meal.

DON'T eat between meals.

EAT all vegetables without butter, salad without oil or mayonnaise, meat lean, grilled or steamed, coffee black, tea clear.

QUANTITIES: Stick to amount where stipulated.

Miriam is in Sydney to star in the Phillip Theatre's revue "Is Australia Really Necessary?" and to make a series of TV shows for ABC-TV called "On Stage."

When I visited her at her harborside flat later and noticed the large bowls of fruit about, I suddenly remembered that dieter's lunch and asked her about it.

It is no wonder she loves that diet. It turned her from a fat girl into a slender woman.

"I have learned to live by it," she said.

"I find it easy really, although having been so fat I have developed a first-class neurosis about putting on weight.

"It is a heady business when you have been a fat girl to suddenly discover you have a SHAPE, to find that underneath all the flesh you have BONES.

"Sometimes I do silly things with the diet. I remember I am going out to dinner where I will have a couple of glasses of vino. So what do I do? Go without lunch.

"My trouble is that when I get fraught, nervous as I am at the moment about impressing Australian audiences, I start compulsive eating."

"Kinky" about pineapples

Biscuits, cheese, fruit "in enormous quantities" are her downfall. "I've got kinky about pineapples since I arrived here," she said.

"The thing is though, that with the diet by me—and I never travel without it—I can whip the weight off."

Getting back to Paddy the shop steward, Miriam has her whistle with her.

It is a very chic gold one, worn on a crowded charm bracelet. It works, too. I asked her about it.

"I have been absolutely amazed about that whistle and the effect it still has here," she said.

"Everybody knows me, taxi-drivers say, 'Blow your whistle, Paddy,' or 'Everybody out,' and ask me about Fenner Fashions."

If you notice her whistle you are in good company. Even Queen Elizabeth mentioned it to her.

Recently when she was presented to the Queen and Prince Philip, the Queen proved herself a TV fan, but her timing was bad for Miriam.

"I was right down on the floor doing the wobbly bit of the curtsy," she said, "when the Queen leaned forward and said in a whisper, 'Where is your whistle?'"



MIRIAM KARLIN, TV and stage actress, in Sydney. Her diet keeps her to a trim 34, 23½, 34.

● NOTE: This English doctor's diet, which includes specially prescribed pills, allowed only four cups of liquid in 24 hours. Five or six are desirable in Australia.

BREAKFAST: Grilled fish, or a slice of cold meat, or 1 egg, plain boiled or poached in water, 1 slice of dry toast, 1 cup (teacup) of liquid with saccharin (no sugar).

LUNCH: Two eggs, or half-a-pound of fish, or half-a-pound of lean meat (red meat, chicken, lamb, mutton, veal, tongue, or tripe), grilled, boiled, steamed, or stewed. Green vegetables (no peas, butter beans, carrots, or potatoes), tomatoes, 1 slice of bread, 1 teacup of liquid.

TEA: One teacup of liquid and one plain biscuit.

DINNER: Two eggs, or half-a-pound of fish, or half-a-pound of lean meat, green vegetables and tomatoes, 2 slices of bread and butter, 1 teacup of liquid.

No fruit or fruit juice, except lemon.

No alcohol.

No sweets, chocolate, cakes, pastry, cheese, nuts, puddings, jam, or marmalade.

No salt; but pepper, vinegar, and lemon juice all allowed.



There's danger every time he lands -so kill him quickly with Mortein!

Every time a fly lands on food or cooking utensils your family's health can be menaced. Every fly is a carrier of dirt and disease. One fly can carry the germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, and typhoid. To protect your family's health from filthy, disease-carrying flies, you should spray Mortein when you see even one fly in your home. Mortein kills flies

so fast, they don't have a chance to spread disease. Mortein is completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even near babies and food.

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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING... STICK TO IT!



Aussie Olympian turns 60

Big birthday party for "Ogesan" Northam

● The pre-Olympic highlight for Australia's Olympic yachting team was the birthday party given for "Ogesan" (old man) Northam at the luxury resort hotel where the yachtsmen are staying at Oiso Long Beach, on the Enoshima Harbor, about 35 miles from Tokyo.

FOR the occasion, Sydney alderman Bill Northam, who celebrated his 60th birthday, wore a monpuku, which is a man's kimono.

And every team in the crowded hotel dining-room rose in turn to sing "Happy Birthday" in their own language.

The party was a riot; but to get there from Tokyo proved almost as entertaining for photographer Keith Barlow and myself.

We had inquired about transport to Oiso the day before at the Tokyo Olympic Village and were told we could go by official Olympic bus. However, six phone calls and much confusion later, we discovered that the buses would not start operating for another week.

An Olympic interpreter, Hachiro Shikama, who is normally a law consultant, decided to help by taking us to Tokyo Central Station and putting us on the train for Oiso.

He led us through a bewildering number of platforms, which all looked as crowded as a Melbourne football final, and stopped at a collection of colorful station shops.

"There you must buy a sandwich or snack. There's no dining-car on this train," he said.

Keith and I decided on fruit and were stunned by the prices.

Melons, of cantaloup size and variety, all looked pretty with pink tinsel bows pinned on top, but they cost 800 yen (£1) each. Boxes of grapes were 1000 yen (25/-), and the small bunch of six or seven bananas we settled on were 500 yen (12/6).

"Posh" hotel

Armed with these, we bustled on the train, accompanied by Hachiro, who'd written four notes for us in Japanese.

One, he said, was to ask to be put off at Oiso station; another was to ask to be taken to the Oiso Long Beach Hotel; another to be taken back to the Oiso station and put on the right train for Tokyo; and the fourth to ask to be taken by taxi to our Tokyo headquarters, the posh New Otani Hotel, which was finished only a couple of weeks ago.

Fortunately we didn't get round to using these notes, because Hachiro didn't put

their translations with them, and we probably would have ended up giving an Oiso taxi-driver the message to take us to the Tokyo hotel — at vast expense.

On the train Hachiro spoke to the conductor and to a man sitting in the seat opposite, said we were Olympic visitors, and asked them to make sure we got off at the right stop.

But he was so busy telling them all this that he forgot what time the train went, and suddenly we were speeding through Tokyo's suburbs, Hachiro still with us.

He got off a few miles later.

"James Bond"

At Oiso, waiting in the taxi line, was an interpreter on his way to work at Long Beach, so we shared the cab.

The conversation went something like this:

"Ah so, you are from Australia. Your Australian aborigines are very strange people, aren't they? I have read about them . . ."

"Your yachtsmen they are very nice, very popular. One of them, Mr. Northam, has a birthday today. Everyone at Long Beach calls him 'Ogesan', the old one, but we interpreters call him James Bond because we think he is like him."

"He gives us lectures with humor about our English and about Australia. He is a fine man."

Within a few minutes we were at the Oiso Long Beach Hotel, which has become the yachtsmen's village, and it's to be hoped not too many athletes and swimmers manage to make the trip to Oiso, because after their rather austere accommodation at the Tokyo Village, they'd be envious in the extreme.

This hotel, which has TV and refrigerators in every room, is right on the ocean's edge, with three swimming-pools (one 100 metres long) separating it from the beach, which would be beautiful but for its black sand.

There's a nine-hole golf course a few yards away, and also an indoor swimming-pool, and the magnificent view inland across the dense green cultivation extends to Mt. Fuji, although there's rarely a day when visibility is good enough to see it.

The only trouble with the hotel, according to the yachtsmen, is that it was built for Japanese, and the taller Australians bump their heads everywhere.

Team manager John Crosbie, of Melbourne, who is 6ft. 4½in., can't go through a door, for instance, without doing a low Japanese bow.

Late in the afternoon, when Ogesan Northam and the other team members returned from sailing practice, the birthday-party fun began.

Ogesan, who has already won the reputation of personality boy of the team, laughingly agreed to dress up for the dinner party, and when he appeared in the hotel lobby, flanked by team members, he brought the house down.

"The trouble is I can't walk in these things," he said, pointing down at the thongs which were just visible beneath the kimono.

"Sofusan (grandfather), don't you know you should put only your big toe through the thong, and not two others?" asked team member Jim Hardy, of Sydney.

Mr. Northam roared with laughter, bowed three times to his audience, and with a few "Ah so's" fixed the thongs and led the procession to dinner.

The food at Long Beach is superb. It's served buffet style, and the yachtsmen can pile their plates with as many helpings as they like.

By Cynthia Robinson, in Tokyo

There's no shortage of variety, either. Everything's offering from soups to pork, prawns, many vegetables, chip or jacket potatoes, octopus or other Japanese delicacies, salads, cheeses, and exotic sweets. You name it and it's there.

At dinner the team toasted Bill Northam in Australian champagne. Whereupon Feodor Shutkon, at that time the only Russian yachtsman in the village, crossed the dining-room to the Australians' table and presented Mr. Northam with a Soviet badge.

Then Ogesan and the Russian, who won a Gold Medal at the Rome Games in the star-class yachting event, drank a toast in champagne — Ogesan from a champagne glass and the Russian from a full tumbler, which he downed in one gulp and departed.

After this the teams, in turn, rose to cheer Mr. Northam and sing "Happy Birthday" in about six different languages.



BIRTHDAY CAKE is brought to "Ogesan" Northam — here minus his thongs — who wore Japanese clothes to the party.

Kimono-clad girls, daughters of the hotel manager, then brought in a birthday cake with six candles, and Ogesan made a speech — with humor, as the interpreter had said.

"This is the happiest day of my life," he said. "Fifty-nine birthdays weren't bad, but this one is indescribable."

"It's been worth waiting 60 years for, though I expect it will take the next 60 to live it down, back in Australia, if they see pictures of me in this get-up."

"But I hope we can all meet again at my 64th birthday at the Mexico City Olympics. I'm just a bit of a boy now, but I'll be more mature then, and we can really have a party."

Banter between the other yachtsmen and Bill Northam is always lively, and it was at its best on this birthday-party night.

Mr. Northam's only disappointment was that his son, Rod, who is a member of the Olympic rowing team, and is training about 90 miles away, couldn't manage to get to Oiso for the occasion.

"Ah so, Tokyo"

At about 9.30 p.m., Keith Barlow and I reluctantly left the party to return to Tokyo.

We got to the station by cab and headed for the porter, who scratched his head as we said, "Tokyo. Tokyo. Tokyo."

After about the tenth "Tokyo," he beamed and said: "Ah so, Tokyo," and pointed to the train on the opposite platform.

Once aboard, we congratulated ourselves, and were still feeling pleased about it when the train stopped at a

station some ten minutes later.

Everyone left the train, and one kind passenger made signs which indicated we must leave, too.

After going through the "Tokyo" routine again, and pointing at watches, we figured we had to wait ten minutes for the connecting train to Tokyo.

There are loudspeaker announcements with the arrival of every train and station, but it's impossible to pick out even a place-name like Tokyo in the rush of Japanese.

Some stations have the name in English on the board so that with a map you can work out whether you're heading in the right direction, but there wasn't a word of English to be seen here.

However, a train arrived minutes later, and a man nodded when we repeated the "Tokyo, Tokyo" routine. "We're right this time," we said, and suddenly the man was at the window shaking his head and beckoning us to leave. But by this time the train was careering out of the station, headed we knew not where.

About a dozen Japanese, each knowing about one word of English, tried to tell us we were on the wrong train. Finally, after two more changes, we found ourselves stopping at familiar Tokyo suburban stations.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when we arrived back at the hotel, but it had been a fascinating day — one which Ogesan Northam won't forget. And one which Barlowsan and Robinsons certainly won't forget, either.

OVERLEAF: Color pictures, The Australians in Tokyo.

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Make junket according to directions on pack but no sugar. When set whip with condensed milk and freeze in fridge. When almost frozen whip again. This quantity makes two large trays of ice-cream. Serve in cones or dessert glasses. For special occasions top with whipped cream or topping.

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BANANA BUSTA

A tasty low cost Junket dessert for family meals and entertaining.

Ingredients:—
2 Strawberry (or Raspberry) Tablets
1 pint milk
1 tablespoon sugar
2 bananas

Strawberry or Raspberry jam
Slice bananas to cover bottom of 4 or 5 dessert glasses. Make junket according to basic directions and pour over bananas until glasses are full. Set aside until firm and cool. Add topping of jam just before serving.



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AT ALL GOOD STORES

AUSTRALIANS IN TOKYO

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON, in Tokyo

● Overseas visitors packing Tokyo for the greatest show on earth—the 1964 Olympic Games—are living in an atmosphere which has them bewitched, bothered, and bewildered, and they're loving every crazy moment of it.



DAWN FRASER posts a letter to her fiance, Gary Ware, a book-maker, of Townsville, Queensland, at an Olympic Village letter-box. The champion swimmer's romance blossomed while she was training for the Olympics in Townsville, where she met Gary.

THEY are bewitched by the magnificence of the Games venues, the almost embarrassing determination of every Japanese to please and impress his country's guests, and the sheer fascination of the world's largest city.

They are bothered by the red-tape and confusion which spell Olympic Tokyo.

And they are bewildered by just about every happening of the day.

But this is all part of the fun and excitement, and there seems no doubt that Tokyo will make the first Games ever staged in Asia the biggest and best on record.

Not even typhoon Wilda, which brought non-stop rain and gale-force winds, could really dampen these prospects.

As athletes and visitors paddled round under outside waxed-paper parasols the Japanese were all smiles and stating calmly: "Ah so, there is no worry. It cannot rain in October. Ah so, the rain will go and not return for the Games, you will see."

And you get the impression that it couldn't, indeed, for in this country anything not in the programme wouldn't stand a chance.

This regimentation hits you forcibly from the moment you step off the plane at Hakeda International Airport and get your first taste of Tokyo, a city of nearly 11 million people.

A fellow passenger from Australia reported some lost luggage to an interpreter and, within seconds, a crowd of at least a dozen Japanese had gathered to wave their arms and debate the issue.

After 10 minutes of this everyone bowed low and an interpreter smilingly announced, "Ah so, you have lost your luggage. So you must give us forms declaring where you lost it."

No worries!

The passenger replied that he had no forms.

"Yes, you have no forms. Ah, I see," said the interpreter.

Another conference followed, and then, all smiles, the interpreter produced several copies of a form and said, "Yes, sir, you fill these and there'll be no worries."

The fact that there'd be no luggage either seemed quite beside the point.

Suddenly the lost luggage appeared, but the forms still had to be completed.

In Tokyo you soon learn that forms might be superfluous or even contradictory, but they must be complete in every detail.

When you look around at Tokyo, however, you realise that, without this fetish for detail, the mammoth task of staging these Olympics at the staggering overall figure of 690,000,000,000 yen, or £A860,000,000, could never have been achieved.

I scarcely recognise it as the city I saw three years ago.

Giant hotels and buildings have mushroomed everywhere, and whole streets of buildings have been pulled down to make way for a complex system of expressways and the monorail which links the airport with downtown Tokyo, and reduces the travelling time from an hour to 15 minutes.

But if the city has changed, its taxi-drivers haven't.

For instance, one day

● To page 10



SWIMMERS Marguerithe Ruygrok and Gillian de Greenlaw, both in the Australian contingent, look at a Japanese carpenter's saw at the Olympic pool. The Japanese have spent huge sums to make the 1964 Games, the first in Asia, memorable to everyone.



ENJOYING a pre-Olympics sightseeing excursion in Tokyo, swimmers Christine Barnetson and Jane Cortis (right) take a ride in a pedicab. Here they are pictured outside the Imperial Hotel waving to some Australian mates, also taking an outing.



MARLENE DAYMAN, a member of the Australian Olympic contingent to Japan, admiring a Japanese statue outside a Tokyo building during a stroll.

AUSTRALIAN DIVER Sue Knight is shown an Ikebana flower arrangement by a teller at the Olympic Village bank. Team members see many things to admire.

SWIMMERS Jan Turner and John Konrads, both of Australia, dressed in Japanese style and with a Japanese umbrella, in the Olympic Village. Jan carries a big Japanese fan.



Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



SHOPPING. Kevin Berry (right) and Bob Windle, two of Australia's swimming prospects, stop to look at TV sets and tape-recorders while shopping in the Olympic Village.

NEAR the main stadium, a Japanese boy — a member of the Tokyo Junior Sports Clubs, which have provided hundreds of boys and girls as messengers — posts a letter in a colorful mail-box.



Australians in Tokyo

Continued from page 8

photographer Keith Barlow and I were going to Olympic Village in a taxi weaving in and out of traffic at speed.

As we narrowly missed cars, tram standards, and pedestrians, we gave loud sighs of relief.

This was the cue for the driver to laugh loudly, crying, "Kamikaze! Kamikaze!" turning to look at us as cars screamed all round us.

But at least we got to our destination, which is more than did a carload of London journalists who were driving to the rowing venue.

A Kamikaze taxi collided with them and they spent an hour-and-a-half in the middle of a busy Tokyo street while police, and finally lawyers, argued and bowed and filled in forms.

The journalists didn't make the rowing venue that day.

Taxi-drivers aren't the only drivers with suicidal tendencies in Tokyo, either. Many cars are fitted with television sets in a similar position to a taxi meter, and it's not unusual to see drivers careering through traffic with half an eye on the road and the other half on TV.

But just finding your way is an achievement.

Before you leave your hotel you arm yourself with a card stating your destination. It's written in Japanese by an interpreter who is employed full time to write these instructions to taxi-drivers, who almost invariably don't speak English.

No one would dare leave his hotel without this card and a second one giving the address of the hotel to make sure of the return trip.

But Tokyo is so big that most taxi-drivers have no idea where they're going.

"This has got me pretty worried," said Keith Barlow. "I'm sure I'll set out one day to photograph the swimming finals and find I'm being driven to Kyoto instead."

Even interpreters who speak English don't necessarily understand what they're saying or what you're saying.

You ask, for instance, if transport is available between Olympic venues on a certain day. Smilingly, always smilingly, the official will reply, "Yes, Ma'am," but he is in effect telling you that it isn't.

Fine pool

However, the venues and Olympic Village are quite superb.

Most breathtaking of all venues is the indoor swimming-pool, a beautiful marble-lined structure of striking oriental architecture.

Praising the facilities, Mr. Edgar Tanner, hon. secretary of the Australian Olympic Federation, said: "These buildings are remarkable, and the speed of construction amazing. But they have no labor problem."

"They advertise for a thousand men to do a job. Two thousand apply; they give them a brick each, and, before you know it, another building is finished."

Australia's team quickly settled into the village.

The women are in roomy,

comfortable digs in an ugly green apartment building behind a 12ft. barbed-wire fence.

This is strictly no man's land, and not even a doctor is allowed into the area, which is patrolled by police-women armed with whistles and truncheons.

I asked an official what would happen if one of the girls became sick.

"She would go out to see a doctor," she said. "The regulations say no man can go inside."

I then asked what would happen if a girl was too sick to go out to see a doctor.

"Yes, I think so," she said, with a beaming smile.

She thought she'd given me the answer I wanted, so she was happy.

Even women find it is tough to get into the village.

One of the few women journalists among the thousands of accredited representatives of the world Press who are covering the Games tried to get in and was told most forcibly, "No men allowed in. No men allowed."

Flounced off

"But I'm a woman," she protested.

"You cannot come in. No men allowed," replied the gateman. "Hai, hai (Yes, yes), No men. No men."

The journalist then clicked off in high heels to find an interpreter who could explain that she was not a man.

I came up against this village barrier when I tried to keep an appointment with the Australian swimmers.

After waiting at the reception desk for about 20 minutes while an interpreter went through the red-tape she said, "Ah so, you can go to the village later, but you must wait 30 minutes while forms are completed."

I explained that the swimmers would have gone to training.

"Yes, I think so," replied the interpreter, again with the smile of someone who had helped.

The men's quarters at the village are rather more attractive, for they are living in individual houses in Japanese gardens.

There are 12 restaurants in the village and the Australians have been enthusiastic about their early meals.

Mr. Y. Kume, Director of Dining Halls, said that to cater for more than 8000 athletes in the village more than 50 chefs and cooks are on the job, including the top chef from the luxury Imperial Hotel, who has been lent for the Games.

Mr. Kume said the Australians would be provided with "Many, many typically Australian meals, just like they get at home. For example, oatmeal bread, pumpkin soup, toad-in-the-hole and lamb stew."

"Ah so," I said, not daring to inquire in which typical Australian home they found this menu.

Not that I am complaining.

Tokyo has done a mighty job, and as the Japanese would say, "Rots of ruck to them."

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



WINNERS (from left) Mrs. Philip Hearn, Mrs. John Lasslo, and Mrs. Neville Christie, who won prizes in the married women's section for the most beautiful gowns worn to the Black and White Ball; and, AT RIGHT, the single girls' section winners (from left), Miss Dianne Darke, Miss Christobel Grundy, and Miss Sancha Bosill, pictured with their partners (from left), Mr. Charles Parsons, Mr. Peter Johnson, and Mr. Robert Chester. Proceeds of the ball will aid the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.



AT TROCADERO. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Healy (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, who were among more than 1200 guests at the Black and White Ball. The president of the Black and White Committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, and Mr. Dekyvere welcomed the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.



SYDNEY guest Mrs. Sam Hordern with the Minister for Labor and National Service, Mr. W. McMahon, at the State reception which the Federal Government gave for Princess Marina at Parliament House, Canberra. Mrs. Hordern wore a white mink stole with her slender white gown.



COUNTRY VISITORS. Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Kerra-see (centre), with her daughter, Miss Marilyn Martin, and her stepson, Mr. Bim Thompson, at the Ladies' Day Meeting at Randwick.

EVERYBODY who has met Princess Marina agrees she is one of the most captivating Royal visitors we've ever had. What they can't decide is what is the chief ingredient of her charm.

Is it her impeccable dress sense, her easy-going naturalness, her wit, or (and I'm inclined to go along with this) is it the last lingering trace of her native Greek accent which sits so prettily on the English language?

For Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, who met Princess Marina at the State reception, the secret is her beauty. "I last saw the Princess in 1937 when I was in England at Ascot," she told me. "She's as lovely now as she was then."

And talking of beguiling visitors, one instinctively remembers her daughter, Princess Alexandra, who was here five years ago. Some of her entourage, Sir Philip Hay, Patricia Heaton, and Wing-Commander Brian Kelly, are back in Australia with her mother.

They told me they were delighted to be back. They've all noticed changes in Sydney and Canberra, particularly Canberra, with its new buildings and, of course, The Lake.

PLANNING a New Year wedding are Caroline Hannah and Michael Manchee, who have announced their engagement. Caroline is the daughter of Mrs. R. A. Hannah, of "Gidginbilla," Coonamble, and of the late Mr. Hannah, and Michael is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Manchee, of Bellevue Hill.

I HEAR that Alan Anderson will be welcomed home at a dinner party Simon Bragg and John Fairfax will give at John's Double Bay home on October 31. Alan has been working in Copenhagen, Denmark, for four years, and will return later this month with his mother, Mrs. Hanne Fairfax, who has been holidaying in Europe for the past six months.

A POSTCARD from Mrs. Philip Rudder says she'll be home in a couple of weeks. At the moment she's having a fortnight in London before leaving for a few days in Honolulu. Highlight of her trip, so far, was her stay in Greece, where she was lucky enough to get seats for the wedding of King Constantine and Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark.

HER many Sydney friends will be interested to hear that Mrs. John Fowler will be arriving from Essex, England, on November 15, with her son Jonathan. Her husband will be joining her in December with their younger son, David, and they'll stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Lethbridge King.



A BUNCH of berries offset Mrs. Neville Morgan's straw pillbox which she wore with a linen coat to the A.J.C.'s Spring Racing Carnival.

MASSES of petals made the baby bonnet which Miss Joan Anne Fuller wore and roses trimmed the "Tom Jones" hat of Mrs. Peter McAuley.

SPRAYS of lily of the valley covered the brim of the lovely grosgrain spring hat which Mrs. Bob McInerney wore with a slim tunic dress.

TRIO (from left) Mrs. Frank McCall Power, Mrs. Edward Esdaile, and Mrs. Monica Read wore smart race ensembles to Randwick.

DAINTY white narcissus and stiffened navy mesh made the beret which Mrs. Rell Skinner wore to the Ladies' Day Meeting at Randwick.



ENGLISH guest the Hon. Alexandra Carrington (centre) with Miss Frankie Fairbairn and her mother, Mrs. David Fairbairn, wife of the Minister for National Development, at Parliament House, Canberra. Miss Carrington is the daughter of the former U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, and Lady Carrington. Lord Carrington has been visiting Sydney as British Government representative at the British Exhibition.



FROM CANBERRA comes this picture of Mr. and Mrs. John Howse (at left) and the French Ambassador, Mr. Francois Briere, and Mrs. Briere at the State reception given for Princess Marina in the King's Hall, Parliament House, Canberra. A floor-length bow-trimmed satin sash fell from the shoulder of Mrs. Howse's lace-embossed satin gown and Mrs. Briere wore a back-tied sari stole with her long silk gown.



PRESIDENT of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, Mr. George Sample, and Mrs. Sample (at left) with Mrs. Sam Snider at the State reception which was held at Sydney Town Hall in honor of Princess Marina. The Princess talked informally with many of the 800 guests at the reception.

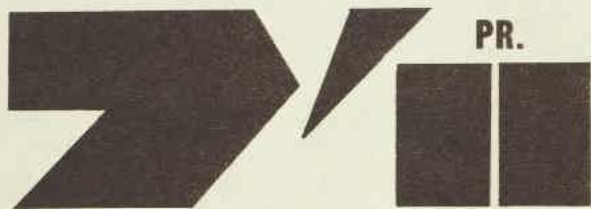


THE FLAG-OFFICER-IN-CHARGE East Australia Area, Rear-Admiral A. W. R. McNicoll, and Mrs. McNicoll were among guests at the State reception at Sydney Town Hall. The Premier, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, and Government members welcomed Princess Marina.

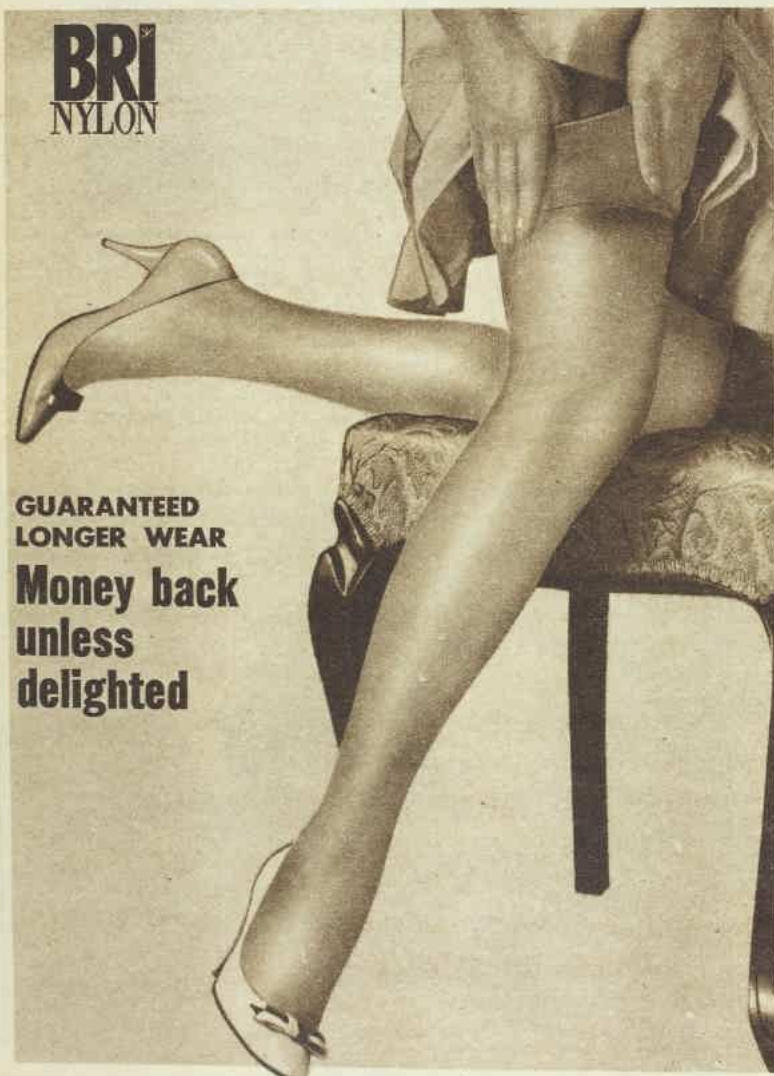
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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This Week: **SOFT DRINKS**

By **Mary Broker**

● Summer will soon be here, and, as with all seasons, some people are happier with its advent than others. One group who will be particularly pleased are the soft drink manufacturers.

This industry has long and traditionally been regarded by the stock market as seasonal, but I believe that current trends indicate an evening-out of demand.

Of course, peak sales still occur over the warmer months — I do not, for one minute, try to deny this — but manufacturers are finding that sales in winter are coming up to summer level.

This is, as you will realise, a good thing. There is nothing worse for a manufacturer of any sort, with large plant and staff, than to see enforced idleness when demand slackens during a certain period of the year.

Such a situation means that overhead per unit of output is higher than it should be, while a steady demand reduces unit cost.

I was interested to read recently, in a brief survey of the industry, that Australians as well as being among the top beer drinkers of the world, are among the top soft-drink consumers, too.

We apparently consume around 200 bottles per head per year. The United States is the leader with a total of over 300 bottles, but Australia is among the "top ten."

The industry in Australia dates back to the 1850s, when soft drink was made around the boom mining towns for thirsty diggers.

Schweppes (Australia) Ltd. was among the first big names, land being bought in Sydney in 1875 to commence operations.

The Australian company is a partly owned subsidiary of the U.K. Schweppes, a firm started about 1790 when Jacob Schweppes migrated from Switzerland and set up a mineral-waters factory in Bristol, England.

You will probably be interested to know that the Governor-General, Viscount De L'Isle, was a director of the parent company for

more than ten years before he took up office in Australia.

However, my story wanders. Late in 1960 the English company offered shares to the public in order to be listed on Australian Stock Exchanges.

I might add that the shares were sold at 5/2½, so that the lucky ones who received allocations have done extremely well.

The price of the 5/- shares is currently around 18/6, 100 costing about £94. Dividend has recently been raised to 10%, so your return would be £2/10/- per year.

You all are familiar with the company's products, but you may not have realised the big development in recent years, when canned soft drinks have been making an impact on the market.

Schweppes has now installed a canning plant in Sydney, and I hear that products are doing extremely well on the export note.

Financially the company is very sound, and since listing, results have improved every year. Sales in 1963/64 rose by 18% to a new record, and since June have been higher still.

Net profit for the year rose to £264,000, and earning rate was a record 15.1%. With the backing of the big English group, I fail to see how shareholders can go wrong.

Shelleys Drinks Ltd. came on to the scene only ten years later — in the 1880s — but since then the company has expanded quite rapidly. You may not know that Shelleys owns the firms of Marchants, Starkeys, Loys, Okeys, Penrith Cordials, and Randells.

Shares were listed as late as February, 1963, and the stock market was just getting used to the stock when the British Tobacco Company purchased a 70% interest at 35/- on 5/- shares. (This was twice the market price of 16/9 at that time.)

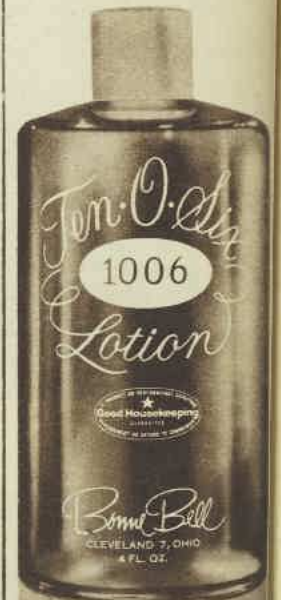
This has heightened market interest, since the com-

pany now has a very substantial backer. Shares, as well, have a scarcity value; only 30% are available.

Earning rate last year, the first on the Stock Exchange list, was 22.2%, which gave excellent cover to the 10% dividend.

With the extraordinary amount of sunshine that Sydney, the company's main market, has had this year, results should be much higher. In fact, directors' confidence has already been illustrated with the dividend being raised to 12½%.

At around 27/6, the shares are certainly expensive, but I feel well worth a purchase. One hundred would cost about £140, with a dividend of £3/2/6 per year.



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Designer's lectures

THE Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's leading interior decorator-designer, has arrived in Australia with his wife for a lecture tour.

The tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will give two lectures daily.

Here are the details of his lectures in N.S.W.:

SYDNEY LECTURES: October 19-23 inclusive "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m., Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available at Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

"FOR THE SECOND TIME in three years she moves uncomplainingly into the firing line . . .," writes LARRY BOYS, of our London staff.

THE QUEEN FACES DANGER IN CANADA

● Not since Queen Elizabeth visited Ghana in 1961 has the British public been so concerned about their monarch's safety on tour.

NEWSPAPERS recently expressed the opinion that the Queen's present tour of Canada should have been cancelled, just as they did when she was getting ready to visit the bomb-happy African member of the Commonwealth of Nations.

But she went, in the face of all the fears and all the threats.

Experts on the razor-edge of modern Commonwealth politics are hoping that the Queen's Canadian tour will have the effect it had in Ghana: give cohesion to local politics and modify internal dissension.

At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in July this year, President Nkrumah, of Ghana, surprised many of his critics by his moderate demeanor and constructive pro-Commonwealth policies.

It is an open secret that he has a tremendous admiration for the Queen, and a great deal of this derives from her calm and brave deportment during her West African tour, which followed a period of open revolt, riots, and bomb explosions.

Comparative calm has reigned in Ghana since she departed. And though the President ordered intensive security measures during the Royal visit, there was not one hostile gesture from the wildly cheering populace.

The Canadian threat, however, has aspects which are more sharply defined and potentially more dangerous.

Canada is a nation that has been split into two parts by language and culture since Wolfe stormed the heights of Quebec.

Bitterness

Although the French-Canadians fought side by side with their English-speaking countrymen during the last war, the post-war years have been filled with bitterness and rivalry.

French-Canadians maintain they are politically oppressed, have hardly any say in the governing of their country, and are barred from influential jobs in industry, the Civil Service, and politics.

World-wide movements for self-government and self-determination, triggered by the transformation of the British Empire into the British Commonwealth, have inspired revolutionary elements in the French-

Canadian community to agitate for independence.

It is a situation in which extremists naturally thrive. Sporadic bursts of violence in Canada over the past two or three years have failed to impress the authorities.

Using techniques borrowed from the Irish Republican Army and the Algerian independence fighters, terrorists have been planting bombs in letterboxes and even tried to derail a train carrying Mr. John Diefenbaker, now the Canadian Leader of the Opposition.

be inspired by all the scare talk to "do a Kennedy."

The authorities have moved thousands of special police and undercover agents into the Quebec area, and a 30-ton steel-plated riot waggon, fitted with machine-guns, teargas jets, water hoses, and bomb-disposal equipment, will closely follow the Royal progress.

In the city of Quebec, which the Queen will visit on October 10 and 11, she will drive in a bulletproof car for the first time on any Royal tour. She will be

to timetable, she is not to know the imponderable eccentricities of the cheering millions who throng her way.

Since the birth of Prince Edward there have been strong moves to lighten the heavy burden that weighs on those slender feminine shoulders.

The Queen, after all, is a wife and a mother. At the highest level, well-wishers believe she should, at this stage of her life, be permitted more rest and more privacy.

That she should, in fact, be granted a long "Sabbatical-leave" of six months to a year, during which she would have no official calls on her time except for necessary affairs of State.

Time in which to relax and be a wife to her husband and a mother to her family.

Regency?

During this time, it has been suggested, the Queen Mother or Princess Margaret could be appointed temporary Regent to "stand in" for the Queen's interminable official role.

Look at the job she's done since that fairytale moment 11 years ago when she was crowned at Westminster.

She has travelled 150,000 miles overseas, visited 21 Commonwealth countries and 13 foreign countries, and altogether spent more than a year abroad.

She has visited 220 places in the British Isles, some of the visits lasting 48 hours and entailing up to 12 engagements.

She has presided over 150 Privy Councils, held 95 investitures and 78 reviews, given 112 official dinners.

She has attended 68 gala performances and visited 22 exhibitions. Besides running the Royal household, with its numerous staff problems, she has received 2300 people in official audiences.

She has reared Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and taken on a second lease of motherhood with Prince Andrew and Prince Edward.

Those of us who recall her two Australian tours will not easily forget the dainty, frail figure smiling and waving happily amid roaring crowds that lapped her path like an ocean in harness.

She was so slight, so vulnerable, and so SAFE.

Will she be so safe in Canada? Should she have been spared the ordeal?

These are questions all Australians would be asking themselves today if the Queen lived in Canberra.



● The Queen with Prince Andrew and her fourth child, Prince Edward.

The Government has remained unmoved.

So the extremists have seized on the Queen's visit to apply a form of blackmail that is both unfair and unwise.

They have threatened to take Her Majesty's life.

They know well that to succeed in such an act of assassination would doom their movement to eternal failure, and might even precipitate a terrible civil war which they could not win.

But the pistol they are holding is pointed at the Government's head, and not the Queen's, for there is no reason for any French-Canadian to have any personal animosity toward Elizabeth II.

Nevertheless, they have forced the Canadian authorities to take unprecedented security steps. The fear uppermost in everyone's mind is not that some ardent revolutionary might shoot the Queen but that some psychopathic murderer might

shadowed by armored cars manned by crack-shot security officers.

Public pleas to cancel the tour were not confined to the editorial and letter columns of British newspapers.

Throughout Canada fears for the Queen's safety prompted loyal Canadians to write to the papers, ring their Members of Parliament, and make private calls on radio and TV commentators to intervene to stop the tour.

But the Canadian Government could not do so. It would be a token capitulation to the terrorists. Nor could the British Government intervene to cancel the tour, for Elizabeth II is Queen of Canada, as she is of Australia.

So the Queen, for the second time in three years, moves uncomplainingly into the firing-line, knowing where her duty lies but knowing little else.

For though every move she makes is laid down strictly

LUXURY PRIZES IN CONTEST FOR MEN

WHO'S YOUR FAIR LADY?

● Every man has his favorite woman, whether sweetheart, wife, mother, mother-in-law, aunt, sister, grandmother, friend—or just an ideal whom he hasn't yet met.

Write to us about that certain person, and stand a chance of winning the holiday of a lifetime, a Qantas V-jet ticket for two to London and back.

THAT is the national prize in our new contest. There's also a prize for the winner in each State.

Simply write, in not more than 500 words, "WHY SHE IS MY FAIR LADY," and post it to us.

The first-prize flight tickets are valued at £1200. They will be available for use during a period of 12 months, so the flight could become a leisurely round-the-world jaunt.

As well as the Qantas flight tickets, the winner will receive £350 spending money, from the Australian Record Company.

State winners and their chosen companions (perhaps the subject of their entries)



LUXURIOUS Southern Cross Hotel, where the State prizewinners will stay on the night of the "My Fair Lady" film premiere.

will be flown to Melbourne on December 9 to be guests at the gala charity Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady."

The premiere of this £8,000,000 production, starring Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison, will be held at Melbourne's newest theatre, the unique Palladium Entertainment Centre in Bourke Street, which is nearing completion.

From the minute our State winners step into the Ansett-A.N.A. plane bound for Melbourne they will receive V.I.P. treatment.

Hospitality

For example, they will be overnight guests at the Southern Cross Hotel, which is proud of its air-conditioned rooms with lovely views over Melbourne.

As guests of this hotel, one of Australia's best, they will have a wide enough choice from the menus of three restaurants to please the most fastidious gourmet.

After the premiere they will be guests at a champagne - and - chicken supper party in the theatre foyer.

More than 1200 guests will attend the gala premiere, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund.

In addition, the Australian Record Company will give each State winner a 12in. LP sound-track record of the film.

So send your entries in soon. We are sorting and judging them as they arrive.

THE PRIZES

NATIONAL WINNER will receive Qantas V-Jet return tickets to London for two. ● Plus £350 spending money from the Australian Record Company.

STATE WINNERS will receive return tickets for two to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A.

● Plus overnight accommodation and meals for two at the luxury Southern Cross Hotel.

● Attend the gala charity Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady" at the Palladium Entertainment Centre on December 9.

● Receive a 12in. LP sound-track record from the film "My Fair Lady," by courtesy of the Australian Record Company.

HOW TO ENTER

- Men readers ONLY are eligible.
- Entries to be as brief as you like, but must not exceed 500 words.
- Address each entry to "My Fair Lady" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Entries close on October 28.
- Each entry automatically becomes the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, and will not be returned.
- The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Qantas, Australian Record Company, Warner Bros., Ansett-A.N.A. or any other sponsors or their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

SENSATIONAL NEW BLOUSES



THOUSANDS
TO
CHOOSE
FROM
AT
ONLY

19¹¹

EACH

Whew! What a stunning range! Charming overblouses and smart tuck-ins in dramatic satin-cottons; pastel terylenes; sugar-white lace-embroidered and pin-tucked batiste. Scores to choose from. Work, sport, beach, play in them . . . they're superb. Too many beaming colours to mention here . . . come, see for yourself. SSW to OS. Quite incomparable under 27/6 elsewhere!

Illustrated patterns not necessarily available every store, but many others equally lovely.

WOOLWORTHS



SLIT-EYED BECAME COW-EYED

By NAN MUSGROVE

● It is fashionable these days to run small fun competitions for people who are interested in TV. Someone has just run one on me, by showing me a description of a TV hero — "granite-hard and slit-eyed" — and asking me to Guess Who?

MY blank stare brought forth a second clue. He was the star of an old series.

The first guess I made was that stony-hearted creature bounty-hunter Steve McQueen, my second J. Carrol Naish's Indian "Hawkeye" in "Guestward Ho!"

I gave up finally and got the answer — Perry Mason. "Granite-hard and slit-eyed" were the first descriptions of Perry by his creator, Erle Stanley Gardner.

Gardner wrote another description of his hero before TV.

"Mason gave the impression of bigness," he wrote. "Not the bigness of fat, but the bigness of strength. He was broad-shouldered and rugged-faced, and his eyes were steady."

"Frequently the eyes changed expression, but the face never changed."

Gardner wrote this description before he and 25,000,000 viewers round the TV world knew that Perry Mason was Raymond Burr.

I remember asking Burr's agent when he was in Sydney, and Burr was invisible under a seething crowd wanting autographs, whether Burr thought of himself as Mason.

He was shocked. "No," he said, "Burr is very definitely Burr, although Mason is very like him."

The original tests for the role of Perry Mason were given to William Hopper and Efram Zimbalist Jr., later hero of "77 Sunset Strip."

Hopper got the role of Paul Drake, Perry Mason's leg man, and Zimbalist got nothing. Gardner thought he was "too pretty."

Burr, incidentally, tested first of all for the role of Hamilton Burger, but when Gardner saw the tests he picked him as Perry Mason.

After seven years Gardner says, "Burr is still my choice. I said granite-hard and here he is cow-eyed. But you've got to hand it to Raymond. He got to be a pretty damn good lawyer."

I was so shocked at my failure to recognise Perry that I went home and watched Perry solving "The Case of the Tandem Target."

It was a good old good one. Perry was there, indestructible, Della being such a

Television

good secretary that I felt she wasn't acting, Hamilton Burger in the courtroom still looking as if he actually would win the case, and the clues, false leads, and situations all coming forward according to formula.

For "Perry Mason" is a formula show, but it is a darned good one.

Now in its seventh season on TC9, it is still holding a big audience. For years it was up among the top-rated shows, and even today it has a comfortable niche on the popularity ratings.



PROFESSOR McCUSKER (second from left) and his TV team. From left: Shanti Dhansi, Eric and Alison McCusker, and Ray Anderson.

THE HAPPY PROFESSOR

IF you haven't caught up yet with ATN7's "University Tutorial," you have missed meeting one of the rare personalities uncovered by Australian TV — Professor C. B. A. McCusker, of the School of Physics, Sydney University.

Professor McCusker answers viewers' science questions in a most delightful, instructive, and entertaining way. Obviously he enjoys his work, likes people, and thinks the TV camera is a friend — he doesn't freeze up when he sees it or develop nervous mannerisms.

It seems to me that he is really himself, exactly the way he would be at work, at play, or in his own home — an entertaining personality.

Perhaps because he is so he has gathered round him a team of very nice people — his two children, Alison and Eric, who, with concentration and enjoyment, help him in simple experiments, and two laboratory technicians, Ray Anderson, and from Fiji, Shanti Dhansi.

Professor McCusker is sadly missed in the present TV Tutorial term because he had commitments in America.

I'm sure he'll be back. I'm told he has a mountain of unanswered questions and I know he has fans.

I regard it as a TV tradition — if someone who had never seen TV before asked me what he should watch, I would say "Perry Mason."

It is consistent in quality, something you can't say for many shows.

In America it looks as if the TV story "Perry Mason" is coming to an end, and Burr says quite definitely that this season, his eighth, is his last as Perry Mason.

Burr has said before that the next season would be his last, but has recanted at the last moment and signed up.

This time he does seem to mean business — he has been negotiating for another series titled "The Power."

"The Power" is a series in which Burr would be a State Governor.

An American commentator remarked when he heard about Burr's plans: "In this intensely political year it seems fitting that a successful lawyer should give up his lucrative practice to run for the State house."

In the meantime, take my word for it, if you are tired of all your present favorites — try Perry Mason again, for, as Erle Stanley Gardner says — "You've got to hand it to Raymond."

THE color TV at the British Exhibition was disappointing. It was pretty but not true in color.

The camera favored orange tones, did queer

things to blues. The "programme" I saw consisted of passing spectators who sat on red leather chairs and, with the crowd, saw themselves, in color, on the monitors.

Some must have got a shock. All the reds were orange, pale blue was mauve, mid-blue was purple, although royal-blue was true in tone. One bright green skirt came out a dirty brown.

A set piece for telecasting when the spectators were too shy to oblige was a bowl of fresh flowers — salmon-pink gladioli, orangy hippeastrums, and pale green moluccella balm.

Evidently these are the colors the lens favors, for the flowers televised truer in color than anything else.

Skin tones were quite good, although I couldn't help thinking that Oliver Cromwell would approve of TV.

Remember the story of his chiding a portrait painter who didn't include the wart on his nose and insisting that he be painted "warts and all"?

Every skin blemish shows on TV, and the more make-up used the more the camera seems to magnify it.

At the Exhibition the complexions of the visitors looked remarkably good without make-up, although, as I said, there is no doubt Cromwell would approve of the piercing TV eye.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

Six pairs of Sheerest Nylons

IN EVERY BOTTLE!

Give your legs a golden tan that's sheer as 15-denier nylons... but much less expensive. Napro Golden Tan outlasts six pairs of stockings. It's amber tinted to help you apply evenly—no streaks or missed patches—and it just can't rub off. Use it, too, for an all-over body tan that transforms winter paleness into Surfer's Paradise gold!

Price... 13/9



Choose Napro... it's tinted for easier application!

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...shave my legs with a razor?

Never again! I've discovered new Silkymit which is so much quicker now and longer lasting, too. It's wonderful not to have to do it so often and razor nicks are a thing of the past. Why not try safe, simple Silkymit made specially to make your legs luvelier, smoother... Only 3/- for the glamorous new triple pack at all chemists and chain stores.

Australia's best loved serial

DOCTOR PAUL

returns to radio over **2CH**
10.00 a.m. Mon. to Fri.

10.15 a.m. Monday to Friday

THE BIG FISHERMAN

a dramatic adaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas' book.

BRAND NEW SERIES

GRACE GIBSON RADIO PRODUCTIONS



WALTER BRENNAN



CRAIG STEVENS

DID YOU KNOW?

● American producers have come up with some seemingly crazy ideas for the new TV season about to begin in the U.S.

VIEWERS will see Craig ("Peter Gunn") Stevens as a suave public relations man, Tony Franciosa as a book publisher, Walter Brennan as a business tycoon, and, strangest of all, Bing Crosby as an engineer.

The shows themselves are rather "way out," too.

"Bewitched," due to begin this month, concerns a young New York advertising executive whose bride turns out to be a genuine witch.

Columbia goes further—its show "The Munsters" has a family of monsters, with Yvonne De Carlo as the spooky mother.

Meanwhile the National Broadcasting Company will launch "The Rogues," called a suspense series, "well larded with humor" about a family of high-class rascals, led by David Niven, Gig Young, and Charles Boyer.

That veteran of television series Bob Cummings will not be outdone in the current craze for "kookie" shows, for in his new programme he plays a bachelor psychiatrist who possesses a beautiful robot.

Explaining her role as the machine, the well-built Julie Newmar said: "Here is a woman, very intelligent. She does not nag, she does not complain. She is never contentious."

It's Bob's job to invest her with personality—and keep her wound up.

★ ★ ★

FOR nine years, week after week, Marshal Matt Dillon has gunned down the same "bad guy" in the opening title scene of the series "Gunsmoke." Now the no-good hombre is to bite the dust for the last time—the scene has been run so often it's worn out.

But Dillon's opponent is not too downhearted. For that one scene, filmed, it's said, during a studio lunch-hour, actor Arvo Ojala has received thousands of dollars. He's paid each time it's televised.

Television

HANDSOME Gardner McKay, who sailed to fame and fortune in "Adventure in Paradise," is currently making his movie debut in "The Pleasure Seekers."

★ ★ ★

COMEDIAN JERRY LEWIS did not laugh when a U.S. network dropped his eagerly awaited, much publicised TV variety show last season, after only a brief trial. Columnists now see his latest move of going into pay-TV—the arch rival of the networks—as a little piece of revenge. Lewis has signed with the newly launched Subscription Television in California to star in a children's programme and a "workshop" show in which young talent will be given a chance to prove itself.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Have you noticed how hard it is to talk to anybody any more? Oh, I don't mean on the street; I mean in your own home. People come to visit you and the first thing they do is walk over to the television set and turn it on and say, 'Excuse me, but there's a programme I just have to see.'"

"And how many times do you have to call your children for dinner because they are glued to the television set? I'm afraid it's going to get worse before it gets better. Oh, well, I guess that's progress."

Momma's moral: Nowadays a husband and wife must have minds that run in the same channel—or have two television sets...

New Le Gay Hair Spray highlights hair beauty...holds so gently

At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair and holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hair spray a delight to use! Now available in two sizes.



Special October offer—

Save **4'6**

on large Le Gay
14/6 size **ONLY 10/-**

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FROM
YOUR CHEMIST

TRUE-TO-LIFE

POLICE DRAMAS

LIFE IS HARD for Det.-Sgt. John Watt (Frank Windsor), needled by Chief-Inspector Barlow, constantly watching the constables, doing his own job, but still able to manage very well.

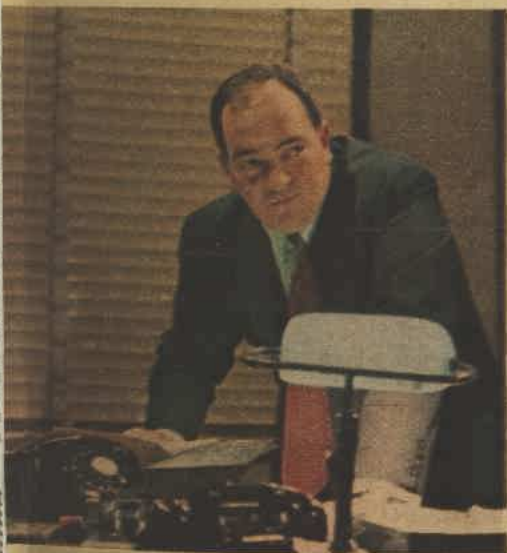


RIGHT: P. C. Herbert Lynch (James Ellis) is a universal favorite. He's a very human character, witty, self-confident, easy-going, and Irish, and hard as the Blarney stone beneath the charm.



LEFT: Det. Chief-Inspector Barlow (Stratford Johns) is brisk, efficient, irritable. "A touch of the Barlows" is the station slang for a frayed temper. Barlow says he has to be hard.

BELOW: P. C. ("Fancy") Smith (Brian Blessed) and **P. C. Weir (Joseph Brady)**, who are very well aware of the fact that Barlow's needling makes Watt chivy them.



Television

● "Z-Cars," ABC-TV's serial about the work of police patrol cars in the north of England, is one of the most realistic crime series on TV.

IT has an enviable record on Australian TV. Its sheer excellence in story, acting, and characterisation has overcome obstacles that at first threatened it.

The first obstacle was the thick, north country accent that demands full attention instead of the inattentive listening that is sufficient in most series; the second obstacle, its general grimness.

The grimness comes from the light—grey, often raining, the stories and scenes mostly set in slums and pubs in northern England. Indeed, the most cheerful scenes are generally those within the police station or the front seat of Zed Victor One—the starred patrol car.

There is no wonder that the scripts are realistic, for the writers of "Z-Cars" get their stories first-hand.

One of them, English Roger Jenkins, recently told the story of his first patrol car trip in search of Z-car authenticity.

"I was in the station when a pub owner phoned in," he said. "The publican said, 'There's a bunch of fellows

who've taken a little too much liquid and they're breaking the place up.'

"With permission from the Chief Constable of the county, I was bundled into a patrol car with three hefty, plainclothes detectives.

"None of them appeared to notice me. The car sped away. I was crammed between these two huge detectives wearing heavy, thick raincoats.

"Then we swerved round a rain-soaked corner and almost into a sprawling mass of bodies outside this pub. It was pouring with rain and there was broken glass all over the place.

"The plainclothes men jumped out and waded into the middle of the fight. Then one of them came back to the car, dragging a man with him. He pushed him on to the back seat beside me, handed me a truncheon, and said: 'Look after him till I get back.'

Jenkins did — and looked after his story at the same time. It's no wonder that viewers sit up and listen when they hear the call that generally begins the action—"B. D. to Zed Victor One . . ."

—Nan Musgrove

It's called a **MINUTE DRESS**

for the BEACH . . . for a PARTY . . .



GIANT STRAWBERRY decorates a towelling Minute Dress that's just right for sunny days on the beach. The gay drawstring cord adds another color note.



FLOUNCE AROUND — at summer parties in this full-length Minute Dress; it's cool and comfortable (and pretty, too). You'll find all the dresses easy to make.

(because it's so quick to make)

... and for **CASUAL WEAR**



FRANKLY FISHY hemline gives this Minute Dress a definitely see-worthy interest. All four dresses on these pages are modelled by glamorous film star Jill St. John.



DAISY, DAISY . . . on the big, big pockets of a striped Minute Dress (note: don't carry anything in the pockets, though; it would ruin the line of the dress!).

HOW-TO-MAKE INSTRUCTIONS, page 44

Here comes summer!

EQUATOR/SAILCLOTH Cotton Mesh "Swim-Jacket". Trimmed with BRI-NYLON. SM-XOS. 49/11. Cotton Sailcloth "Ben Buckler" short. Stretch BRI-NYLON side panel. 30"-40", 39/11. Also available for boys. 26"-32", 35/-.

ACAPULCA Cotton print "Cabana" top. SM-XOS. 55/-; Cotton print "Boxer" short. 30"-40", 39/11. Boys' styles also available.

NARRABEEN/LANIAKEA Striped cotton shirt. SM-XOS. 29/11. Also available for boys. 28"-34", 25/-; Woven cotton "Surfari" short. Stretch BRI-NYLON leg gusset, wax pocket. 28"-36", 47/6.

STRIPED JETSTREAM Girls' BRI-NYLON racing suit, ¼ skirt. 24"-28", 37/6. 30"-34"L, 47/6. 36"-38", 59/6.



SPEEDO'S ready!

NASSAU/SAILCLOTH Double-sided cotton beach shirt. SM-XOS, 49/11. Cotton Sailcloth "Bombora" short. 30"40", 39/11. Boys' shorts. 26"32", 29/11.

LEOPARD FASH'N LINE Girls' BRI-NYLON. 1/4 skirt, bra cups, square neckline, scooped back-line. 32"38", 99/6.

BARBADOS Woven cotton "Seafarer" jacket, SM-XOS, 55/- . Woven cotton "Bombora" short. 30"40", 32/6. Boys' shorts also available.

JETSTREAM Girls' Gold BRI-NYLON racing suit. 1/4 skirt. 24"28", 55/- . 30"34" L, 65/- . 36"38", 75/- .

TAMPICO Woven cotton board pants, Stretch BRI-NYLON side panel, wax pocket. 30"38", 45/- . Also available for boys. 26"32", 35/- .



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ALL OVER AUSTRALIA**

(YOU'LL FIND SPEEDO AT EVERY GOOD STORE).

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1964
AUSTRALIAN OLYMPIC TEAM



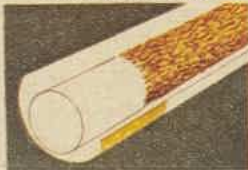
ROTHMANS KING SIZE REALLY SATISFIES

BETTER TOBACCO



Rothmans is famous for paying top prices year after year at the world's great tobacco auctions, to give you the best tobacco that money can buy.

FINER FILTER



5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give better filtration and to enhance the fine smooth flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

TRUE KING SIZE FLAVOUR



For true King Size flavour and full smoking satisfaction smoke Rothmans King Size Filter. Doubly smooth—the extra length plus the[®] filter tip gives you that cooler, smoother taste.



A Gallery of Historic Houses

● The special section, here and overleaf, features three of the historic homes in the Berrima - Moss Vale district, N.S.W. Built last century, they have earned their place in modern "Beautiful Australia." The houses were inspected this year by the National Trust.

"WINGECARRIBBEE," Bowral, home of Mr. and Mrs. John Oxley, was built in 1857 by Mr. Oxley's grandfather, Mr. Henry Molesworth Oxley.

Of corrugated iron and timber, the prefabricated house was imported from Italy and took the accompanying team of Italian

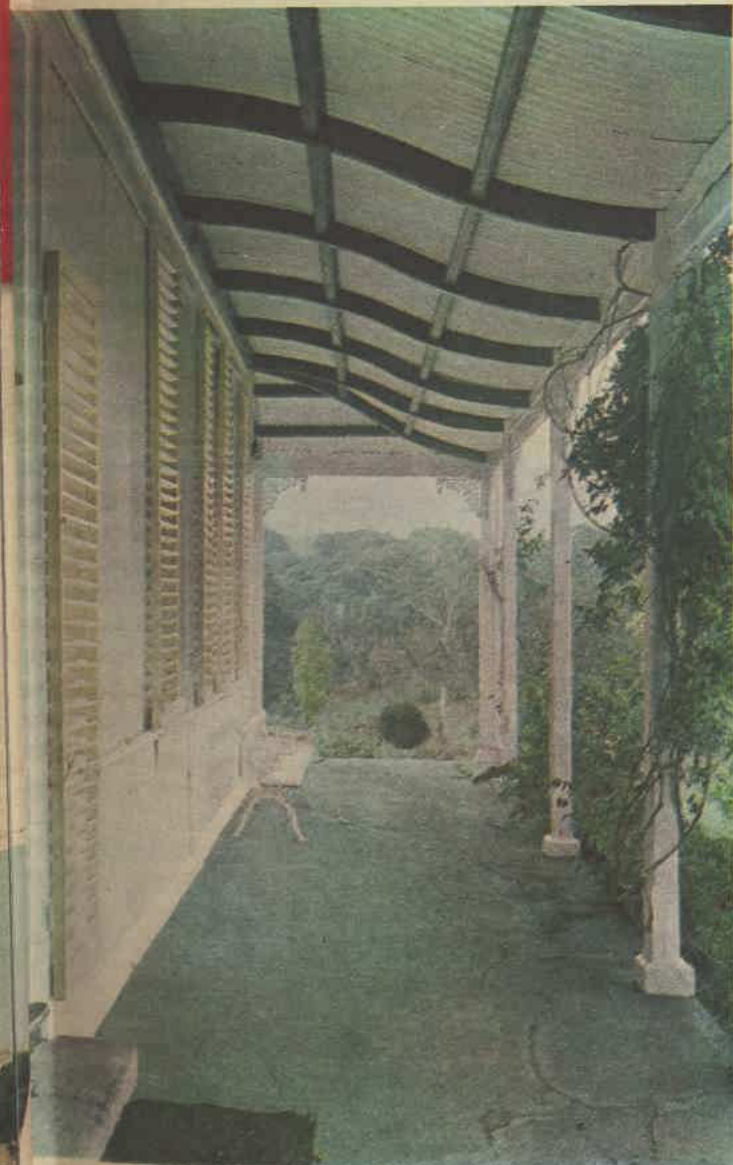
workmen two years to build. The family still has the plans used in the construction.

The house is on a hill overlooking the grove of trees where John Oxley, the explorer (the present owner's great-grandfather), built a house of stringybark on land granted in 1823.

Pictures in this section by staff photographer Ron Berg.



"WINGECARRIBBEE" is a landmark in the district, and its ribbed cast-iron parapet, adorned with ornate urns, can be seen for quite a distance. The house is set on a gentle rise amid lovely gardens. At the back of the house the cemented courtyard, now roofed over, is a workroom-verandah-store.



● View along the front verandah to the bushland beyond shows the graceful curved beams supporting the corrugated iron roof. The front door opens into a wide hall in which church services were held before a church was built in the district. Bowral is about 90 miles from Sydney.



● Furnished almost exactly as when the house was built, the drawing-room has windows framed by delicate lace curtains and covered with lace-trimmed linen blinds. Most of the delightful Victorian furniture still has the original upholstery. A small upright piano stands in one corner, and at each end of the marble mantelpiece is a charming Dresden figurine.

Continued overleaf

LOOK! VALUE HAS A BRILLIANT NEW STYLE



★ **AND BRILLIANT NEW FEATURES TOO!**

THE NEW '65 HOOVERMATIC WASHER

(Reg. Trade Mark)

Hoovermatic has always meant value. Now comes the new '65 Hoovermatic, with a host of new features. Some—like the new, sleek, compact appearance—you can see straight away. Others are hidden improvements. You can't see them. But the smoother, more silent turning tells you the improvements are there.



NO PRICE INCREASE!

STILL COSTS NO MORE THAN A WRITING MACHINE

List price from 99 gns. (Much, much less with trade-in)



LOOK!

'65 Styling. Flush-fitting lids give a smarter appearance. The De Luxe model has new Formica worktop.



LOOK!

New Controls. Timer and heater thermostat, linked for more automatic washing, are right at your fingertips.

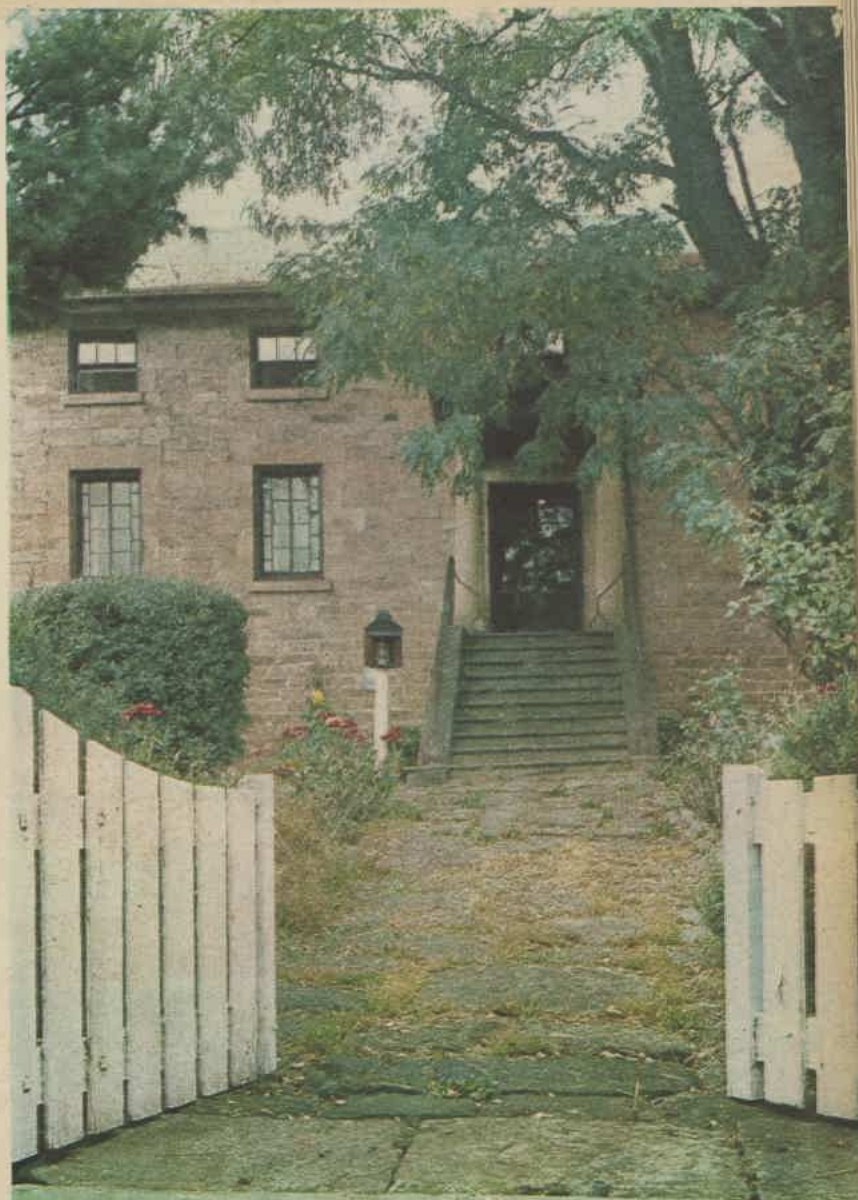


LOOK!

New Spinner. Rinsing, spin-drying are more thorough. Washing-tub spin-can are quieter, smoother.



● The entrance to "Oldbury Farm" leads up through green fields past shady clumps of trees to an old-world garden. Informality is the keynote both inside and outside the charming convict-built farmhouse, which has upstairs bedrooms on three levels. The thick interior doors, set in panelled jambs, and the deep-window casements are all of rich cedar.



● A heavy cedar door with small window-panes and an enormous lock and key opens off the porch into a roomy entrance hall with elegant cedar staircase. Under the entrance steps is a door leading to a series of cellars where it is thought convict farm laborers used to sleep.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA (continued)

"OLDBURY FARM"

TUCKED away beneath giant trees at the foot of Mount Ginginbull, "Oldbury Farm," Moss Vale, with its simple Doric portico, is reminiscent of Georgian farmhouses in the north of England.

Built in 1826 by James Atkinson, it was untenanted for long periods until the present owner, Mrs. J. MacDonald, undertook its restoration.

The small-paned casement windows are almost at floor level in the bedrooms upstairs. The original kitchen, now a rumpus room, is at one end of the back verandah, separate from the house.

● A handsome cedar colonial fireplace in Georgian style frames a hearth of hand-made bricks in the drawing-room, which has been simply furnished in keeping with the architecture. The painting of the farmhouse over the fireplace is by Irene Reid. The study off this room has a cedar cupboard built in the wall.

Continued overleaf





Eye Shadow Stick, 12/9; Refills, 9/3. Eye Liner, 19/6; Refills, 8/3. Lipsticks, 9/11.



Before you say a word, your eyes speak volumes. Yardley makes them say the right things. Such pert and pretty things! Start with a deft touch of Yardley's Eye Shadow Stick. See the new subtle depth and sparkle in your eyes. There's a shade to match your eyes perfectly; blue, blue-green, green, turquoise, lilac. Plus a pure

silver for dramatic contrast. Carry on the sparkle with Yardley's easy-to-apply Eye Liner in five matching shades. When the time comes for words, be sure your lips have the dewy freshness of Yardley Lipstick, perhaps in one of the new paler shades. Very provocative. Very much a part of Yardley's gay young world.

the young world of *Yardley*

"SUTTON FARM"

ONE of the oldest buildings in the district, "Sutton Farm," Sutton Forest, owned by Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Swift, was built by the Government about 1820 as a coaching inn.

Sunbaked wire-cut bricks, made from clay taken from the creek at the back of the house, were used for the building, which was erected by a team of convicts brought from the stockade at Berrima and camped on the site.

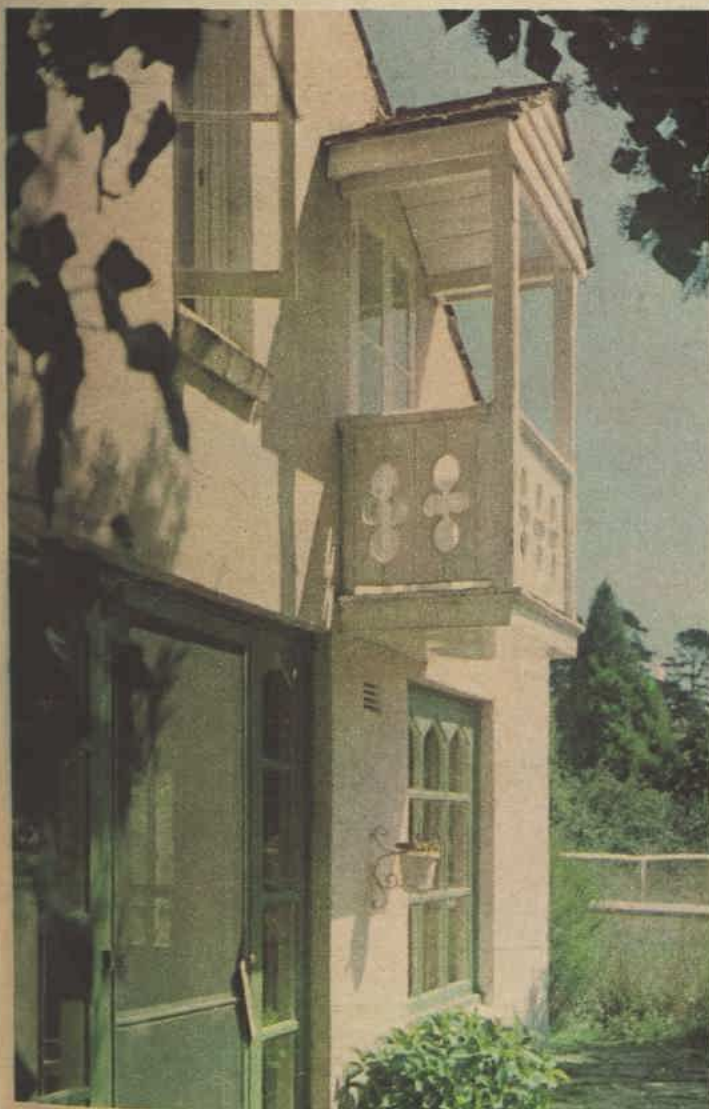
The bricks are now hidden under the cement rendering, although the general exterior appearance is thought to be little changed.

A large wing added to the house was carefully placed at one side so the original appearance from the front would not be spoiled.

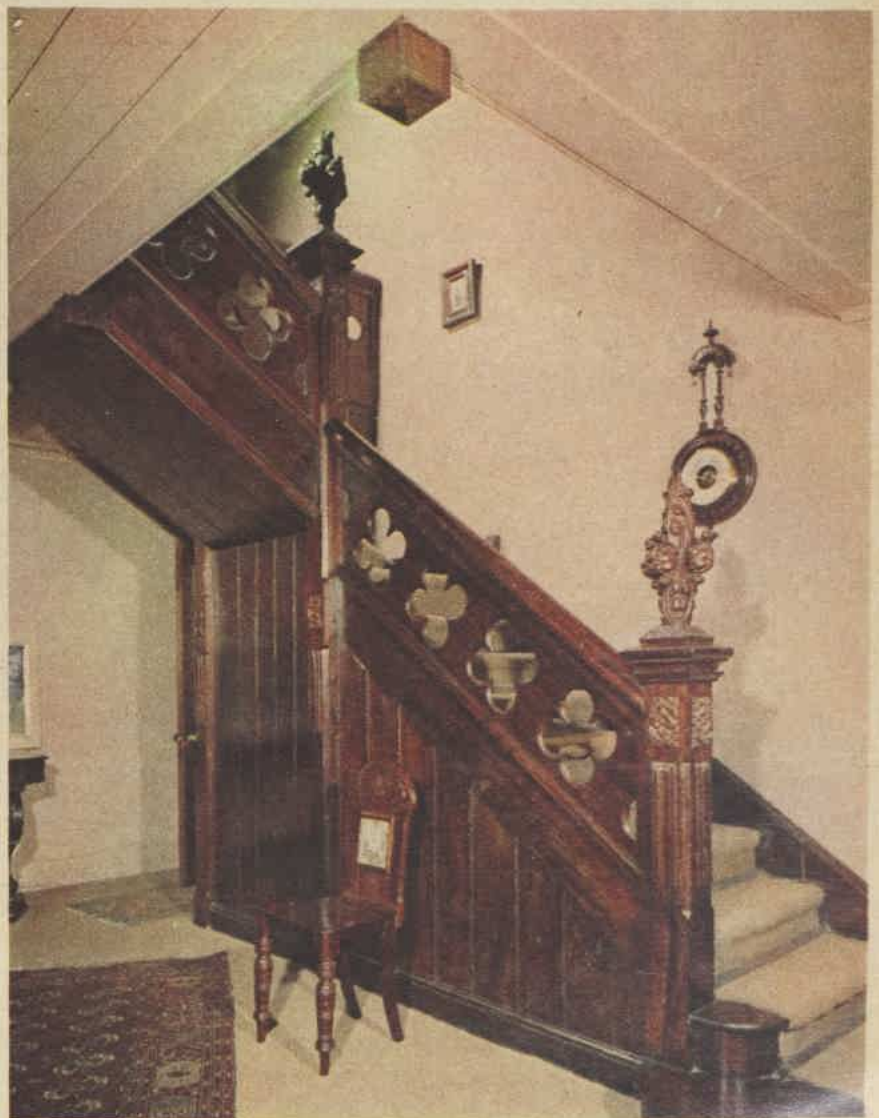


"SUTTON FARM," set back from the road behind a curtain of poplars and reached by a sweeping circular drive, was once on the main road. Until 1937 part of bar counter was still in place. These attic windows belong to bedrooms.

MAGNIFICENT cedar staircase (below) was brought from Ireland (it was taken out of a church near Dublin) by a former owner, William B. Dalley, for his home at Manly, "Dalley's Castle." But the trip took so long he had another stair installed there and this one put in at "Sutton."



INTRIGUING Romeo and Juliet balconies at the sides of the house, which are part of the original design, add a whimsical note to the spacious residence. For many years the house was unoccupied, and although the cedar fireplaces were still in place when the house was restored by Mr. Ken Hunter-Kerr, they have since been removed.



There was a smart woman who lived in a shoe
She had so many children - but she knew what to do
She dressed them in top-value

BABY BONDWEAR

THE MOST PRACTICAL CLOTHES -
LIGHT! WARM! EASY-CARE!



Two-piece Topper Set, in cotton 'Coral Knit' has plastic lined pants with side buttons, front flap. 45648. White, white/pink, white/blue. AS1. 24/11



Matinee Jacket, 15618, in cosy interlock has non-chafe neckline. Up to 12 months. 13/6
Training Pants, 15010 have double thickness of interlock with flannelette insulation for extra absorbency. Two sizes AS1 and 2. 10/6



New 'Gro-Wear' stretch Poodlette in white, blue, lemon, pink. One size grows with baby 6-18 mths. The pullover, Style 95942. 15/11. The pants, 95043, have an elasticised waist, 9/11



One-piece Romper Suit, in cotton 'Coral Knit' buttons at crutch and neck for easy dressing. Style 45647. White/aqua, white/blue. AS1. 29/11

Bubble Suit, 95643, in 'Gro-Wear' Poodlette grows with baby 6-18 months. Buttons at shoulder and crotch openings. White, lemon, blue, pink. 24/11

Velvet Terry Topper Set, 45644, in white, blue or lemon. The top is trimmed with braid. The pants have elasticised legbands. Blue, white, lemon. AS1-3, 19/11

One-piece Romper Suit, style 45640, 'Coral Knit' with ribbed neck and arm-bands, elasticised leg-bands and waist. Blue/pink, pink/lemon. AS1, AS2, 16/11

Nightgown, 15303, in soft interlock cotton, has a complete back opening for easy dressing, non-chafe neck binding. It fits up to 12 months. 17/11

Two-piece Topper Set in cotton/nylon crepe mesh. Style 45645. Pants have elastic at waist and back of legs AS1, in white, lemon and blue. 24/11


Baby
Bond
WEAR



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is NEWS
when it's

Skirt by
Style No. 472 HARRIDEX

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'TERYLENE'

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Suddenly Harriet knew her future depended on the possession of this ornament—a romantic story

THE GREEN JADE CAT

By MARY BECK

HARRIET BAKER had never believed in magic. Or, perhaps, it could be that magic had passed her by. So, when she woke one grey, drizzly morning and realised it was her thirtieth birthday and tonight George was going to ask her to marry him, she knew that the time for enchantment had gone for good.

Even at sixteen, an age to be enchanted if ever there was one, Harriet was stolid and practical and straightforward. There were moments, of course, when she was caught in the grip of growing pains; when she looked at her round, undistinguished face surrounded by tidy, undistinguished hair, and longed to be some wild beauty with a rose between her teeth. But even at sixteen, in her most astonishing dreams, she had to admit she could never carry it off.

For one thing, she would look plain silly with a rose between her teeth and, for another, whoever heard of a wild beauty with common sense and lots of freckles?

While her friends were dancing and walking in the moonlight and going out with boyfriends, Harriet was kept busy pressing her practical, all-purpose suit for work and growing more competent and sensible every day.

"Ask Harriet," people said, when they needed somebody to sit in with the baby or help at the bazaar. "She's such a sensible girl."

And safe. It was always Harriet who was invited to make up a foursome or even up the numbers at a party. Harriet who was eventually asked to be a bridesmaid. After all, the most jealous of souls could not imagine those round, good-natured features inspiring overwhelming passion in anybody. Harriet, her friends agreed, was such a nice girl.

She was never sorry for herself. There was always too much to do, too many people with problems to be solved, and the years sped by her.

She was fast coming to the top of her profession. Everybody said she was an outstanding secretary, efficient, reliable, almost infallible. Her salary grew fatter before her eyes and her neat, pleasant flat was filled with expensive, lasting pieces of furniture.

Harriet, in fact, lacked for nothing, and sometimes, when she sat comfortably at the end of the day with a mug of hot milk, smoking her final cigarette and doing the crossword, she felt very faintly smug.

Until she met James George Hughes. George was the perfect husband for Harriet. Everybody said so.

They met at a dinner-party where Harriet, as usual, had been asked to make up the number. She went along in her practical black dress with her string of small but real pearls and found herself sitting next to a tall, serious man with the slightest touch of grey at his temples. He passed her the salt, spoke of the weather, and was quite attentive in a remote, well-bred way. This was George.

"My dear," her hostess whispered in her ear, "he's doing awfully well in the city and he's such a sensible, down-to-earth kind of man. He's single, too," she added consideringly.

That night George asked if he might drive her home and Harriet said yes. After all there was little else she could do, with every eye upon



"Hello, George, it was nice of you to come," Harriet said.

her and her hostess smiling at her and nodding her head with pleasure.

"It's been so pleasant meeting you, Miss Baker," George said politely as he escorted her to the front door of her flat. "Perhaps you would care to have dinner with me one evening?"

"Thank you. That would be lovely."

"May I phone you tomorrow?"

"Of course," said Harriet.

He shook hands, gave a tiny bow. "I shall look forward to it," he said.

After he had gone, Harriet Baker, rising thirty, sat down calmly and thought about her future.

Finally, after some intensive reasoning, Harriet came to the conclusion that perhaps it was time she thought about getting married. Not to just anybody, of course. But somebody reliable and settled and assured, somebody who thought the same thoughts as she did and whose feet trod the same unremarkable path.

Somebody, in fact, like James George Hughes.

Their courtship was surprising only in that it passed completely without incident. There were no quarrels, no differences of opinion, because feelings did not run high. There was none of the desperate, unbearable pain of parting in anger and meeting again in frantic happiness. There was not a word of love spoken between them.

To page 42

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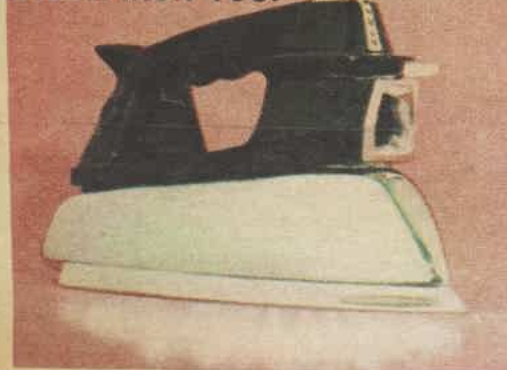
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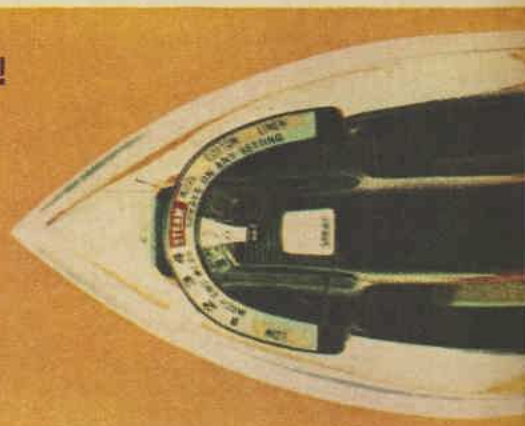
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A WHOLE NEW WORLD

Life took on a different meaning for Lucy — a short story

BY MARY LANGE JONES

NORMA sat leaning forward in the front seat of the car as if the position of her body would get them there faster.

"Relax, dear," Jeff said. "It's only about ten more miles."

She wanted to scream with frustration. The way he drove you'd think he had all the time in the world and that it was a stranger waiting for them ten miles ahead, instead of their own child, nine-year-old Lucy.

Again Norma told herself that Lucy was too young to go on a school holiday, too young to be away from Norma, too young for the loneliness, the competition. For all they knew, Lucy could have broken an arm or stepped on a rusty nail, or be running a high fever for no apparent reason as she had so many times during this long winter since they'd moved to Hillcrest.

"I just want to see her," Norma said through lips that were stiff with tension. "I just want to know that she's all right."

In the back seat, Robert, who had been asleep, sat up with five-year-old suddenness. "Are we almost there?" he asked. "When will we see Lucy? I'm thirsty."

"We're practically there," Jeff said.

Two weeks, Norma thought. Lucy's been away from me for two weeks. I won't let her stay the whole month.

And then they were there. Going up the drive to the large country house. A group of smaller girls were playing hide-and-seek. Norma's eyes searched frantically — yes, that dark-haired one was Lucy sitting there reading. She was alive and well.

Jeff was still bringing the car to a stop when Norma had the door open and was out of the car and running toward the little girls. "Lucy," she called. "Lucy."

Lucy lifted her head, recognised her mother. She began to walk toward Norma. Norma had her arms out, expecting Lucy to run to her, to throw her small body into Norma's arms, to cry —

Lucy came on slowly. When she got close, she smiled. "Hello," she said. "Hello, Mother." She might have been greeting the postman or the milkman or any other vague adult acquaintance.

Over Norma's shoulder Lucy saw Jeff and Robert. "Hello, Daddy, and Robert," she said. It was all so casual that Norma thought, stricken: It's happened! Just as she thought it would happen when Jeff insisted on moving to Hillcrest and leaving the town where Norma had lived all her life, where they knew everybody, where Lucy was happy, where they were all happy. It's happened. Our family's fallen apart.

To page 40

Lucy was sitting alone in the garden reading a book.



THE INVESTMENT



IT was a tightly scheduled morning. The maid was upstairs packing for Tom, so Alicia Forham went to the front door and brought in Saturday's mail herself. Packing for Tom, a chore she used to enjoy so much, didn't really require the wifely touch any more . . . just pile in enough shirts, ties, and so on down the list.

Alicia thumbed through the envelopes, checking for last-minute com-

munications from the district sales managers Tom would be visiting on the long trip. None. But, there at the bottom, a letter bearing a postmark right here in town, with the return address 42 Elm, gave her a jolting little sense of recognition.

Funny, Alicia mused, standing still a second, how the addresses of houses where you'd lived always struck you with an immediate personal ring. They were stamped in-

delibly on your inner consciousness: 42 Elm, their first home, the modest little bungalow, then 76 Hathaway, the larger split-level, and now, for years, of course, 12 Lake Circle, the three-storey Colonial.

Running up the stairs, Alicia wondered in irritation what the bungalow's tenants, those Endicotts, whom she'd never met, wanted now. Tom would be annoyed, whatever it was, rushed as he was with really important matters.

He was in his den upstairs, packing his briefcase. Alicia paused in the doorway, admiring Tom's competent movements. He'd greyed young, but it had made him more distinguished, and he was still a vigorous man.

"There's a letter from the Endicotts," she said, hating to bother him.

"Who . . . ?" Tom said absently. "Oh, that young couple. Well, open it, for Pete's sake . . . ! I'm busy . . ."

A new roof was needed at 42 Elm this time. Alicia read the earnestly stated appeal aloud.

Tom laughed as she finished. "Fresh young pup . . . ! All right, they need a new roof. Did he have to include all that solemn advice that I should protect my investment? Just out of college, wasn't he, when he came here with that engineering firm . . . ?"

Alicia shrugged, sharing his dry amusement.

Tom looked off into space a minute. "High time we unloaded the bungalow . . ." He nodded and returned to the briefcase, and she knew the quick opinion was already firm decision. "Their lease is up in a couple of months. You call the agent and tell him to notify them the bungalow will be going on the market . . ."

A surprising pang shot through her, as if he'd told her to take a loved pet to the vet and have him put to sleep. "Oh, Tom . . . !" she protested. "Wouldn't you hate to sell the place . . . ?"

Their glances held a minute. "Sentimentally, yes," Tom sighed. "But you ought to know you can't mix sentiment and business, Alicia. Sure, it was a sound investment, holding on to the bungalow. We'd have got next to nothing for it at the time. The rent has paid a good return. The value has gone up. We'll have to fix the roof, but from here on it'll be nothing but repairs . . ."

Tom was right, of course. She had no right to question him.

He'd come a long way, and they'd had a good life: this house, membership in the club, a flourishing business, and college for the kids. But for an instant it shocked her that, even though Tom was going away for weeks, they were just business to each other, as usual.

What would he say? she wondered, if she suddenly suggested going with him. After the first surprise, he'd probably say no, that it was a business trip.

The impulse had been silly. Her accompanying him on trips was an impractical dream they'd dreamed back in the bungalow days. Impossible financially then; later there'd been the children. And now it wasn't feasible.

Running a house this size, even with help, was a full-time job. The decorators were due tomorrow. Anyway, the spring fashion show at the club took place next week, and she was chairwoman.

Tom snapped the briefcase and brushed her cheek with his lips.



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Another Peek Frean's Quality Product!

It proved to be a boon — a short story

By JEAN VANCE

Alicia wanted to throw her arms around him, but the maid was passing in the hall.

"If you want me," Tom said, squeezing Alicia's hand, "I'll be at the office until three. Then I'll grab a taxi to the airport. Detroit, Cleveland, then . . . I don't know. I'll call you."

"Sure," Alicia said. "Have a good trip . . ."

She found, in the stillness after he'd gone, she still held the letter from the Endicotts in her hand.

She went to the phone in Tom's den, looked up the agent's number, and stopped half-way through the dialling. The notice would probably be a shock to the Endicotts. Rentals were hard to find. Suppose they didn't have a down payment, either for the bungalow or some other house? Common decency said she should break the news in person.

Not sure whether that was her whole motive, Alicia got bag and gloves. Saturday. Mr. Endicott should be home.

They turned out to be so very young, the Endicotts. But no younger than she and Tom had been in this house, Alicia decided, sitting across from them in the tiny living-room. Before she could choose words, the young man restated the need for the roof, then, prodded by the pressure of his wife's hand, clasped in his, Alicia noticed, he went on to other shortcomings of the house.

Idiotically, Alicia felt her own head nodding agreement. She stole glances around the room; beyond, into the miniature dining-room, the kitchen at the back. The wallpaper in this room, she remembered, had been yellow, with daisies. She and Tom had taken a full day to decide on it. Their couch had stood before the two front windows; she and Tom had sat on it every evening as closely as those two youngsters were sitting now.

What had happened to that closeness, hers and Tom's? she wondered bleakly, and went on nodding at the Endicotts.

Driving home half an hour later, all the requests of the tenants docilely acceded to since she'd discussed their financial situation with them and a down payment was out of the question, panicky alarm seized her. Tom would be furious. Worse, he'd probably call the agent himself and undo her foolishness. She was a silly, sentimental, middle-aged fool.

Her hands shaking, she called Tom at the office as soon as she reached home. Getting it off her chest would take less courage than waiting out the weeks.

"You what . . . ?" Tom shouted at her story. "Alicia . . . ! Are you mad? I explained it all to you. What about our investment? It'll depreciate. I told you . . ."

It was only what she expected. Wearily, Alicia held the receiver away a minute, then angrily replaced it to her ear. Maybe she could say over the phone things they no longer said to each other face to face.

"You're talking business," she said, and tried to keep her voice steady. "I'm not. You can't mix business and sentiment. They reminded me of us when we lived there. We made an investment in the place, yes! Not only money, though. Whatever it was, we've lost it . . ." And, when he didn't answer . . . "Tom . . . ? Let me come with you on the trip! Tom?"

His words dropped into the silence like stones. "You haven't said anything like that for a long time . . ."

No, she hadn't. She was as much to blame as Tom.

"Why didn't you, Alicia . . . ?" His voice, vibrant and warm, was that of the Tom who'd lived at 42 Elm. "You bet you're coming with me . . . !"

He was a man of quick decisions, firm and sound, but, better, capable of wise reversals. She heard him shout to someone to call the airport, to get another reservation, before he spoke to her again: "Okay on the Endicotts, too, darling . . ."

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MARIE ANTOINETTE
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Napro "Fly-with-me" colours. Left to right, Carmen's choice is Spanish Cherry; it adds the gleam of rich black cherries to black or brown hair. Maria's favourite is Persian Ruby for the shimmer of precious gems on black or brown hair. Robyn's light brown hair has the glow of tropical sunshine with Hawaiian Gold. Susan is wearing Jamaican Brown to enliven her brown hair with a rich sheen.



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- There is no limit to the number of entries from any one person. Each should be on a separate entry form and accompanied by an empty Hi-Liter bubble. Additional entry forms are available from your chemist or department store.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Concluding instalment of our charming serial

By A. J. CRONIN



Laurie hurried as he caught sight of Nora ahead of him.

DONOHUE slapped me heartily on the back. Still gasping, I flushed with pleasure.

"What was my time?"

Terence put a finger to his lips.

"Not a word about that at the moment. You'll see why. Now away and change. The water seems cut off in the pavilion, but give yourself a good rub down, there's a towel in the bag."

Ten minutes later we were in the taxi on our way back to the city. As we rolled along Terence turned to me in an extremely confidential way.

"Now listen to me, man." He spoke in a guarded tone, as though he feared the driver might overhear. "There's a sports meeting coming up the beginning of August at Berwick-on-Tweed. It's a small country affair and it's mostly no-account clodhoppers who enter for it. But," he eyed me keenly, "there's a lot of betting goes on, and Martin, as you know, is in just that line of business. Our idea is to enter you for the mile. We've studied the local form and from what you've shown us today we're convinced you can do it."

"Win?" I exclaimed.

"The cup." Seriously he inclined his head, adding even more impressively, "And win a packet as well. We'll take care of the money angle. Martin'll handle the bets. And you'll be ten quid to the good."

"Ten pounds!" It was more than tempting—a dazzling amount. "But, Terry, I'm taking my examination the first week in August. On the seventh."

"The sports are on the fifth. Two whole days before. It's no more than a three-hour run from Winton and we'll get you there and back the same day. What's your worry?"

I bit my lip in agonised indecision. I wanted to win that cup and I particularly wanted the ten pounds. My mother, in a recent letter, mentioning the flat she would take on her return, had bitterly regretted having sold our furniture when we left Ardfillan. Ten pounds would buy furniture, might even furnish a whole room. But how would Pin regard such an expedition practically on the eve of the Ellison?

"Why, it'll do you a world of good to have a bit of a break before your exam." Donohue must have read my thoughts. "Of course, if you want to throw good money away I've another fellow in mind who'd jump at the chance."

The thought of being supplanted was too much for me.

"I'll do it."

"Good, man." Terence shook my hand in congratulation. "You'll find you won't regret it. All you have to do is keep your mind easy and do a little light running of an evening. Don't overstrain. And if you look in at the back of the hotel occasionally I'll see you get a few good steaks."

Familiar thoroughfares were being traversed. I saw that we had passed the North British Station and were entering Mortonhall Street. Donohue lowered the window and dispensed with his cheroot. He glanced at me.

"Where would you like us to drop you?"

I judged it must be well past six o'clock, almost time for me to be starting for my session with Pin.

"Anywhere near Hillside Street?"

Obligingly, Terence told the driver to make a sweep round the Park. The taxi stopped at the foot of Gilmore Hill, not far from the University, and I got out.

"I'll be keeping in touch with you, man," he shouted as they drove off.

I walked toward Pin's lodging, still rather excited and with a pleasant feeling of importance. It was flattering to have been sought out by Terence and to have confirmed my innate belief in my own exceptional fleetness of foot. This awareness of my own speed, first implanted in my consciousness when I ran for the doctor for

my father, and fostered by my own efforts to maintain myself in condition, was well supported by material evidence, since when I trained with the Ardencaple Harriers I had twice won the race for boys under fourteen at the end-of-the-season annual sports.

Yes, this was unquestionably a special gift, comparable almost to the capacity for levitation bestowed by heaven on some of the rarer saints. Indeed, when I ran, in the rush of air occasioned by my transit, I not infrequently had the impression that I had temporarily lost contact with terra firma. In view of all this it seemed only just that I should capitalise on my advantages. Terry's handsome proposal was perfectly legitimate, and if Donohue wanted to bet on me that, too, while entirely his affair, was a permissible proceeding.

Nevertheless, in its bearing on the Ellison, my conscience was not altogether clear, and as I arrived at Hillside Street and climbed the stairs to Pin's room I decided I must let him have the final word. He was already seated at the table waiting for me, and turning over a sheaf of papers with every appearance of interest.

"Laurence," he began immediately, motioning me to the other chair. "I've been fortunate enough to get hold of the Ellison exam papers for the past ten years. They make advantageous reading."

"Do they, sir?"

"In the first place, in six out of ten occasions the essay set was devoted exclusively to a Scottish historical character of the sixteenth century. In the second place, I observed that it is exactly ten years since the character selected was Mary Queen of Scots."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing probably." He smiled, tugging at his beard. "Still, as a guess, I've an idea it would do us no harm to pay special heed to the fifteen hundreds with a little extra attention to that unfortunate young woman and her immediate circle. Andrew Lang would help us there. I got his biography from the library today. And how he favors the poor creature."

He was opening the book when, anxious to clear my mind, I spoke up.

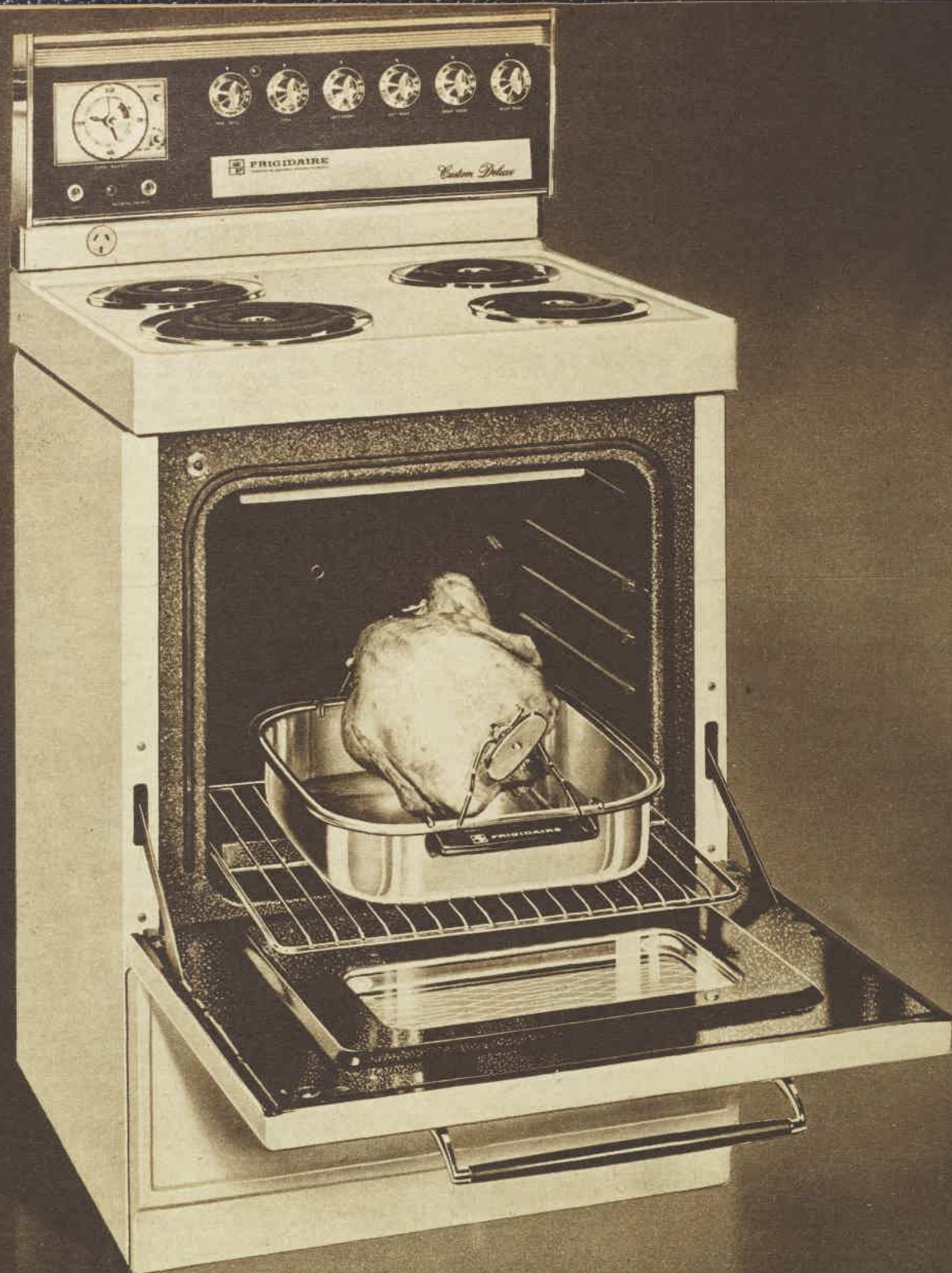
"Just one thing before we begin, sir."

I told him that my cousin had asked me to take part in a sports meeting in Berwick two days before the Ellison and that while I had provisionally accepted, if he thought this in any way likely to impair my chances I would immediately withdraw.

He considered, gazing at me with kindness. His face at that moment had a simple dignity that outweighed his absurd deformity, prosy sentimentality, and old-maidish ways, and all at once I felt how much I liked him.

"Why, Laurence, I believe it would be the very thing for you. I always advise a break just before an exam. And a day in the open air would be perfect."

To page 51



Cleaner automatic cooking is yours with the glamorous new Frigidaire electric ranges with rotisserie, cooking appliances that stay clean while they cook for you. In Frigidaire's exclusive Spatter-Free Griller, for example, you can grill 100 times without cleaning the oven. Frigidaire — a product of General Motors-Holdens.



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YES, I know of one "old bird" who might rival "Old Age," (Vic.), who is still active at 96. My next-door neighbor, who is 92, still rides his horse and takes a cut lunch when he goes out to work at ringbarking trees.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Neven, Tubbut, via Bonang, Vic.

WHEN my husband and I called recently to visit an uncle and aunt on a country property, the first thing we saw as we drove up was uncle on horseback rounding up the cows for the afternoon milking. At 85 he still helps with the milking.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Stegert, Nth. Bundaberg, Qld.

A FRIEND of mine is 90 and still rises at 5.30 a.m. every day, winter and summer. A widower, he looks after a very large house and garden, which he keeps beautifully. He even walks a mile to and from church every Sunday. I take my hat off to a wonderful old man.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Vahland, Elsternwick, Vic.

I AM well on the way to being 93. I set the table for meals and do the family washing-up. As well as doing my own room daily I help with the family wash. I do a bit of fancywork, mending, and I like reading.

£1/1/- to "Still Young" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

AT the age of 85 my grandfather prepares and serves delicious meals for his wife and his two bachelor sons, does all the kitchen and laundry work. He fetches groceries by public transport and he will quote poetry as cheerfully as any young student.

£1/1/- to "Granddaughter" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

MY grandfather is 84 — 12 years younger than "Old Age" — but he still cycles all over town, collects loam for his garden, and brings it home on his back. As he lives by himself, he does all his own housework, gardening (including trimming a hedge of 110ft.), looks after fowls, fruit trees, and, on top of all that, saws his own wood.

£1/1/- to Miss Margaret Higgins, Inverell, N.S.W.

MY grandmother turned 96 last month and she still rises at 5 a.m. and lights the kitchen stove. Then, if the "boys" (as she calls her 53-year-old and 65-year-old sons) haven't left to get the cows in she will go out and collect them herself.

£1/1/- to "Proud Granddaughter," Tarragindi, Qld.

Birthday rarity

IS this unusual? My mother was married on November 1 (her birthday) and 12 months later to the day my twin brother and I were born. So we have three birthdays and mother's wedding anniversary on the one day. Now I have two children—a boy, born on April 18, and a girl, born also on April 18, but exactly one year later.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. L. McMahon, King Island, Tas.

Mother's variations on a recipe

MY mother always works with a recipe in front of her, but she always alters the amounts and adds and subtracts ingredients at will. When asked why she bothers with a recipe at all, she replied that it gave her an idea to start with. By the way, she is a wonderful cook.

£1/1/- to "Recipe" (name supplied), Bentleigh, Vic.

Knife-and-fork age — when?

WHAT is the correct age for children to start using a knife and fork? My little girls, aged five and six, have always used a fork and spoon and managed very well. But now my husband feels they are old enough to use a knife and fork. They find using the knife difficult, and I feel it would be better to wait till they are older.

£1/1/- to "Table Manners" (name supplied), Everton Park, Qld.

Excluded from men's talk

WHY is it that men practically refuse to discuss with women matters that they consider purely "men's talk" such as world affairs, politics, sport, and finance. When will they learn that our capacity for conversation goes beyond neighborhood gossip and television. Most of us live in a small world surrounded by our four walls, and occasionally we would like to share other topics.

£1/1/- to "One Small Voice" (name supplied), Surrey Hills, Vic.

Travelling rabbit

INSTEAD of a travelling cat I had a travelling rabbit, Jack. He travelled lying contentedly on the shelf above the back seat of the car, sleeping or sunning himself. Imagine the amazement of following motorists when he would suddenly prick his ears up and run to the opposite end of the shelf, proving he was not a toy, as they had thought. He would follow us around the house and even stretch out on the carpet and "watch" TV.

£1/1/- to Carolyn Fletcher, Adamstown Heights, N.S.W.

Sargentmania

• Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent, speaking at the end of London's eight-week Promenade Concert series, said: "The Beatles have not had it all their own way. During the season of the Proms, no less than 100 young ladies were taken out swooning."



One takes such comfort as one can,
And so Sir Malcolm does, poor man.
Young ladies swoon, a few per night,
(Perhaps their girdles are too tight),
But fainting-wise, the Proms are flops
Compared with groups that top the pops.
And what? No wild, ecstatic yells?
Imagine all the private hells
Of instrumentalists who play
The classics in a serious way,
Whose audience sits in silence rapt
And shuffles homeward, having clapped.
Such artists, in their restless dreams
Hear frenzied female frantic screams,
And sadly brood on what they're missin'
By being doomed to fans who listen.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Those covered-waggon days

ON a recent wet morning my small television-watching grandson was objecting to going to school. Tying his shoe lace, his 27-year-old mother said, "Why, when I was a little girl I used to love going to school in the rain." "It was different for you," gulped our six-year-old between sobs. "In the olden days you had covered waggons."

£1/1/- to "Emmie Dee" (name supplied), Castlecrag, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS looking at a cartoon joke in a newspaper.

It showed a man in a waiting-room in a maternity hospital, walking up and down.

A nurse looked in and made a funny remark—"We've never lost a father yet," or something like that.

This scene, with the worried father-to-be walking up and down, is common in cartoons. It happens in moving pictures, too.

Naturally one assumes that it is the usual thing. When I was about to become a father for the first time, I thought I was expected to walk up and down.

I hurried my wife to the hospital, which was a large and modern one. A sister took charge of her and led her away through double doors.

When the sister came back I said: "Can you tell me where the waiting-room is, please?"

She replied: "I'm afraid we haven't got one."

"Then where would be the best place for me to walk up and down?" I asked.

"You mean you want to wait here?"

BACKROOM BOY

Oh, dear no, we don't have fathers waiting here," she said firmly. "It's much better to go home. You can keep in touch with us by phone."

That was what I did, and it is what most fathers do.

They ring up. At first the sister says: "Mrs. So-and-so is still un-

confined." The father is surprised by this strange expression, but he gets used to it.

Then at last the big news comes and he dashes to the hospital.

Perhaps someone should tell the cartoonists and film people about this. It is time they learned that



the walking-up-and-down father is out of date.

Husbands still worry about their wives in this situation. But they worry at home and are often too busy to walk aimlessly up and down.

That first time when the sister sent me home I found a roast chicken turning black in the oven. In the confusion of our departure we had forgotten to turn it off.

If the mother is what doctors call a multipara (that is, having her second or later baby) there are other children to be looked after.

I'll never forget the night our third child was born. It was Cracker Night and we were out watching the fireworks when the state of emergency arose.

A kind neighbor took charge of the children while I rushed my wife to the hospital. Then I took my son to Cousin Norma's and my daughter to Auntie Nan's. To add to the confusion I got a toothache and had to look for a dentist.

I think that is a fairly typical situation for the husband of a multipara. He is not walking up and down, he is running round in circles.

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Fast!



Bethal Tablets have been tried and proven by thousands of thankful people. They've found over the years that Bethal Tablets do give quick, blessed relief from Asthma attacks. Your breathing passages are cleared . . . you breathe freely again and stay that way for hours.



2/9, 6/3 or 19/6 Available only at your chemist



At thirty or even a little earlier a woman's complexion becomes drier and needs a little extra care to keep it smooth and soft. Vitalizing night cream at bedtime should be applied to cheeks and throat with upward, moulding strokes. Your forehead should be smoothed outwards from the centre. Pat a little ulan cream around your eyes with feathery, finger-tip movements, and don't forget the upper lids as well, to prevent that crepey wrinkled look. Use your oil of ulan beneath your make-up daily to replenish the oil and moisture content of your skin, so that wrinkles are smoothed away and your complexion remains young and beautiful.

... Margaret Merrill

LUX £1,000

SHOPPING SPREE CONTEST!

Spend like a film star!



£1,000 to win — and spend as you wish! Choose furs . . . diamonds . . . model gowns . . . a new car . . . a trip overseas. Or have a new washing machine . . . toys for your children . . . a TV set, furniture, anything you want. Spend like a filmstar!

IT'S EASY! Simply decide which of the 3 stars (shown below) appeared in each of the films listed. Mark your answers in the squares provided, and write 25 words beginning "It would be nice to be a film star because . . ." Then

send your entry to: "Lux Contest", G.P.O. Box 7061, Sydney, N.S.W.

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4 £250 Shopping sprees

150 cultured pearl necklaces valued at £20 each. 500 vanity compacts valued at £2.5.0 each. Prizes worth over £6,000



SANDRA DEE

currently starring in Universal's Ross Hunter Production "I'd Rather Be Rich" likes Lux best for its delicate fragrance. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C).

Answer is (A, B or C)



SUZY PARKER

currently starring in United Artists Production "Flight from Ashiya" likes Lux best because it keeps her skin soft all over. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C)



CLAIRE BLOOM

currently starring in Warner Bros. "The Chapman Report" likes Lux best for its creamy-rich lather. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C)

FILM TITLES:

A The Interns B If A Man Answers C Limelight

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of different entries submitted, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Lux Toilet Soap wrapper. Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State Law.
 2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.

3. Contest closes 30th October, 1964, and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
 4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. Winners will be decided on the basis of accuracy, neatness, legibility, and in respect to the 25 word statement — on the basis of its originality, aptness and relevance.

5. All entries received become the property of Lever & Kitchen and none will be returned.
 6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
 7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
 8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

NAME: _____ (print clearly)

ADDRESS: _____

STATE: _____



No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 filmstars.

"It would be nice to be a Filmstar because . . ." (write 25 words)

A WHOLE NEW WORLD

Continued from page 33

A thousand times Norma had been over it in her mind. She and Jeff had argued endlessly about it; he just could not understand that they never should have left their hometown.

"What was I supposed to do?" he always said. "Give up promotion? You know I'd gone as far as I could in the office there. This Hillcrest spot is a big advance for us."

"There are more things in life than money," Norma maintained.

"Yes, of course," Jeff said, "but it's nice to feel you're getting on, that you can save something. We've got two children we're going to have to educate, remember."

"You don't have to remind me," Norma said. "But we'd manage."

Norma's mother had been on her side. Jeff's parents lived in Scotland, so that it was really her mother Norma didn't want to leave. The children adored Mo-Mo, their name for their grandmother. She lived just a short walk from Norma, and they were always running backwards and forwards to each other's house. Norma counted on her mother for advice, for comfort, for sympathy.

BUT Jeff had insisted and they had moved in September. Robert played in the new garden as happily as he had in the former one. He made friends with the other small boys in the neighborhood. He seemed to adapt himself happily to the new surroundings and new playmates.

Lucy could not do that. She didn't like the new school, seemed unable to make new schoolfriends. Often she came home from school crying. "I hate this place," she sobbed. "I hate this house. I want to go home. I want Mo-Mo."

Norma held her close. "I know, darling. I know. I'm homesick, too. It's as hard on me to be away from Mo-Mo as it would be for you to be away from me." Norma, like Lucy, had made no new friends.

The bouts of high temperature began. Lucy stayed away from school a lot. The new doctor said: "I can't find anything really wrong with her. Is she unhappy about anything?"

"She wants to go back to where we used to live," Norma said.

"It's hard on a child, moving, but they usually settle down," replied the doctor. "Give her a little time."

Time didn't help. Lucy was miserable, and Norma was miserable, and finally the doctor had advised sending Lucy on the school holiday. "Sometimes that helps," he said. "They find a whole new world all by themselves."

Norma did not like the new doctor, and she was violently opposed to the idea. Lucy was too young. Lucy needed Norma more than she needed anybody else. Mo-Mo, told by letter of the holiday idea, telephoned saying that it was cruel and heartless to separate a child from her mother.

But Jeff had agreed with the doctor and stubbornly refused to change his mind. Lucy would be only about a hundred miles from Hillcrest. "It'll only be for a month," he kept telling Norma. "We'll go down after two weeks to see how she is."

So there they were, and the child, who should have thrown herself into her mother's arms and sobbed out her homesickness, was tanned, healthy, self-possessed.

They met Lucy's teacher, Miss Paul, who said: "She's a real little trooper. One of our best girls."

"I—I thought she might be homesick," Norma said.

"Oh, she was a little at first. Practically all of them are, but she got over it."

"And she hasn't been ill at all?" Norma asked. For two weeks she had been separated from Lucy. She had to know everything that happened. She felt strangely hurt to see the teacher's hand resting lightly on Lucy's shoulder and Lucy looking up at Miss Paul with worshipping eyes.

Miss Paul hesitated. "Well," she said, "she did have an upset stomach for a day, but she recovered."

You see, Norma thought triumphantly. I was right. Lucy was ill. Upset stomach — that's just another name for homesickness.

Lucy showed them round the house. The swimming-pool — the hobbies room — "I can't show you what I'm making. It's a surprise."

They were allowed to take Lucy out to lunch. And after they had given their order, Norma said: "You didn't tell us you were ill, Lucy."

Lucy attacked her roll. "I was sick, but I got over it—"

"How sick?" Norma persisted.

"Oh, you know," Lucy said. "How sick you get when you eat too much. I ate four pieces of melon."

Just then a girl about Lucy's age walked by with her parents. Both parents had their arms around the child, who was sobbing.

Lucy looked at the girl scornfully. "That's Margery," she said. "All she does is cry and beg to go home. She hates everything. Nobody likes her."

Norma took a breath, and ignored the warning look in Jeff's eyes. "Would you like to come home with us?" Norma said.

"You mean now?" Lucy said. "Before the holiday is over?" When Norma nodded, Lucy said: "No, I wouldn't want to come home. I wouldn't be able to finish what I'm making."

Finally, it was time to leave. Lucy came to the car with them. She was less casual now. She kissed them all, and might have stood waving goodbye, except that a group of her friends passed by and Lucy ran off to join them.

By the time they turned out of the gravelled road on to the main road Robert was asleep. Jeff cleared his throat. "You see," he said, "Lucy's doing fine on her own. She was sick, but she got better, and you know now that she can get along without you for a while and, what's more important, she knows it, too."

Not like me, Norma thought — always yearning to get back home, back to Mo-Mo, setting an example to Lucy for petulance, hating Hillcrest, even though it was where Jeff's future lay.

She was ashamed, but, as if a door had opened, she saw suddenly that it didn't need to be like that. You could set your child free to live her own life when the proper time came, free to go to new places, free to love other people.

She settled back in her seat and moved closer to Jeff. The hundred miles to Hillcrest was a trip home. Hillcrest was home.

"I think I like our new doctor after all," she said softly. "I think I know what he meant by a whole new world. And it wasn't just for Lucy."

(c) 1964, by Mary Lange Jones.

Make car travel fun for all

By ANN LYNTON

● Thoughtful planning can make family car trips, whether they are short or long, a pleasurable experience—both for young passengers and the driver! As well as being entertained the children can learn at the same time to be safe pedestrians.

MOST of us regarded a ride in a car as a special treat when we were children; but as more and more busy mothers used the family car for shopping, school, and outings, car travel has become commonplace for modern children.

Some drivers feel that the presence of small passengers makes motoring a nerve-racking and sometimes hazardous business. What can such drivers do to help make their presence more pleasurable?

First, consider the car itself. The ideal family car is a two-door saloon. Small children, riding in the back, can't reach the door handles, and this is important.

Far too many children have been injured by falls from moving cars. If the car is a four-door model, however, it should certainly be fitted with safety locks.

Weather shields are useful, too, so that the windows can be opened for ventilation and hand signals without chilling the children too much.

The upholstery should be of the washable plastic kind, rather than fabric, and rubber mats are better than carpeting if the car is to avoid looking very shabby very rapidly.

Side mirrors are becoming very usual, I know, but too few drivers have the habit of using them. Small children bouncing around in the back can obscure the rear window, so learning to use side as well as the ordinary rear view driving mirrors is essential.

A fixed seat

Next, the children themselves. Can they be taught to be good passengers? I think they can. The baby, of course, is no problem.

He can travel in a carry cot, and as long as the carry cot is firmly supported on the back seat, he will travel happily.

The older baby needs a firmly fixed car seat, with good deep hooks to hold it to the ordinary passenger seat so that it doesn't shift if the car brakes sharply.

The baby should also be harnessed into the seat . . . an active baby can climb out, otherwise.

Undoubtedly, the most difficult passengers are in the eighteen months to four years age-group. They are active, demanding, and not very amenable to discipline.

This age-group must be made to understand that

they always ride in the back, where they are safer. No danger of a grab at the wheel or gear lever there.

Extra padding on the backs of the front seats, by the way, may be useful.

Then, if a child is thrown forward by sharp braking, he will be less likely to hurt himself.

Another rule to try to make is that there must be no grabbing at the back of the driver's head—an unfortunately common tendency.

The best way to enforce this one is probably to stop the car at the side of the road and refuse to go on until the child sits back quietly. Since most children like car riding, this should help.

As boredom is a potent cause of bad behaviour, the provision of entertainment during a long journey is another essential.

Older children may like to read, though this is not to be recommended for children with a tendency to suffer from motion sickness—the eye movements of reading, allied to the movement of the car, seem to cause sickness in such children.

"Spotting" games are fun for most age-groups. How many white dogs can you count between here and the destination? How many car registration plates with letter A, then letter B, and so on, can you count?

How many car registration numbers add up to ten? The only danger here is that a sudden ecstatic shout of "There's one!" can make a nervous driver start just as she is negotiating a tricky bit of road and cause a swerve. Such drivers need to explain to the children that shouting is out!

If a journey is to be a very long one, there is a great deal to be said for night travel.

Then the children can sleep the ride away—and it's remarkable how well children will sleep in a car, even if they're a bit cramped for room.

If this is impossible, however, a long daytime journey can be made easier if you plan your route so that you can stop every hour or so and take the children for a ten-minute walk to stretch their legs.

This will have the effect of preventing boredom, especially if you can make your stops at interesting places, where there may be wildflowers to be picked, for example.

What can be done for the child who suffers from motion sickness? Many do,

and it can be a miserable business for them. It is doubtful whether the chain that trails from the chassis to the road has much effect in prevention of this. Better, really, to treat the child.

Pre-travel diet is important. Starvation rarely helps—the rumblings of an empty tummy may even bring vomiting on. But the meal should be a light, low-in-fat one. A boiled egg for breakfast rather than fried bacon, for example, or steamed fish for lunch rather than sausages. Sucking barley sugar may help, as long as the child doesn't have too much—and get sick because of it!—and drinks are useful. A mixture of fresh orange juice, glucose, and soda water, carried in a well-stoppered flask or bottle, is an excellent nausea preventive, I've found.

Car-sick child

A plastic sealed container, discreetly tucked under the seat, is useful, not only for possible vomiting, of course. By the time a child asks to go to the lavatory, his need is pretty urgent, and a container can save unfortunate accidents.

A packet of tissues is useful for cleaning up operations—and a bottle of chlorophyll (with a wick) helps to get rid of unpleasant odors that can sometimes bring on another attack of sickness.

It is important to be relaxed about car sickness. If there is a big drama every time the child is sick, or much anxious questioning from adults ("Do you feel all right, dear? Tell me if you feel sick"), then the child is certain to oblige. If you behave as though being sick is extremely unlikely, it helps a great deal.

Carrying a complete change of clothes is always wise and prevents desperate emergency searches for shops in strange towns, where you finish up by buying unsuitable garments.

For severe motion sickness, ask your doctor whether the child might benefit from one of the anti-nausea drugs available. I would never recommend just buying something from the chemist for the young child.

Incidentally, one very valuable aspect of car travel for children is the educational one. If you point out pedestrians who infringe the rules of the road, it can help children to understand why such infringements are dangerous, and make them safer pedestrians themselves. And what could be more important than that?



Are children too well off?

By a father

I OFTEN reflect that in this day and age of appliances and "things," perhaps we are coddling our children just a little too much.

I thought hard about Dickens' poor Oliver Twist the other morning as I watched my wife cut school sandwiches for our seven-year-old.

He told her, in no uncertain terms, that lemon butter was out, while bananas were definitely IN!

As I was raised during the Great Depression years and nurtured through World War II with all the problems that came from food rationing and little money, I felt a little shocked.

Only last week our firstborn tearfully explained that he was the only child at school who had never been on a bus or train . . . "or even a ferryboat."

Further questioning established that a new boy at the school goes by bus each morning. He is a hero.

Our children, and many others, suffer the indignity of being driven to school by doting fathers and collected by doting mothers—not a bus ride among them.

As a boy I walked to school and so did all the other kids, as I recall it. Some of them didn't even wear shoes. Things were pretty tough back in '35.

Now in 1964 our current want is a second TV set. It seems that two TV sets are an absolute essential in the home.

As a boy I was content to walk to the beach from our home. Now modern practice demands a drive to the municipal baths, where, after a payment of a few shillings, the whole family can swim.

I don't recall having any special children's gramophone records. (Perhaps that's because we didn't have a record-player.) But I'm now under pressure to purchase special records—things like "John Glenn's Voice From Outer Space."

Are our children happier for all the benefits of modern society? I don't think so.

Children have a vested interest in happiness that goes far beyond material things or social acceptance, but it's just easier to be happy with an indoor electric model car racing set than without, apparently.

And it's more fun fishing with a "real" rod and line, with float, than it is with the bamboo pole I recall using over many years. (It doesn't help him catch any more fish than I used to catch—or still don't.)

I wonder sometimes if they've arranged the school syllabus to allow for a wider understanding of the ways to acquire the good things in life.

Imagine the teacher putting a problem on the blackboard: "If the purchase price is £175, then at 10 per cent. interest over 24 months, plus insurance, less the £45 trade-in on the old toaster, what will the monthly instalments be, and what will be the payout figure at the end of 20 months?"

— G. Peake, Lane Cove, N.S.W.



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LOSE THAT
'NOT-HUNGRY'
LOOK

SERVE GRAVY TONIGHT

Every Mum who knows her onions knows kids love gravy. They love its rich goodness and aroma. They love it piping hot on meat 'n' potatoes—winter and summer the same! Yes, if you want to make yourself tops with your tots, serve 'em gravy made with GRAVOX tonight.



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Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, "They certainly seem to be doing you good."

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

For the immediate relief of aches and pains, massage MENTHOID CREAM to the trouble spots. Menthoid Cream penetrates deep down to soothe the inflamed areas and give quick, positive relief. Remember! It's MENTHOID CREAM to relieve the local pain and MENTHOIDS to treat the cause.

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To clear your skin and smooth-free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and lines, use NIXOLDERM. Get NIXOLDERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

Continued from page 31

he would say. "Do you feel ill?" "No, George," she'd answer. "I just don't want to go to work today."

Unexpectedly, Harriet Baker giggled at the vision of George's outraged face, and the other people in the bus queue looked at her sideways, then quickly looked away again. Harriet composed her face and made a great show of finding her handkerchief. Perhaps they would think she had been sneezing.

It was, she reflected, the oddest thing. Here she was, thirty years old; a solid, sensible age for a solid, sensible woman. The age of understanding and self-respect and dignity. Yet, suddenly, she felt as though somebody had cast a spell and whisked her fifteen years away.

Harriet turned her head, uneasily. She half-expected to see some aged, hawk-eyed crone cackling behind her with an enormous black cat stalking at her side. There was nothing. Only a wet expanse of pavement and a shabby, very cluttered antique shop.

And then Harriet jumped, and for no reason at all, felt dizzy and astonished and a little frightened, all at the same time. For there was a cat.

A beautiful green jade cat. Harriet looked at the cat, and the cat stared back from green emerald eyes, remote and disdainful.

Now Harriet did not like cats at all that much. But this cat... perfect, exquisite, sculptured... this cat was different!

Harriet left the bus queue and walked toward the window. She did not know why, she did not even wonder why.

The green cat did not move. It watched her coming from emerald eyes, wise as time, and it waited for her. There was something about that cat. She wanted to see it more closely, feel it in her hands. She wanted to buy it.

The bell jangled as she pushed open the shop door and, inside, there was the smell of dust and antiquity. Harriet tried to laugh at herself. She was behaving like an idiot. Half an hour late for work already and wasting the time in a dusty old shop. What would George think of her if he could see her now, his practical, efficient Harriet? Just because it was her birthday...

"Yes? Can I help you?" The man behind her melted into the shadows and became one with the cast-off possessions he was selling.

"The cat," said Harriet. "The green jade cat in the window. I wondered whether..." She broke off.

He peered at her sharply, a short round woman with a good felt hat, and a sturdy umbrella. "The cat, did you say?" He seemed quite surprised, even startled.

"Yes, I wondered... That is, could I see it, please?" "It is," said the old man seriously, "a very special cat."

"Of course," agreed Harriet, not finding anything ludicrous in the conversation at all. "I know that."

The old man nodded his head as if satisfied and picked the cat from the window tenderly, almost respectfully, and handed it to Harriet.

It lay under her fingers, smooth as silk, warm from her warmth, passive, indifferent, yet alive.

Harriet Baker fell hopelessly and passionately in love. "How much?" she asked, and her voice was breathless and jerky with excitement.

THE GREEN JADE CAT

The old man tapped his hands quietly together, thinking. "Fifty pounds," he said.

Fifty pounds! Mortgages and down payments and life insurance. And this old man was asking fifty pounds for a perfectly useless, green jade cat. Fifty pounds would buy a labor-saving, stainless-steel sink with double drainer, or a fitted carpet for the bedroom.

Fifty pounds for an object not more than six inches high! Perhaps not even a valuable antique!

The habit of thirty years is hard to break. Gently Harriet handed the cat back and shook her head sadly. George would never forgive her. And there was her future to think about, and security.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Fifty pounds," remarked the old man, "is only money. A few pieces of paper and bits of silver. Fifty pounds is nothing compared with this cat. You're buying much more than a pretty piece of jade, you know."

Harriet was confused. For the first time in her life she was bewildered and uncertain, and the old man knew it. He nodded and smiled at her sympathetically, a little gnome of a man.

Harriet clutched her umbrella to her and prayed for sanity. She knew the path of duty, of course. She must walk out of this dusty shop, catch the next bus to work, open her mail, and pound her typewriter... and marry George.

"But what has George to do with it?" she asked aloud, and the old man sighed and shook his head.

"George should see the cat for himself," he told her.

He placed it on its cushion, where it sank gratefully into the velvet, the emerald eyes watching the world with wry amusement.

"Ask George to come and see it now," suggested the man.

"But I can't! He's at work. He's terribly busy. Besides, he would think I'd gone mad, or was ill, or..."

Harriet broke off in confusion.

"Well, of course," said the little man, "you know your own business best. Good-day to you."

Then she squared her shoulders resolutely and marched purposefully out of the shop.

The whole episode was ridiculous, of course; she would go straight to work and forget the thing at once. The green jade cat watched her going with bright, emerald eyes. She thought it was smiling at her, shrugging its shoulders at her blindness.

Harriet stood in the telephone box and dialled George's number.

"George," she said urgently, "it's Harriet. I want you to meet me. Now. At once. I've something to show you."

"Good gracious, Harriet, I can't! I'm terribly busy and..."

"George! Please."

George's voice changed, became concerned and anxious.

"My dear, are you ill?" "No, George, I'm not ill. I just want you to come now."

Harriet was desperate. It was impossible to explain in a few words talking into a blank and inanimate telephone. Hopeless to try to tell George that she wanted him now more than anything else in the world. "Please, George," she said again.

There was a slight pause while Harriet held her breath.

"All right," said George. "Just tell me where you are and I'll come at once."

Harriet came out of the telephone box into the steadily falling rain.

George would come, striding manfully along with his furled umbrella, his briefcase, and his neat, bowler hat. His concern would change to irritation, and irritation to astonished anger when she showed him the cat. And Harriet Baker, thirty years old, would be well and truly on the shelf.

She had gambled her entire future on something she did not even understand herself, and George would never want to marry her now.

James George Hughes had no time for whimsical, wayward females. He wanted a capable housekeeper and an intelligent, down-to-earth wife to run his home and his life with serene calm.

ALL at once Harriet knew that was not enough. She was tired of common sense and practical hats and good, sturdy umbrellas. Harriet Baker wanted enchantment.

She felt sad waiting in the rain with her feet planted squarely in a grimy puddle. The years ahead stretched long and empty before her; no home, no security, no George.

And without George, she realised, the years would be empty indeed.

"Harriet, my dear. Many happy returns of the day!"

"Oh..." Harriet jumped and looked up at George. He was, now she came to study him closely, an extremely handsome man. And kind, and thoughtful. "Oh, hello, George," she said, dismally. "It was nice of you to come."

"I have a present for you. I meant to give it to you to-night. But I thought..." He held out a tidy, brown paper parcel.

"Thank you," she said.

Then, because there was no point in prevaricating, Harriet showed him the green jade cat.

"George," she said, without any preamble, "I want to buy that cat."

George stood quite still and stared and said nothing. A tear rolled down Harriet's cheek and she took out her practical, man-sized handkerchief and blew her nose heartily.

"I want to buy it," she went on hastily. "More than anything else in the world. I think it's beautiful and it costs fifty pounds. Fifty pounds, George, and..."

"Do you mean," asked George wonderingly, "do you mean that you dragged me away from the office, brought me out in the pouring rain at ten o'clock in the morning, just to show me a piece of green jade?"

"Yes," said Harriet, miserably.

She wanted to run away and hide so that she might never hear the terrible things George was going to say. She sniffed unhappily.

And then something happened which was quite astounding. George bent down and with the greatest care placed his briefcase right in the middle of the puddle, adjusted his bowler hat, and put his arms closely around her, damp mackintosh, sodden hat, and all.

"Darling," he said, "will you marry me?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Harriet, will you marry me?"

me? If you say yes, then I'll buy you a hundred green jade cats. A thousand, if you like. But please, darling, please, don't cry. Just say that you'll marry me and you can have your piece of green jade."

"You're not angry?" she asked, apprehensively. "I mean, I've brought you away from the office, and it's raining and..."

"Don't you understand?" George sounded anxious. "Don't you understand, Harriet? I thought you needed me. I would have left a dozen offices in a raging blizzard if I thought you needed me. Now, darling, will you marry me?"

"Of course," said Harriet. "Oh, George, of course I'll marry you."

George went grandly into the antique shop.

"I want to buy that cat for my fiancée," he announced magnificently. "Fifty pounds, I think you said."

It was extraordinary, Harriet thought, but the bowler hat on George's head was suddenly a golden helmet, and his furled umbrella a shining lance, and the drizzly rain was fizzing, bubbling champagne.

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Make yourself a MINUTE DRESS

● Here are the how-to-make instructions for the four Minute Dresses shown in color on pages 18 and 19.

The basic dress:

EACH dress is made to these basic instructions, then trimmed individually.

Materials required: 2yds. 36in. fabric (PLUS the extra for desired trimming), 2yds. cord.

Cut the material into two 1yd. lengths.

Matching the selvages, and with the right sides of the material facing, pin and then machine the side seams. Leave $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam allowance. Press seams open.

To make the top of the dress: Turn down a 2in. hem right along one edge. Tuck the raw edge under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and machine the hem in place —

as close to the edge as possible.

Machine another line of stitching $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the first; this forms the casing for the cord that will hold the dress in place.

At the centre front make 2 buttonholes on the right side only of the casing.

Thread the cord through the casing (in one buttonhole, out the other).

Try the dress on. Adjust the cord — tighten it so the dress will stay up — and tie the ends in a bow. Arrange gathers evenly. Put up a hem to the desired length.

Remember to knot the ends of the cord-tie so it won't unravel.

Giant strawberry ...



Materials required: Extra 1-3rd yd. towelling for pocket; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. check gingham and green material scraps for the strawberry.

(Note: The pocket is attached diagonally.)

Cut a 9 x 12in. rectangle from the extra 1-3rd yd. towelling (Diagram A).

Turn down and stitch a 2in. hem along one 9in. edge.

Turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. along the three sides, forming a curve at the hem edge "corner" (see diagram). Clip the $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turning at the curve so it will lie flat.

Pin and then machine the pocket to the dress — to

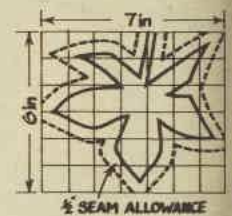
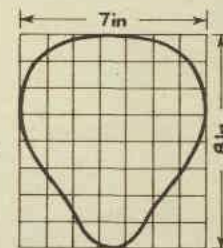
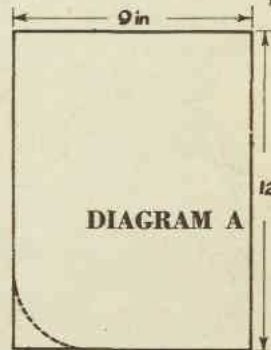
one side and with the curved corner about 1in. from the hem edge.

From the check gingham cut a strawberry shape (Diagram B)... each square on the diagram graphs measures 1in. x 1in.

Turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. all round strawberry, clipping edges.

Pin and then machine (or applique by hand) to pocket, matching the bottom point of the strawberry and the curved pocket corner.

Cut strawberry leaves from the green material, using Diagram C as a guide. Turn under the seam allowance and applique to pocket.



Flounce around...



Cut two lengths of material $1\frac{1}{2}$ -1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. long (depending on height). Make dress as described in basic instructions.

Cut the extra 1 2-3rd yds. of dress material into six 10in. widths.

Join the six pieces into one big circle along the 10in. sides. Press seams open.

Turn under and stitch 1in. hems on the top and bottom of the circle.

Run two lines of machine gather-stitching $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from one edge. Then pull the threads and gather the frill to fit the dress.

Pin and then machine it in place on the dress — with the frill's bottom hem 1in. deeper than the dress hem (see picture).

Materials required: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3yds. 36in. material (depending on height of wearer) for dress, plus extra 1 2-3rd yds. for hemline frill; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. cord.

Daisy, daisy ...



Materials required: Extra 1-3rd yd. striped dress fabric, scraps of green and white and yellow fabric for the daisies, black and yellow wool (to embroider wasps).

Cut two rectangles 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10in. from the extra 1-3rd yd. material (Diagram D).

Turn under and stitch a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem along one of the 10in. edges. Turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the other three edges. Repeat with other pocket.

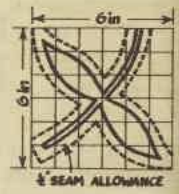
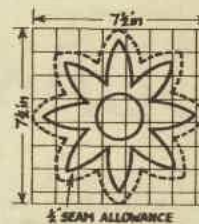
Pin and then machine pockets to dress — about 6in. apart and about 2in. from the hem edge.

Cut flower shapes from white material (using Diagram E as a guide) and flower-centres from yellow material. Cut stalks and leaves (Diagram F) from green material.

Each diagram square measures 1in. x 1in.

Turn under seam allowance on stalks and leaves and applique to pockets. Then applique flower shapes and finally flower-centres.

Embroider the wasps (if desired) at the left of each flower.



Frankly fishy ...



Cut 9in. square from the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. dress fabric, and trim two of the corners to curves (Diagram G).

At the top edge (opposite the curves), turn down and stitch a 2in. hem.

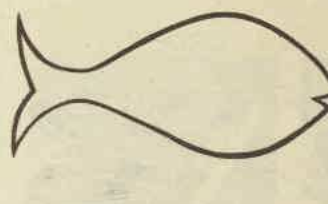
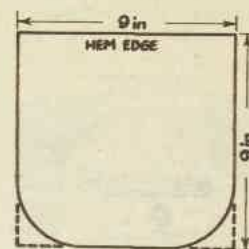
Turn $\frac{1}{2}$ in. under all round the rest of the pocket, clipping the edge at the curves so it will lie flat.

Pin and then machine pocket in place on the dress — to the side and about 6in. from the hem edge.

Using Diagram H as a guide, cut different-sized fish from the scraps of printed fabric and applique them all round the hemline of the dress.

One of the bigger fish may mask the lower edge of the pocket (Diagram I).

Materials required: Extra $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. dress fabric for the pocket and scraps of printed fabric for the fish.



GLAMOUR FASHION

8

The Jew



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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Late last night any prowler entering our house would have been surprised to see me sitting in solitary state in the sitting-room after the others had gone to bed, reading a Noddy book.

NODDY is new to me. Our children didn't have them, or for all I know Noddy may have appeared on the literary scene when our children were past the age for him.

The ban on Noddy and on William and Biggles in a number of Australian children's libraries interested me, so I borrowed from the small daughters of a neighbor, who obviously thought I was a wee bit retarded compared with their own mother!

Many librarians are refusing to have Noddy on the shelves any longer, because they say he's selfish, weak, self-pitying, gutless, and lacking in initiative.

I should probably make a wider study of this madly popular character, instead of trying to judge him on the evidence of one book, but it didn't impress me.

It's not well written. It's written "down" to the lowest common denominator of the age-group likely to read it, and the central character never does anything much himself, but just depends on others for help.

Sometimes I think that when adults get into fierce debates about whether this wishy-washy sort of writing is "better" for children than blood and thunder, they are missing the central point of identification.

Everyone, from the two-year-old hearing his first stories to the 92-year-old reading his umpteenth thousand, is to some extent identifying himself with one of the characters.

You can't enjoy a book if you're so little in sympathy with all the characters that you can't think yourself into the situation of at least one of them, so that it matters to you how things turn out for him.

This, incidentally, is one of my main criticisms of TV cheapies. Quite often the goodies and the baddies are equally repulsive, so that it doesn't matter a jot to the viewer who gets shot, as long as it happens quickly!

Children just love those wicked fairies . . .

LOTS of parents object to the "violence" of the old fairy stories. They don't like feeding their children witches and Bad Bankna men and wicked fairies pushed into red-hot ovens.

But children love these stories and they go on and on and on. The fact is, surely, that these stories are "realistic" in a way that a diet of nothing but literary sweetness and light can never be.

I don't think the fairy stories suggest any horrible thoughts to small children that they aren't going to arrive at for themselves if they never see a book of fairy tales.

A child learns very early in its life that everything isn't going to be endlessly rosy, and is aware of such things as power and hatred and meanness and jealousy (in itself as well as in other people) existing alongside gentleness and courage and justice.

The fairy stories mirror these qualities for children and in a thoroughly moral way.

People get out of their difficulties not by yelling for help but by courage and perseverance, and in the end the goodies win through to happiness by their own efforts, and the baddies get their deserts.

If the deserts seem a bit on the horrendous side to adults who've learnt to curb their feelings, they're a fine release of aggression for littlies who still quite naturally wish their temporary enemies all

sorts of bother, like being run over by a bus or having the house fall in on them.

Speaking as one who has never poured boiling oil over anyone or thought of rolling someone over a precipice in a barrel, I'd be inclined to say that the goriest fairy story never did me much harm.

I read Andersen and Grimm and the Red and Green fairy books over and over again. Perhaps my greatest favorite was Edmund Dulac's Fairy Book, with its beautiful illustrations and its stories from a dozen or more countries.

"Goodie-goodies" make pretty dull reading

THE books I hated as a small child were the grossly unhealthy and priggish Elsie Dinsmore books, Eric, Pollyanna, and a whole lot more of the same sort where everybody was too good to be true and far too good for me to be able to identify myself with them.

Above everything I hated Strewelpeter. It was given to me when I was ten and the picture and verse appear on one page with an outline for coloring-in on the other page.

I've marked my ten-year-old disapproval by the method of coloring-in. Some verses (those I thought harmless) I've tried to illustrate as the artist intended.

But "The Dreadful Story About Harriet and the Matches" I scribbled all over in bright red crayon. (Flames? A moment's disobedience led to her being burnt to death while the cats looked on and cried, you'll remember.)

The "Story of Augustus Who Would Not Have Any Soup" and therefore died on the fifth day I have blocked out in bilious green, and the "Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb" I have scribbled over so heavily in black pencil it's practically unreadable.

Conrad sucked his thumb in spite of Mama's warnings that "The great tall tailor always comes to little boys that suck their thumbs."

So Mama goes out for the day and Conrad, presumably to comfort himself during her absence, pops his thumb in his mouth.

In comes the great tall tailor and "Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go; And Conrad cries out — Oh! Oh! Oh! Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast. That both his thumbs are off at last."

This touching little story is nicely illustrated in full color. I prefer "Hansel and Gretel" any day!

In my young days there really were some terrible books for children. I had some great-aunts who used to send me a book at Christmas time — usually something boring and goody-goody like "Oliver and the Twins."

One year they sent me a true horror, a story about a little boy who loved animals and acquired a stepmother who didn't think much of him.

I can't remember all the awful things he suffered before the last page, but there she hanged his puppy in the woodshed and let him find it. I imagine I burnt that one, if I had any sense, but I can still remember the shaking nausea with which I read it.

I imagine I turned back with infinite relief to a diet of witches and ogres and fiery dragons and handsome princes temporarily looking like toads, knowing that there the issues were clear-cut and moral, and that virtue would triumph over trickery.

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"It happened after I read one of those medical articles recently in a magazine. It made me think . . . has my body got used to the pain reliever I've been using for years? Perhaps that's why I don't seem to get rid of my headaches as fast as I used to. Maybe my pain remedy doesn't work for me any more. And it may even be the reason I've had these dizzy sensations recently."

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Arrange GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple and chopped red jelly in a sundae dish so that the front side will show an inverted cone shape as illustrated. Bring pineapple right up to rim. Add a scoop of vanilla ice cream, and pile generously with lightly whipped cream. Add a thick dusting of chipped toffee for the 'flame'.

TRY "TOKYO CRUISE" ALSO . . .

Fill boat-shaped sundae dish with GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple. Place 2 small scoops lime ice cream either side of a larger scoop vanilla ice cream. Surround with red and green jelly, decorate with button meringues and two 'rising suns' of Pineapple Pieces.

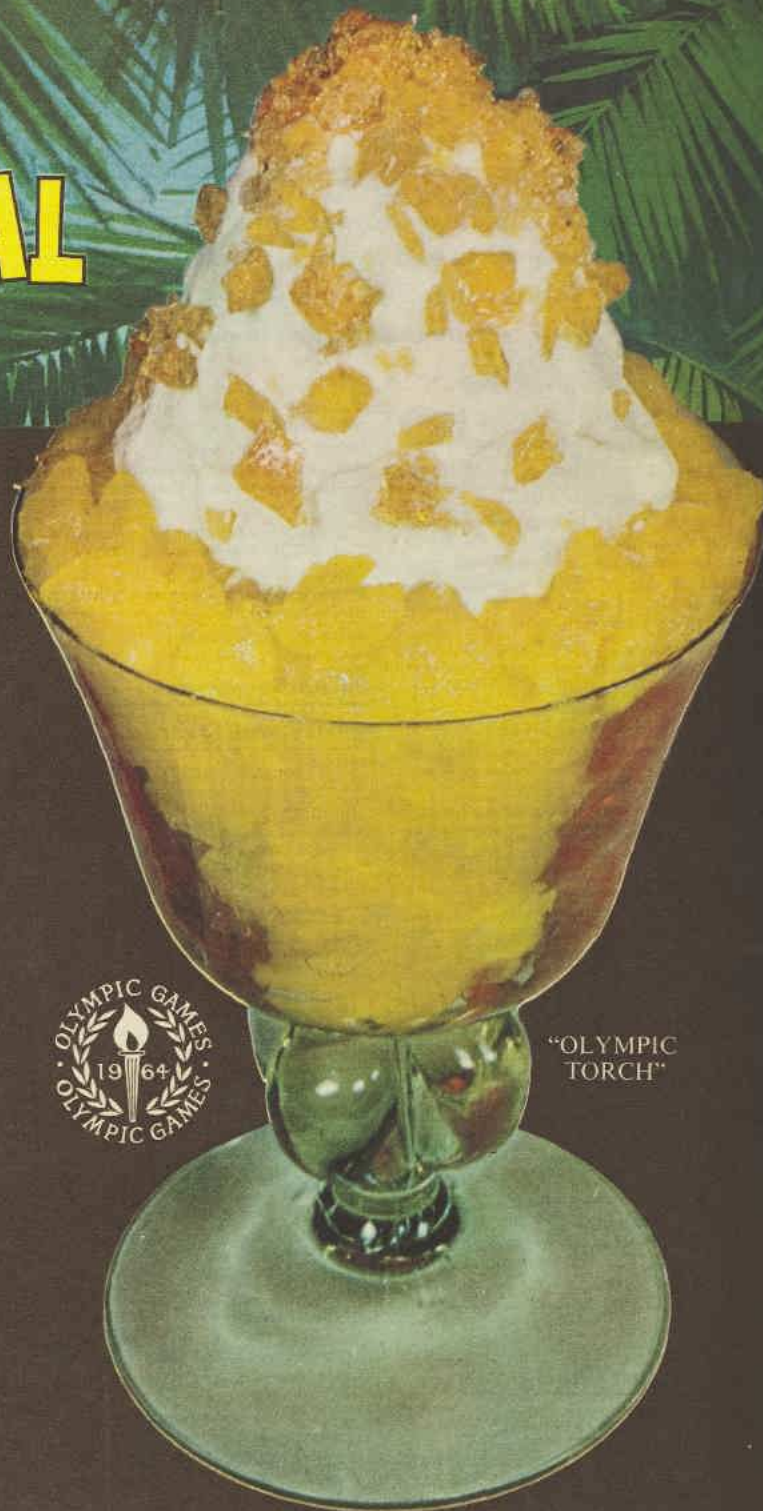
Golden Circle TROPICAL

peel a can today



CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY,
NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



"OLYMPIC
TORCH"



"TOKYO CRUISE"

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Presents

THE WELL-

- A sixteen-page lift-out book on House Cleaning

GROOMED

- Personality Guide
- Equipment List
- Yearly Schedule

HOUSE

- Surface Treatment
- Stain Removal
- Hints from Readers

WHAT TYPE OF HOUSEWIFE ARE YOU?

Personality guide



The Compulsive

CLEANING is like a lot of other feminine functions. Women are supposed, by men, to possess a natural flair and instinct for it.

The answer to this is a loud horse laugh!

Men promote the idea purely and simply to get themselves out of any little cleaning tasks you may try to trap them into doing.

Make no bones about it, cleaning is a chore. A tiresome, time-consuming, back-breaking, occasionally satisfying chore that has to be learnt the same as anything else.

And, for the sake of all concerned, the sooner it's learnt the better.

Many women who have held down responsible jobs with great success for years before marriage are babes in the wood when it comes to cleaning their own homes—simply through lack of know-how.

And it often takes them several misery-racked years to realise that the routine of cleaning involves much the same strictly planned organisation and attention to



The Joyous



The Normally Cluttered



The Shambles

● The kind of person you are is important in assessing your cleaning potential; it tells how much (or how little) you can expect of yourself.

detail they take for granted in a well-run office.

A good employer is one who knows the capabilities of his staff. In this case, the staff is likely to consist of one — you.

So the first thing to do is to assess yourself — to know the standard of cleanliness you require in your home, and to realise your potential for maintaining that standard.

Here are the characteristics of the

four main cleaning-type personalities: The compulsive, the joyous, the normally cluttered, the shambles.

Compulsive

The compulsive cleaner is hell-to-live-with. Her husband is shooed out of the living-room if he wants to smoke ("nasty, smelly habit"), her children can't ask friends to the house ("messy little beasts").

She has relatively few friends. Even the most unclumsy are likely to knock glasses over and drop things on the carpet through sheer nerves, and a book or vase out of place is anathema to her.

Of course, her house is always spotless and her floors can be eaten off (if anybody wants to). But she is not a very comfortable person to live with.

She enjoys her role of self-pitying drudge and takes a masochistic delight in letting her family know how exhausted and hard done by she is and what a trouble they are.

Psychologists say the compulsive cleaner is a perfectionist who sets herself impossibly high standards. When life falls short of these standards she takes it out on the house and, indirectly, on her family.

She will enjoy living a whole lot more if she lowers her sights a little, realises that nothing and nobody is perfect, and

learns to come to terms with life as it is, not as she'd like it to be.

Her house will always be cleaner than most, but if she can relax a bit it may even turn into a home.

Joyous

The woman who cleans with joy in her heart is rare indeed, but she does exist. Her home is always shining clean, but not uncomfortably so.

Her approach is a positive, happy one. The cleaning has to be done, so she does it — it's as simple as that. She doesn't become emotional about it; she doesn't wonder whether the tedium of it all is reducing her mind to pea-size. (She makes sure it isn't, anyway.) She doesn't get resentful, blaming other people for the mess—she gets on with it. She is, of course, the ideal wife. She was born that way and cleaning comes as naturally to her as breathing; as do all things domestic.

If you don't belong to this group naturally, don't worry, and don't kill yourself trying to be like her. Fortunately for most of us, many men find her too good to be true and will happily settle for someone a little less ideal.

Normally cluttered

Then there's the normally cluttered, the you-and-me type of housewife. We do our best.

Sometimes the living-room looks as though it's been hit by a willy-willy, but it's a fairly superficial untidiness that can be restored to order quickly.

Occasionally we let things slide when unforeseen circumstances (like wet school holidays) take things out of our control.

And we are certainly not above giving ourselves a day off now and then if it all starts getting too much.

But on the whole we're pretty good. We keep the house neat and clean. We see that corners and cupboards are in good order.

We know that entertaining, bringing up a family, and normal day-to-day living produce a certain amount of unavoidable clutter — but that most homes are more congenial for it.

However, we do keep an eye open for new products and equipment that will speed up the cleaning process and give us more free time to develop our other interests.

Shambles

The shambles falls into two groups.

1. **The Mind**, very conscious of her intellect, considers herself above such mundane matters as housework, particularly cleaning. She thrives in the midst of utter chaos — but it can be very wearing on her family.

A Mind's husband, often not so high-minded as his wife, generally cops more than his fair share of the housework. And unless he puts his foot down firmly he is likely to end up doing the lot.

If the Mind can be convinced that a little order in her everyday affairs will give her more free time for intellectual pursuits, she may enter the normally cluttered group after several soul-searing years of marriage. Oddly enough, the Mind's children are often quite tidy when they grow up. They learn at an early age to pick up after Mum.

2. The second variety of shambles is the woman who has had too little or no early basic training, coupled with a rather vague turn of mind. She is also a worrier and making decisions doesn't come easily.

She spends so much time wondering whether the new curtains are really right or what to give the family for dinner that it's difficult to pin herself down to concrete tasks.

She worries about the mess, but instead of getting to work and clearing it up, she makes herself a cup of coffee while she decides where to start.

What she needs more than anything else is system. If she follows the schedule on page 4 for six months or so it will do her deciding for her and lift the burden of decisions from her shoulders.

The quiz questions on this page will tell you which cleaning type you belong to. Once you know this you can sit back smiling smugly at your own proficiency.

Or take steps to make yourself into the kind of cleaner you would like to become.

QUIZ

When people come unexpectedly is your house:

- (a) Spotless?
- (b) Pleasantly tidy?
- (c) Mildly cluttered?
- (d) Embarrassingly dishevelled?

You cleaned your oven:

- (a) Last week.
- (b) Last month.
- (c) Three months back.
- (d) Never.

Do you clean windows:

- (a) Weekly?
- (b) Monthly?
- (c) When they look dirty?
- (d) When you can't see through them?

Add up your score, then read the section or sections below in which you had most answers.

If you score equally in two sections it means you have qualities belonging to both. Choose the one that suits your way of life best, and strive for that.

(a) You are a meticulous housekeeper; but watch it — you are in danger of becoming compulsive. Try to take things a bit more easily, even force yourself to neglect chores now and then while you develop interests outside the home.

After all, cleaning house is only a part of life and you tend to devote too much of yours to it. Take a look at the schedule on page 4. Do the daily chores, which with your practised efficiency shouldn't take long, then forget the house for the rest of the day.

(b) You are every man's ideal. Your house is always clean with a cleanliness that appears effortless. You have a natural flair for domesticity and a creative approach to housekeeping which enables you to enjoy organising even the more mundane aspects.

Your main danger is that you are too good and because of this are likely to be imposed on. It won't hurt to

How do you react to a slight clutter?

- (a) Hate mess with a deep loathing.
- (b) Clean it up.
- (c) Leave it till you've time to do something about it.
- (d) Don't notice it.

You turn out cupboards:

- (a) Monthly.
- (b) Every three months.
- (c) Once a year.
- (d) Once in a blue moon.

Do you expect your husband's help?

- (a) Never.
- (b) Seldom.
- (c) Occasionally.
- (d) All the time.

solicit help from husband and family a little more often. Remember that others get pleasure from doing things for you.

(c) You are the kind of Mum that children feel comfortable with. You keep the house tidy — but don't mind a few tadpoles in the bedroom, or a scatter of magazines in the lounge. You will be able to adapt our schedule on page 4 to suit your busy way of life. Use it as a seasonal tonic. If followed faithfully for two weeks, every three months you will always control the cleaning; it won't control you.

(d) You, my friend, are well on the way to becoming a shambles. And the time to take a stand is now. You may never keep a perfect house, but you can make it reasonably neat and comfortable. Have a look at our schedule on page 4. Once you've got over the initial shock and exhaustion that people who do this kind of thing actually exist, start working to it gradually. Set aside an hour each day for house-cleaning, when you make beds, do the washing up, pick up some of the litter, even sweep the odd floor. Add a new task every month, and before you know it you'll be a relatively carefree normally cluttered person.

How to stock the cleaning cupboard

● For every surface to be cleaned there is a tool or type of cleaner that is right for the job and the entire cleaning process will run much more smoothly if you start out with the correct equipment.

Listed below are the minimum basic requirements of tools and supplies you will need to stock the cleaning cupboard.

EQUIPMENT

Soft broom.
Straw broom.
Wet mop.
Dry mop.
Whisk brush.
Long-handled brush.
Scrubbing brush.
Plenty of clean dusters.
Lint-free cloths (scrim is good and cheap).
Washcloths.
Foam plastic sponges.
Bucket.
Lavatory brush.
Steelwool.
Sink suction cup.
Vacuum-cleaner or carpet-sweeper.
Floor-polisher (optional)
Step-ladder.
Rubber gloves.
Paper bags.
Cover-all apron.
Long-handled floor-polish applicator.

SUPPLIES

Soap.
Soapflakes.
Soapless detergent.
Scouring powder.
Disinfectant cleaner.
Household bleach.
Kerosene.
Ammonia.
Disinfectant.
Carbon tetrachloride or other grease solvent.
Methylated spirit.
Mineral turpentine.
Carpet shampoo.
Moth repellent.
Drain cleaner.
Window cleaner.
Wallpaper cleaner (optional).
Furniture polish.
Floor polish.
Metal polish.
Paint cleaner.

CLEANING SCHEDULE

What to do when

● Half the battle in cleaning is knowing what to do when. The schedule below gives a general plan of chores to do daily, weekly, and once a season.

THE tasks listed are those needed to keep every room in the home in apple-pie order all the time.

An important point to remember: Start from the top and work down. Do the ceilings last and you'll only be undoing the good work you've already put in on the lower regions of the room.

Apart from this the order in which you tackle the various jobs is up to you.

You may be a room-by-room person—in which case the schedule is fine just as it stands.

Perhaps you prefer one type of cleaning at a time—all the floors, say, or all the windows or furniture. This is something you can work out for yourself ● you go along.

If you go out to work, you may find you can let many of the daily chores slide and do a really thorough job once a week.

If you are reasonably conscientious about the daily and weekly cleans some of the seasonal tasks may be unnecessary.

It is, therefore, a flexible plan.

But if followed fairly closely for a 12-month period it will take much of the hard work and mental anguish out of cleaning.

Instead of a soul-destroying chore, it will grow into an automatic habit that will keep your home bright and shining—a refuge for the family and a pleasure for guests to enter.

It is a habit from which you, personally, can derive a good deal of satisfaction.

After the first month or two you will notice yourself slipping into a smoothly efficient groove that enables you to cope with the cleaning without realising you are doing it.

DAILY BEDROOMS

Open windows.
Strip and air beds.
Pick up clutter and make beds.
Dust dressing-tables, bookshelves, cupboards, bedheads, etc.
Tidy dressing-table.
Mop, sweep, or lightly vacuum floor.

LIVING/DINING-ROOM

Open windows.
Pick up newspapers, books, magazines, stray clothing.
Empty ashtrays, wastepaper baskets.
Check flowers for water and fading.
Dust and tidy sideboard, table-tops, mantelpiece.
Lightly vacuum or mop floors.
Set furniture and chairs straight.
Plump cushions, adjust blinds.

KITCHEN

Open window.
Sweep floor (in combined kitchen and breakfast room after each meal).
Wipe bench-tops, stove, refrigerator at least once a day.
Clean sink.
Dust windowsills.
Wipe cupboards.

Wipe up spills and spots when they happen.

Wash up after each meal unless you own a dishwasher.

Dust canisters and jars on open shelves.

BATHROOM

Open window.

Replace tube tops, toothbrushes.

Throw out used razor-blades, cotton-wool, etc.

Hang towels and bathmat to air (in sun if possible).

Clean mirror, basin, bath, toilet seat.

Mop floor dry.

Check on soap, toilet paper, tissue, and toothpaste supplies.

LAUNDRY

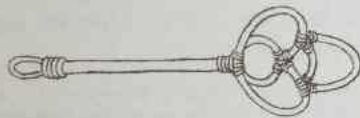
Wipe up water spills.

Sweep floor.

Clean washing-machine, cupboards.

Restore equipment and supplies to appropriate shelves and cupboards.

If you keep up with daily laundry chores there will be no special weekly tasks that need doing, although you will probably have to wash and polish the floor once a month, or as necessary.



WEEKLY

BEDROOMS

Open windows, strip bed.

Put away all clothes and litter.

Dust ceiling, walls (shutting cupboard doors first).

Shake curtains well to remove loose dust.

Dust woodwork, blinds, furniture.

Vacuum carpets thoroughly, then cupboard floors and shelves.

Sweep mattress with whisk brush. Polish furniture, mop or polish floor. Make bed with fresh linen.

LIVING/DINING-ROOM

Open windows.

Dust ceiling, walls, woodwork, books, shelves, and windowsills.

Shake curtains, brush upholstery, spot-clean where necessary.

Dust and polish furniture.

Clean ornaments, ashtrays, light bulbs, mirrors, and pictures.

Clean floor thoroughly, dry mopping or buffing wood floors first, then vacuuming carpets.

KITCHEN

Dust ceiling and walls.

Wash wall tiles with warm soapy water.

Defrost and clean refrigerator.

Wash and air cake and biscuit tins, bread bins, vegetable boxes.

Change tea-towels, dishcloth.

Wash bench-tops and apply a little polish.

Wash window (once a month may be enough, but kitchen windows do collect more grease).

Clean floor.

BATHROOM

Scrub toilet bowl and seat with disinfectant cleaner.

Clean cistern and base with cloth and household cleaner.

Add a little liquid disinfectant to toilet bowl.

Clean bath and basin, polish taps.

Clean mirror, shelves, light fitting.

Wash wall tiles with warm soapy water, rinse and dry thoroughly.

Clean floor.

Change towels, bathmat, face-washers.

SEASONAL

Whichever way you look at it the seasonal clean is no joke. Don't make the mistake of trying to tackle it all in one fell swoop or you'll probably kill yourself with the effort. Instead, stagger it over a couple of weeks.

Get to work on cupboards in the first

week. Haul everything out. Discard the unnecessary, the empty, and the useless.

Curb those magpie instincts. Anything you are not likely to use in the foreseeable future, throw out or give away.

Once you've got rid of the debris, clean the cupboards thoroughly; reline shelves and drawers with fresh paper and pack whatever's left neatly away.

Then give yourself a day or two off to recover before you get down to the rooms themselves.

KITCHEN

One week before:

Turn out cupboards.

Wash and reline shelves.

Throw out old bottles, jars, and tins.

Cleaning week:

Wash down walls, ceiling, woodwork, and windows.

Clean stove thoroughly.

Clean and polish refrigerator.

Wash down and lightly polish cupboards and bench-tops.

Wash curtains and blinds.

Clean old polish off floor and repolish.

LIVING/DINING-ROOM

One week before:

Take out and dust books, wash china.

Wash shelves and reline where necessary.

Polish silver cutlery, metal cupboard fittings, light switches, and objets d'art.

Cleaning week:

Take down curtains, remove loose covers, wash or send to cleaners.

Clean walls and ceiling, wash where necessary.

Clean and polish furniture.

Wash mirrors, pictures, light fittings, windowsills, painted woodwork, venetian.

Clean fireplace.

Clean and polish floor, shampoo carpet.

BEDROOMS

One week before:

Turn everything out of wardrobes, cupboards, and dressing-table.

Wash shelves and drawers, put in fresh lining paper, spray with moth repellent.

Sort through clothes, store out-of-season garments, discard ones no longer used.

Pack blankets away at end of winter, bring them out at end of summer.

Cleaning week:

Wash curtains, bedspreads, cushion-covers, or send to cleaners.

Clean ceiling and walls; wash if necessary.

Wash painted woodwork.

Wash shelves, ornaments, mirrors, light fittings, pictures.

Clean lampshades.

Clean and polish furniture.

Repolish floor, cutting back old wax with liquid cleaning polish if necessary.

Shampoo rug or carpet.

BATHROOM

One week before:

Turn out medicine cabinet.

Throw away out-of-date prescriptions, make-up bottles, etc.

Wash shelves and reline with self-adhesive plastic.

Cleaning week:

Wash shower curtain.

Wash window and window curtain.

Wash, seal, and polish floor.

LAUNDRY

One week before:

Clean out supply cupboards.

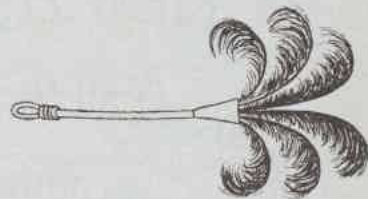
Wash and reline.

Throw out junk.

Cleaning week:

Clean and wash ceiling, walls.

Scrub floor and repolish.





Women on the go need One-Go!



NEW FOR FLOORS!
Clean off all the dirt and grime
Wipe on shine at the very same time

CLEANS AND SHINES ITSELF WHILE YOU'RE APPLYING IT

With new One-Go you can now do two floor-care jobs at once: clean off all the dirt and grime, wipe on shine at the very same time! One-Go actually cleans and polishes your floor in one action.

One-Go saves you work, saves you time. Wash and shine at the very same time. Simply shake a little One-Go on your floor, wipe it over with a just-damp cloth, then wipe over the floor with the same cloth without applying more One-Go. This second time around is just to smooth over the finish (so if you apply One-Go really neatly you needn't go over the floor again). That's it! Walk away and come back when the floor is dry. You'll see a wonderfully clean floor with a shine you'll be proud of—the sort of finish that used to take plenty of time and elbow-grease! New One-Go does two jobs at once—and does both of them better! (By the way, if your grocer's out of One-Go because everyone's buying it, keep asking. He'll have more soon.)

FROM **Johnson WAX RESEARCH**

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 14, 1964
Well-Groomed House — Page 6

SURFACE BY SURFACE

WHEN you buy any major household item, such as curtains, carpets, or furniture, check the finish and type of material with the manufacturer or retailer to guide you in keeping it clean and prolonging its life.

A quick room-by-room run-down will indicate what surfaces you have to cope with in your house.

If housework isn't your strong point you will want products that are easy to use and need little looking after; you will prefer a liquid floor polish to a paste wax that is harder to apply and needs more buffing.

If most of your floors are polished wood, a floor polisher will take precedence over a vacuum-cleaner.

With manufacturers constantly improving their products, due to modern production methods and keen competition, labor-saving devices are becoming more efficient all the time.

It's a good idea to keep yourself abreast of these developments by doing a regular browse through cleaning departments to see what's new in the stores.

You don't have to rush out and buy every one that hits the market.

Find out what the efficiency rating is first by discussing the pros and cons with your local storekeeper, or friends who have tried them.

Read labels carefully to discover just what products are supposed to do for you.

Then having satisfied yourself that they come up to manufacturers' claims, and your requirements, add them to your cleaning store.

Carpets

With an eye to the practical, most of us choose a color for our wall-to-wall

- A working knowledge of the surfaces to be cleaned and the most efficient method for cleaning them save hours of hard work and cleaning time.

Floors come first

carpet that won't show the dirt—an olive-green maybe, or a dove-grey, or a mushroom.

Then, because it lives up to its promise and you don't notice the marks made by little Tommy tracking in from the sand-pit, or the spot where Dad accidentally ashed his cigar, it is often glossed over in the cleaning.

The rule of thumb for prolonging the life of any rug or carpet is — **keep it clean.**

The following four-point plan, carried out faithfully, will maintain your carpet in good condition and add years to its life.

- Once-over-lightly with the vacuum-cleaner or carpet-sweeper every day.
- A thorough vacuuming once a week.
- Spot removal when, or as soon as possible after, it happens.
- A shampoo, either professional or do-it-yourself, once a year.

The daily going-over removes loose dust or dirt before it has a chance to get trodden down into the carpet, damaging the fibres and marring the appearance.

The weekly vacuum is a more thorough version of the daily. Where the daily took you ten minutes, the weekly should take half an hour or more, depending on the area to be covered.

You probably won't have to deal with spots every day, but by doing them when they happen they are less likely to set and do lasting harm.

See page 12 for removal of individual spots.

If you can afford it, the easiest way to handle the seasonal clean is to employ a firm to do it for you. Professional cleaners will do a first-class job and charge around 5/- a square yard for wall-to-wall carpet and approximately £3 to £3/10/- for a 12ft. by 9ft. rug.

If your budget won't stand the strain of a professional clean, there are three different ways of doing it yourself.

One method requires a special shampoo sweeper, which retails at around £5.

Because it's a piece of equipment she uses only once a year, a woman we know joined forces with her two married daughters to buy the sweeper. This cut the cost for each of them by two-thirds and now it does the rounds regularly each year.

Concentrated detergent is added to the dispenser, diluted to correct strength, and the foam is released through an applicator sponge on to the carpet at the right rate to avoid overwetting.

When the surface of the carpet has dried out, it is then vacuumed in the usual way.

Another method is with a soapless shampoo specially designed for carpets. This is mixed with warm water and applied to the pile with a soft brush or sponge. The area is then wiped dry with a towel.

There is also a dry compound for cleaning carpets at home. This is worked into the carpet, left on for half an hour, then removed with the vacuum-cleaner. This method is harder work and more expensive than the wet clean, but there is no danger of overwetting the carpet.

Here are some useful carpet tips:

- Don't vacuum a carpet for a few days after it is laid. A new carpet needs time to settle and adjust to changed humidity conditions.

- Don't waste your money on cheap underlay. A good quality underlay will cushion the pressure on the carpet, giving it a much longer life.

- Blot spills with tissues when they occur. Don't rub at them, this only works the stain in and may disturb the pile. Sweets spills will usually respond to clean cold water. If persistent, try a little mild detergent and water, then rinse the spot with a damp sponge; never use strong laundry or floor detergents on carpet. Stubborn grease marks may need a solvent. Apply carbon tetrachloride on a piece of cotton-wool, dabbing at the mark, never rubbing. As the cotton-wool picks up the stain, keep turning it so that you are always using a clean surface.

Natural wood

If the floor is waxed and in good condition, it's no trouble to keep it that way.

Dry mop it daily, buff it once a week, and give it a light coat of paste wax or spirit-based liquid polishing wax when necessary.

If the floor is neglected or shows signs of a wax build-up due to over-liberal use of paste wax, clean it with a spirit-based liquid polishing wax. This cleans as it polishes, removes surplus wax, and leaves a thin wax film on the floor which can be

SURFACES (continued)

buffed by machine if you have one or by hand to a glowing protective finish.

When a wood floor is in really bad shape it can be cleaned with a cloth wrung out in mineral turpentine. This will remove all the old polish and bad markings, ready for a new application of wax.

Whether you use a paste or a liquid wax is a question of personal preference.

The liquid wax is undoubtedly labor-saving, being quicker and easier to use. If you do settle for it choose one that is spirit based.

The water-based self-shining liquid emulsions are fine for vinyl, lino, and ceramic floors, but not for wood.

They must be removed completely every so often with soap and water.

And the experts tell us that wood floors should never be washed, that water is bad for wood. Washing will dry out the surface and may raise the grain, making it harder to get a first-class finish, and more prone to scratching and stain marks.

Some tips for polished floors:

- Always mop with the grain of the wood.
- Don't use an oiled mop, it will make the surface tacky.
- Wipe water spots immediately to stop white bloom developing.

Many modern wood floors are treated with a plastic finish to preserve their surface and make them easier to care for. These can be maintained by sweeping daily and cleaning with a damp mop when they become soiled.

A light coat of liquid polish will keep the surface in good condition longer. However, it's necessary to give new plastic finishes about four months to season before applying the first coat of polish.

Linoleum

Inlaid: Don't wash clean more often than strictly necessary. Excess washing opens the pores, removes oil, and makes

the linoleum brittle; it can even separate the surface from the backing.

If the floor is very dirty mop with luke-warm water and mild soap or soapless detergent. Rinse and dry thoroughly, then wax lightly with spirit-based liquid polish or water-based self-shining polish.

In rooms other than the kitchen, sweep linoleum every day to prevent dirt being ground in; in the kitchen it's advisable to sweep after each meal.

Wipe spills when they happen. Black marks or old stains will usually respond to treatment with a turpentine-dipped cloth or, failing that, a gentle rub with fine steel-wool dipped in turpentine.

A mat in front of the sink will protect that troublesome area from washing-up damage.

Give new linoleum a light application of spirit-based liquid polish or water-based self-shining polish.

Two types of water-based self-shining polish are available—those that need buffing and those that don't. Both types can be touched up on heavy-wear areas. If you don't own a floor-polishing machine, the latter is the best buy.

Printed: The same rules apply for printed linoleum as for inlaid—a regular, light application of polish and a very sparing use of soap and water only when unavoidable.

Never use abrasive-type powders on printed linoleum or before long you will say goodbye to the pattern.

Vinyl

Popular vinyl tiles and sheeting are available in two finishes, faintly glossy or matt.

Both types can be cared for by daily dry mopping, sweeping, or vacuuming plus regular applications of either spirit-based liquid polish or water-based self-shining liquid polish.

If you own a floor-polisher and have extensive areas of wood flooring to do as

well, it's easy to run over the vinyl section with the same spirit-based liquid polish you use for the wood.

The spirit-based liquid polishes clean as they polish and don't need to be removed completely each time you want to clean the whole floor.

However, they should be washed off vinyl once a year. Otherwise you can get a wax build-up, which marks easily, dulls the surface, and may cause discoloration.

The self-shining polishes are available in two types, both of them water-based. One requires buffing, the other doesn't. Both types can be touched up on heavy-traffic areas.

Mop the floor clean with hot water and a mild soap or detergent. Rinse with clean water and leave to dry thoroughly. When dry apply your water-based self-shining polish.

Felt-backed, vinyl-surfaced flooring is relatively new in Australia. All it needs is a daily sweep, a sparing coat of liquid polish once a month or as required.

Cork

If unsealed, apply penetrating floor sealer. When this has dried give the floor a coat of spirit-based liquid polishing wax, then buff with mop or polisher. The liquid polish cleans as it polishes and is to be preferred to a paste wax, as it is less likely to become embedded in the cork and collect dust and grit.

Where an unsealed cork floor is subject to heavy wear, it is sometimes treated with a plastic finish to resist water and grease. Spots and spills can then be wiped off easily without harming the floor, and the surface cleaned with a mop rung out in warm soapy water.

A coat of liquid polishing wax will give extra protection to the plastic surface.

Hard floors

Ceramic tiles, brick, terrazzo, concrete, stone, quarry tiles: Clean when necessary with detergent and water. A mild abrasive powder can be used if the floor is in really

bad condition, but must be rinsed off thoroughly or it will leave powdery marks. When the floor is clean seal it with a penetrating sealer. Then wax it both for protection and to improve the appearance with a self-shining wax.

Worth noting for linoleum, vinyl, rubber, and ceramic tile floors is a new self-shining wax which cleans as it polishes.

It's easy to use. Shake a little polish on the floor (do approximately 1 square yard at a time) and spread with a wrung-out damp cloth. Rub to loosen the dirt. Rinse dirt from cloth and wring out again, smoothing the cleaned area with long, even strokes, and leave to dry. It dries to a shiny finish that needs no buffing.

Sisal and rush mats

Brush surface with stiff broom. Clean floor well underneath, as dirt and grit will filter through, grinding into the floor below and cutting into the underside of the mat.

A good idea is to spread a layer of newspaper under the mat to stop the dirt reaching the floor.

Rush mats can be hosed out of doors occasionally or scrubbed with salt and water to prevent them from becoming brittle as they get older.

FURNITURE

Wood

Oiled: Rub down with boiled linseed oil or special furniture oil. (Linseed oil is sold ready-boiled, so don't try to do it yourself.) You need only a small quantity of oil, and it is better to apply it slightly warmed—it will penetrate more easily. Smooth the oil on, leave a few hours or overnight; next day rub it well into the wood until it is completely absorbed. There should be no obvious oily streaks when you have finished. Some of the oil-type polishes on the market will also clean as they condition.

French polished: To preserve the high gloss, polish with a warm, dry duster. An

occasional application of silicone furniture cream, or one of the new all-purpose atomiser furniture polishes which clean as they polish, will preserve the finish.

If it does get sticky or soiled, wash it with warm soapy water, dry straight away with a warm, clean duster, and repolish.

Antiques: To preserve the patina mellowed by years of waxing, polish antiques with paste wax, applied thinly and rubbed to a hard finish. Paste wax needs a little more elbow grease, but it is worth it to protect the surface.

Avoid polishes that clean as well as shine. They will remove the wax and may expose small defects and scratches previously hidden by the waxed coating.

For antiques that have always been oiled stick to an oil-type polish.

Don't change polishes in midstream. If you've started with wax, stay with it, and the same applies to oil.

Lacquered or varnished: Dust well and polish with a light coat of paste or liquid polishing-wax about twice a year. Heavy-duty areas like chair arms may need to be treated more often.

Metal

Iron: Paint furniture regularly to forestall rust. Use a coat of metal primer first before applying finishing coats of enamel. If the furniture has already rusted, remove the rust with sandpaper or rust-removing liquid before painting. Once painted, the furniture can be cleaned with warm soapy water and given a coat of paste or liquid polishing-wax to preserve it.

Chrome: Spray lightly with one of the atomiser spray polishes. This protects the surface from scratches which lead to rusting.

Brass: Clean with special brass polish. Then apply a light coat of atomiser spray polish to protect the surface.

Continued overleaf

SHOULD THE FAMILY HELP?

1. Husbands

The French attitude to husbands helping is cut and dried — they shouldn't.

They take the view that in any marriage the man's job is to provide for his family, the woman's to run the household.

And in a home where the husband works and the wife does not, allowing for a little give and take when there are young children in the family, this is a very fair attitude.

It doesn't mean that a man should not know how to make a bed, handle a broom, or do the dishes if an emergency arises.

There's nothing more hopeless than the proverbially helpless male, and any mother who neglects to give her son some slight training in things domestic is only making it hard for his spouse.

In Australia the ways of marriage have changed greatly in the past 15 years. With husbands and wives both working for some time, after they marry, local males are more or less conditioned to lending a hand.

Tactful wives always regard this help as a privilege, never a compulsion.

His head-of-the-house feeling is a very touchy point in a man's psychology and too much housework will make him feel he is not wearing the pants — a bad thing for any husband's morale and not too satisfactory for his wife's.

Although she may know darned well she is the power behind the scenes, with a natural flair for low cunning (a very desirable quality in any marriage), she never lets it show.

A useful piece of advice from an elderly woman to her newly married daughter on getting husbands moving is this:

"When you want his help ask for

● Husbands are whimsical creatures; some don't mind helping with the cleaning, others do. On the whole your chances are better with the children — catch 'em young and train 'em!

it straight out — as nicely as possible. Never hint. If it's not the sledge-hammer kind he won't catch on anyway; if it is, he will only feel resentful.

"Unless you ask, it simply won't occur to most men that you need their help."

If this aspect is handled successfully in the early days of marriage, a lot of ill-feeling and martyrdom can be avoided on both sides.

If, by some strange chance, he does offer help, grab the opportunity with both hands. His way of doing things may be a little unusual, not to say extraordinary, but don't do or say anything to dampen his enthusiasm.

Whatever you may be thinking, keep a still tongue and let him get on with it.

The main thing is that he is doing it — which means you don't have to.

2. The children

Although little children may not help much with the actual cleaning, they can be taught from quite an early age to be tidy, to put their toys away and fold their clothes before they go to bed.

Slight as this assistance may seem, it can make quite a difference to the amount of picking up you do in a day and is worth the time spent in initial training. To begin with, you can make tidiness into a game.

See who can get all their toys into the box in the shortest time; or put them away by colors, all the green

ones, all the blues, all the reds, and so on.

By the time the child is three or four this training should be well established.

There will, of course, be off days, when even the most amenable child says "No I won't" and means it.

When this happens, play it cool; try not to nag or make a big production of it.

Make your requests in as nonchalant and matter of fact a voice as you can muster; you may even catch him or her unawares and bring it off.

Get as much training in as you can before the age of six. Until then helping mum is looked on as fun, and habits formed at this stage are likely to stick.

After six, children become more independent and are likely to be rebellious just to prove that they are developing as individuals.

By seven or eight, girls and boys should make their own beds and be responsible for keeping their rooms tidy.

As children grow older their enthusiasm for helping mum wanes as their interests outside the home develop.

At this stage you can introduce payment for extra tasks performed. It is much better for girls and boys to earn money for the little luxuries they ask for than to rely on gifts and hand-outs from parents and relatives.

Polishing the silver, dusting the living-room, sweeping the verandah, cleaning the bath, and vacuuming the rug are within their capabilities.

SURFACES (continued)

Leather: Dust regularly and polish now and then with silicone liquid polish.

If leather is badly soiled wash it with saddle soap or soapless detergent and water. Rinse with a cloth wrung out in clean water.

Ordinary furniture polish is not recommended for leather; it can make the surface tacky.

Marble: Wash with mild soap.

Treat grease marks with synthetic detergent and water, other stains with pumice powder. Wet the stained area, apply the pumice to the area, leave on overnight, keeping the powder damp with a moist cloth, placed on top; next day rinse clean and dry thoroughly.

Badly soiled marble can be treated with a turpentine-dipped cloth. Wipe the cloth over the marble, then wash with warm water and soap.

Stubborn marks can often be removed by rubbing lemon juice on the stain. The lemon juice must not be left on the mark.

Rinse it off thoroughly straight away with clean water; then dry and polish with silicone furniture cream.

Wicker: Dust clean with a brush to get into all the crevices.

If very dirty, scrub with synthetic detergent and warm water with a dessertspoon of borax added.

Grease stains can be treated with methylated spirit.

CEILINGS AND WALLS

Paintwork

Start with the ceiling and work down, taking in picture-rails, cornices, window-frames, ledges, and shelves. If you leave this part of the cleaning until last, dust will only settle on freshly polished surfaces below.

Dust clean fortnightly with a long-

handled brush or the dusting attachment on the vacuum-cleaner.

Wash down once a year; you may be able to leave the wash-down for longer periods if you have air-conditioning.

Don't attempt a complete wall and ceiling wash-down if you are alone in the house. It involves working up high with quite a bit of paraphernalia, and this can be risky. At least wait until there's somebody around to hold the ladder and rub balm on your bruises should you slip.

Before you begin the wash-down, move all the furniture into the centre of the room and put down plastic sheet or newspaper to protect the floor.

Most modern matt-finished paints are washable and can be scrubbed lightly with a soft nail-brush and mild soapflakes dissolved in warm water; rinse with clean water and pat dry with a clean cloth. Don't rub the wall dry. This polishes the surface slightly and gives a patchy sheen to the matt finish.

If the walls are badly soiled, try one of the detergent preparations specially designed for cleaning painted walls, following manufacturer's directions for use.

Semi-gloss and high-gloss enamels, sometimes used for walls, but mostly for woodwork, are no problem to clean. Wash them with warm soapy water and a plastic foam sponge (the sponge cuts down on dribbles). Rinse with clean warm water and wipe dry. Wax enamelled woodwork lightly for extra protection and easier dusting.

Wallpaper

Don't try to wash wallpapers unless they have been specially waterproofed. They will absorb the water, which can cause them to buckle and lift from the wall.

The best way to remove light general soil is to dust them gently, using a mop covered with a piece of net.

Grease spots will often respond to a few sheets of clean blotting paper and a warm iron pressed over the mark.

Another method is to apply a paste of fuller's earth or french chalk mixed with a few drops of carbon tetrachloride. Leave the paste to dry, then brush it off.

Try the paste first on an unobtrusive section of paper behind a cabinet or chair to make sure there is no color change.

Sometimes the powdered fuller's earth alone sprinkled on the mark will do the trick.

Marks other than grease can generally be removed with stale bread or an art-gum rubber.

If the paper is described by the manufacturer as washable it can be sponged gently with the foam from warm soapy water, wiped with a cloth wrung out in clean warm water and patted dry. Be very careful not to over-wet the paper.

GLASS

Windows: If cleaned regularly, windows can be kept in order by washing with a foam plastic sponge and clear lukewarm water, then drying with a lint-free cloth or a piece of chamois. Do them on a warm, dull day for best results.

A few drops of vinegar in the cleaning water will deal with troublesome smears.

Methylated spirit gives good results if the weather is damp. It evaporates easily and dries off excess moisture.

There are now many instant window cleaners available commercially; if there's one job you hate, and it's doing the windows, try one of these. They will cut the time for the job in halves.

Just spray the cleaner on to the glass and wipe it off with a lint-free cloth or paper towels.

In Victorian times cold tea was highly regarded for window-cleaning; it was said to keep flies away and make the glass bright.

Mirrors and picture glass: These can be given the same treatment as windows, but it is important that none of the cleaner gets on to the frame or between the frame and the glass.

Apply the cleaner to a cloth, then wipe it over the glass.

Backs of mirrors and pictures need monthly dusting and a wipe over with a damp cloth once a year at least.

Quick drinks for energy

● If you find your spirits flagging around mid-morning, take time out to pep yourself up with one of these delicious energy-giving drinks.

ORANGE EGGNOG

Three quarters cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cream or top of milk, juice of 1 lemon, 1 egg (separated).

Beat egg-yolk, sugar, and cream together. Stir in orange and lemon juice. Mix well, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white.

EGGFLIP

One egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, pinch salt.

Beat egg in basin. Add sugar and salt, beat well. Add vanilla essence. Pour in milk and mix in thoroughly. Pour into a glass for serving.

CREAMY PINEAPPLE JUICE

Three quarters cup pineapple juice, 1-3rd cup ice-cream.

Place pineapple juice and ice-cream in a bowl and beat with a rotary mixer until thoroughly blended. Pour into a chilled glass for serving.

UPHOLSTERY

Dust weekly with a whisk brush or special vacuum-cleaner attachment, getting well down into all crevices and behind seat cushions to remove crumbs.

Remove surface dirt and slight grease marks by rubbing lightly all over with a cloth moistened in carbon tetrachloride or other cleaning solvent. This treatment can be used on wool, velveteen, moquette, and tapestry, but try it out first on an inconspicuous part to test color fastness. Don't use a solvent cleaner on furniture padded with foam rubber; it can harm the stuffing.

Instead, try one of the special foaming upholstery detergents. Work the foam evenly into the fabric with a soft brush or sponge, wetting the fabric as little as possible, then dry it out quickly in front of an open window (but not in direct sunlight) or an electric fan.

Grease marks can be treated with french chalk on its own or french chalk mixed to a paste with a few drops of carbon tetrachloride. Cover the stain, leave on overnight, and brush off next day with a clean brush.

CURTAIN FABRICS

How to launder

Test all colored fabrics for color fastness before laundering. To do this moisten a patch inside the hem, then press with a hot iron between two pieces of white cloth. Any color showing on either cloth indicates that care is needed. Wash doubtful fabrics on their own in cool suds with some common salt; rinse in cool water and dry away from sun; the entire washing process should be as quick as possible.

Pile surfaces: Swish fabric gently in warm soapy water. Don't wring, squeeze, or rub. Rinse in the same way. Hang out of doors to drip dry, smoothing the surface with the pile.

Shake now and then to prevent creases in folds. Iron gently on wrong side under several thicknesses of cloth while curtains are slightly damp.

Glazed cotton: Remove light soil by

wiping over with a damp cloth or sponge. When this is no longer effective, wash with soapflakes or detergent and warm water. Don't twist or rub, and don't use starch or bleach if you want to preserve the surface. Press with a warm iron on the right side of the fabric.

Embossed weaves: Wash according to type of fabric (see below). Drip-dry and preferably don't iron. If you must press, lay a thick towel over the fabric and press with a cool iron.

Metallic thread: Many modern curtain fabrics include this type of thread in their weave. Wash the curtains according to the basic material. When you are pressing, use a warm iron only, never a hot one.

Cotton: Wash in hot suds, or in washing-machine up to ten minutes. Some cottons can be boiled, but be sure to test for color fastness first. Rinse carefully twice and press with a hot iron while still damp. If drip-dry, wash according to manufacturer's directions and hang to dry on a plastic hanger. Don't spin dry or roll in a towel. It is the moisture forming in the base that pulls the article into shape.

Linens: Spot clean before washing. (See spot-and-stain removal—page 12.) Wash in hot water and soapflakes. If very dirty, soak about 15 minutes in lukewarm soapy water before washing. Rinse two or three times, hang out to dry. Press with a hot iron when slightly damp.

Pure silk: Mix soapflakes to a lather in warm water. Squeeze fabric gently in suds. Avoid rubbing or wringing. Rinse in lukewarm water three times, then in cold water once. Roll in a towel, hang away from direct heat. Press with cool iron on wrong side when slightly damp.

A dessertspoon of white vinegar in the cold rinsing water will restore the sheen.

Man-made fibre: Check water temperature against manufacturer's instructions. Work detergent or soap powder into a good lather so no concentrated particle contacts the fabric. Don't mix colored fabrics with white. Rinse straight away, dry away from direct heat.

Combination fabrics: When man-made and natural fibres are combined in one fabric wash according to directions for the most delicate.

Kitchen

Stainless steel: Wipe dry after use to avoid spotting. When new, clean with soap and water or the same detergent you use for the dishes. Avoid abrasive cleaners, which scratch the surface.

Laminated plastic: Wash clean with soap and water. Wax lightly with an all-purpose cleaning wax. Don't use abrasive powders or steel wool.

Stove: Wipe porcelain surfaces after use to stop grease baking on. If marks have baked on they can be removed with thickly soaped steel wool. Boil burners regularly in a pan of water with a liberal sprinkle of baking soda to loosen dirt. Scrub with a brush, freeing holes with a match or skewer.

Oven: Get rid of spilled food as soon as the oven has cooled. A sheet of aluminium foil on the oven floor catches spatter and will save time in cleaning.

To remove heavy grime, stand a saucer of ammonia in the oven overnight. This softens the grease and makes it easy to remove next day with steel wool. Spray-on and paint-on cleaners are among new products that make the job easier. They are very successful, but you must take care to follow the manufacturer's directions exactly.

Rubber gloves are a must for oven cleaning, and remember to protect the floor with newspapers before you begin.



Refrigerator: Defrost and clean weekly in summer, fortnightly in winter. Turn off the refrigerator or switch the dial to defrost. Remove food. Take out shelves and all containers. Wash shelves with warm, soapy water. Wash interior with baking soda and water—one teaspoon baking soda to one quart water. Wipe rubber gasket on door.

Many ice-cube trays have a special non-stick finish so don't use hot water or detergent on them. Rinse clean with cold or lukewarm water.

Waste cans: Wash regularly with an all-purpose kitchen cleaner. Line with plastic or paper.

Bathroom

Porcelain enamel: Wipe bath and basin after use. Clean once a week with a mild cleanser to avoid scratching the surface. When new, a little household detergent and water is all that's needed. A rust remover will take care of blue stains, but use it only on the stain, not all over.

Wall tiles: Wash with soapy water, rinse, and wipe dry. Polish with a soft duster or a light coat of silicone polish.



ABC of spots and stains

ADHESIVE PLASTER: Sponge with carbon tetrachloride, wash as usual.

ALCOHOL (see also wine): On carpets, blot with a clean cloth or tissue. Sponge straight away with clean warm water, blot again, and repeat if stain is still apparent. Leave to dry. If any stain remains, apply mild detergent solution in the proportion of 1 teaspoon of detergent to 1 cup of water. Work solution into the mark with finger-tips or a soft nail brush, sponge with a clean moistened cloth, and dry as quickly as possible.

Alcohol stains can be removed from oiled wood by rubbing a paste of powdered pumice and linseed oil into the wood, working with the grain. Wipe clean, then rub with linseed oil.

On polished furniture, rub rings caused by alcohol glasses with camphorated oil.

AXLE GREASE: Scrape off as much as possible. Working on the wrong side of the fabric with an absorbent pad beneath the stain on right side, sponge with carbon tetrachloride or benzene.

Keep moving the pad and turning the cloth so you are always presenting a clean surface to the stain. Launder as usual.

Another method, if no solvents are handy, is to rub fat or petroleum jelly into the mark, then wash with hot, soapless detergent.

BALLPOINT INK: Sponge with methylated spirit, rinse well. If fabric is rayon, test on inconspicuous part first.

BLOOD: If fresh, rinse in cold water, then wash in the usual way.

Soak dried bloodstains in a solution of 1 dessertspoon salt to 1 pint cold water for up to 12 hours, depending on severity. Then wash in warm soapy water.

If necessary, bleach whites.

On heavy, non-soakable fabrics, cover stain with a cold water and starch paste. Brush off when dry.

● Many spots can be removed completely if you deal with them while they are still damp and old stains can be greatly reduced if treated correctly.

Old bloodstains can often be removed by wetting with a solution of washing soda, then blotting, but care must be taken to rinse the washing soda out thoroughly and neutralise with a detergent.

CANDLE GREASE: On fabric: Scrape off as much as you can, then, with a sheet of blotting paper above and below the mark, press gently with a warm iron. Keep moving blotter to get maximum absorption. Any stain left by a colored candle can then be sponged with carbon tetrachloride.

On furniture: When set, lift surplus off very gently. Sponge with a warm vinegar-and-water solution, rub dry, and re-polish.

CHEWING GUM: Sponging with amyl acetate will always remove chewing gum. Another method is to harden the gum by rubbing with ice, scrape off as much as possible, then launder as usual.

Chewing gum can also be softened with egg-white or carbon tetrachloride, then washed with warm soapy water and rinsed with a clean, moist cloth.

CHOCOLATE: On carpet: Scrape excess solid chocolate with the back of a knife, blot liquid chocolate. Sponge mark gently with soda water. If any stain remains, work a small amount of mild detergent and water solution well into pile, rinse with a cloth moistened with clean water, and pat gently dry.

COFFEE: If possible remove coffee stains before they dry. Sponge with a solution of 1 oz. borax to 1 pint warm water, then wash in warm suds.

If milk or cream in the coffee leaves a

grease mark, sponge gently with carbon tetrachloride.

On carpets, blot straight away with absorbent tissues, sponge with a little clean warm water. Remove milk grease with a small quantity of detergent and water, worked well in, then rinse off with a clean moist cloth.

Another method for use on cottons or linens is to pour boiling water through the stain from a height of 18in. to 2ft., then launder as usual.

Sponge old stains or non-washable materials with cold water, then rub glycerine into the mark and leave on for an hour. Rinse with cloth wrung out tightly in warm water.

CREAM: If material is washable, soak in lukewarm water. After thorough soaking wash with detergent and hot water. Any marks that remain after the material is dry can be sponged with grease solvent.

EGG: Never use hot water, it will set the stain. **Yolk:** Sponge with mild detergent and lukewarm water (or with foam only if material is not washable). Rinse and dry, then sponge any remaining stain with carbon tetrachloride. **White:** Sponge stain with solution of $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of lukewarm water. Rinse with clear water.

ENAMEL PAINT: Sponge fresh paint stains with turpentine or amyl acetate.

When dried, enamel paint can usually be chipped off carpets and the residue removed with turpentine or amyl acetate.

FURNITURE POLISH: On carpets, blot if liquid, scrape off surplus if wax. Remove grease with carbon tetrachloride. After solvent has dried work a mild de-

tergent and warm water solution into the pile, leave on several minutes, then sponge with a clean moist cloth and rub dry. On heavy materials, sponge gently with carbon tetrachloride. On washable materials, launder with hot detergent suds.

FRUIT (see also peach and pear): If fresh, stretch stain tightly over a bowl and pour boiling water through from a height of about 18 inches to two feet, rub with lemon, then wash as usual. Use this method on linens and cottons only.

Bleach old or set stains on whites with a solution of two teaspoons oxalic acid to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, sponge with ammonia, launder as usual, rinsing carefully.

Sponge coloreds with ammonia, then petrol, and launder as usual.

On upholstery and carpets, sponge with cold water, then glycerine; leave one hour, then sponge gently with white vinegar; rinse straight away with clean warm water.

GLUE: It's usually water soluble and will respond to washing with mild detergent and water and scraping with a spoon.

GREASE: Put an absorbent pad over the stain, sponge on wrong side with carbon tetrachloride. Keep changing position of pad and cloth so you are always using clean surfaces. Remember to test synthetics on an inconspicuous part first.

If the fabric is washable, grease marks can often be removed by washing in hot synthetic detergent suds.

Heavy grease spots can be softened by rubbing a little glycerine well in before treating as above.

Fresh grease stains on carpets will often respond to powdered bicarbonate of soda. Rub the powder gently into the spot; remove with a clean brush when dry. If the stain has had time to set, powder with french chalk or fuller's earth.

On delicate fabrics corn starch or french chalk will often prove effective.

HAIR OIL: Spread a paste of carbon tetrachloride and french chalk, about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, over the mark. When thoroughly dry, take off with a stiff brush.

If the mark is only slight, rub it gently with carbon tetrachloride and a clean cloth.

HEAT: Polished furniture: A linseed oil/turpentine mixture will often remove heat and water marks. Simmer four parts linseed oil to one part turpentine about 10 minutes, bottle when cool. Rub well into the mark, leave on overnight. Rub off next day and polish surface.

On varnish: Rub a small quantity of metal polish into the mark and around edges. Finish with a little matching boot polish on a soft rag.

Other well-known remedies are cigarette ash spread thickly over the mark and left on overnight, and vinegar and lukewarm water solution rubbed well in.

ICE-CREAM: If fabric is washable, launder straight away in the usual way, soaking the fabric for longer than normal.

Where the material is non-washable or the stain has set, sponge with a warm borax mixture in proportions of one pint water to one teaspoon borax. When mark has dissolved, rinse lightly but thoroughly with clean water and rub dry. Carbon tetrachloride will take out any slight grease mark that remains.

LOLLIES: Sponge upholstery and carpets with clean warm water and pat dry.

MILDEW: To remove mildew from fabrics, soak the stain with sour milk, then dry in the sun. Repeat if necessary.

Another way is to moisten the stain with lemon juice and salt and leave in the sun to dry.

If the mildew is old, it is hard to remove, but a weak solution of potassium permanganate in the proportions of $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of the permanganate to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water will sometimes do the trick.

You can also treat mildew on walls and floors with a very weak solution ($\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon to half a pint of water) of potassium permanganate, followed with diluted hydrogen peroxide. Rinse with clean water and pat dry.

MILK: Carpet: Blot well, wring out a cloth in clean, lukewarm water and

wipe stain. When dry rub a few drops of mild detergent into stain; leave on 20 minutes, sponge off with clean water. Carbon tetrachloride will take care of any remaining grease stain.

Washable fabrics: Rinse in lukewarm water, wash with mild detergent solution.

Upholstery: Sponge with lukewarm water. If grease stain remains, rub gently with carbon tetrachloride.

Non-washables: Rub lightly with carbon tetrachloride on a clean cloth. When solvent is dry, sponge well with a cloth moistened with lukewarm water.

MUD: Don't touch stain until completely dry. When dry, brush off as much as possible with a stiff brush, sponge with detergent solution, rinse with a clean moist cloth.

Get to work quickly

NAIL POLISH: On fabrics with no rayon, sponge fresh stains gently with acetone, then wash or sponge with mild detergent and water. Always try solvent on an inconspicuous part first.

To remove dried nail-polish stains, soften with a little carbon tetrachloride, then apply amyl acetate with an eyedropper. Sponge with a clean cloth. (Amyl acetate can be used on rayons.)

PEACH: This is one of the hardest stains to remove when set. Sponge immediately it happens with warm or boiling water, depending on the type of fabric. With a bad stain it also helps to sprinkle borax on the mark before the water.

Don't wash with soap until you have rinsed the acid part of the stain away with water.

On upholstery, sponge straight away with warm water or borax solution, rinse, then dry.

PEAR: This is also a very hard stain to get rid of after it has dried. If fresh and damp, treat in the same way as peach. Once dry it requires different treatment: First, sponge with cold water; next rub glycerine into the mark and leave on for a while; finally, launder as usual.

PLASTIC PAINT: It is most important to deal with spots as soon as they happen. Plastic paint is well-nigh impossible to move once it has dried out completely. Don't use turpentine to remove plastic-paint marks.

Sponge straight away with plain cold water, soaking if possible, then launder as usual.

If plastic paint is spilt on the floor, rub the spot with a damp cloth while it is still wet.

Dried-out spots will sometimes respond to rubbing with steel wool and warm soapy water.

RED INK: Carpets: To remove fresh stains, blot up surplus, sponge gently with water, blot again; repeat several times. Leave until dry, then treat any remaining

bleach. Another method is to soak it in cold milk straight away.

A paste of glycerine and borax will sometimes remove heavier scorch marks if the fibres are not badly affected. Spread the paste over the mark fairly thickly, leave for at least 12 hours; rinse off and wash as usual.

On carpets, damp slight scorches, rub with borax powder and allow to dry; brush powder off. Sponge with a soaped cloth, then clean water. If fibres are damaged, a light rub with fine sandpaper may conceal the mark.

SHOE POLISH: If fresh and slight the stain will wash out. For heavier stains, or ones that have set, rub petroleum jelly well in, sponge with carbon tetrachloride, then launder as usual.

SOFT DRINKS: Normal laundering will usually remove soft-drink stains from washable fabrics.

Where fabrics are non-washable or laundering is impractical, as with upholstery, sponge with a damp cloth and clean warm water.

On carpets, if water doesn't remove the stain completely, sponge with mild detergent and water, rinse, and dry. Avoid over-wetting carpet.

TEA: Treat stain immediately, if possible, by stretching linens or cottons over a bowl or sink and pouring boiling water through the mark from a height of about 2 feet.

On carpets and upholstery, blot surplus straight away. Sponge with a damp cloth and clean warm water and leave to dry. If milk leaves a slight grease mark, sponge lightly with carbon tetrachloride.

TOMATO: Sponge stain with a solution of $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon borax, rinse with clean warm water, then sponge with mild soapsuds.

URINE: Get to work quickly. Blot surplus, sponge with cold water, blot again. Repeat this several times, squeezing carpet fibres to remove as much of the urine as possible. Finally, using a mild vinegar and water solution, sponge mark, rinse, then

(Continued on page 15)

OUR READERS SAY . . .

CLEAN aluminium window sashes with a small piece of butter or substitute on a steel-wool pad. Rub marks gently, then, when spots disappear, wipe over with a damp cloth.—Colleen Wall, Smallacombe St., Tara, Qld.

Add a tablespoon of liquid floor polish to the water next time you wash linoleum. Squeeze the mop out very tightly as you clean the floor. When dry it needs only a slight buffing to give it a non-skid shine.—Mrs. G. Hamming, c/- Box 93, Cunderdin, W.A.

To remove persistent stains from a bath mix to a thin paste:

4 tablespoons vinegar.
2 tablespoons plain flour.
8 tablespoons peroxide.
Spread on bath or basin, leave several hours, then wash off with cold water.—Mrs. G. Malone, 72 Pine St., Bendigo, Vic.

Clean bathroom tiles, handbasin, and bath with a cloth dipped in kerosene. While the kerosene is still damp rub dry with a clean duster. This removes stains and brings up the gloss.—Mrs. E. Thompson, 3 Yates Ave., Mt. Keira, N.S.W.

To clean the bath, mix a paste of kerosene and bicarbonate of soda and apply to the surface with an old nylon stocking. Leave on for about one hour, then polish until glossy with a soft clean cloth. This is the best bath cleaner I have tried, as it makes the bath look like new.—Mrs. A. H. Brown, "Uworra," via Ceduna, S.A.

Tapestry furniture can be given a new look by rubbing damp salt well in all over the covering. Leave on half an hour, then dust off with a soft brush. The salt removes all dust and freshens the colors of

● Like scientists in their laboratories, women at home are constantly experimenting as they go about their housework — trying a new trick here to save the oven from spatters, an idea there for enlisting the help of their children. The hints below, sent in by our readers, are the results of these everyday experiments. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/-.

the tapestry.—Miss H. Benn, 33 Beatrice St., Bardon, Brisbane.

To clean tarnished silver and plate quickly and hygienically put articles in a large aluminium saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, and simmer gently about 10 minutes (or longer for badly tarnished articles). — M. Dorrington, 116 Main Rd., Moonah, Tas.

Use a toothbrush to apply silver polish to forks and carved, grooved, or embossed pieces of silver.—Mrs. Carron, 15 Guildford St., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

For a brilliant lasting finish when cleaning brass, apply the liquid with a piece of silk material, then polish with a piece of clean dry silk.—Mrs. G. Reddick, 288 Station St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

To prevent a broom handle working loose, paint the inside of the socket with enamel paint or varnish, then screw the handle in while the paint is still wet. Allow the paint to dry thoroughly before use.—Mrs. C. W. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

If you find fly-screen wire hard to clean, try this method: Shut windows, wipe gauze over lightly with detergent, then give it a good hosing.—Mrs. C. Bancroft, c/- Education Dept., Port Moresby.

Wear a pair of cheap cotton gloves inside rubber gloves for doing household chores. They will help to prevent irritation on skins sensitive to rubber.—Mrs. L. W. Edwards, 3 Ranelagh Court, Burwood, Melbourne.

A tiny dash of methylated spirit added to the rinsing water when you wash lace curtains makes them crisp and fresh.—Miss G. F. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Old, clean nylon stockings make good polishing cloths for mirrors and windows. The strong threads don't leave any fluff and they remove dirt easily.—Shirley Dunne, Box 36, Werrimull, Vic.

Stand the bottle of polish in a dish of hot water before polishing furniture. The warmed polish penetrates faster and does a more efficient job.—Mrs. J. McDade, 56 Webb St., Stafford, Brisbane.

When re-lining cupboard shelves cut several pieces of lining paper the same size as the shelf. Lay them on the shelf, one on top of the other; then when the top one gets dirty draw it off and you have a clean one underneath. This saves much time and work turning out cupboards each time the paper gets soiled.—Mrs. R. Thompson, 16 Wolseley Grove, Brighton Beach, Vic.

Wrap aluminium foil round the enamel stove pipe on a fuel stove to protect it from flying grease. It's much easier to replace the foil than to remove burnt-on fat.—Mrs. E. M. Baartz, "Wantata," Jondaryan, Qld.

Remove burnt, sooty marks from a brick fireplace by scrubbing well with a stiff-bristled brush and vinegar. This takes the marks off easily and thoroughly.—Mr. J. Jamieson, 43 Akala St., Camp Hill, Brisbane.

To clean wallpaper, make a ball of plain flour mixed with cleaning fluid such as carbon tetrachloride and rub marks gently with the dough. — Mrs. L. Donoghue, 25 Milroy St., North Ryde, N.S.W.

A little oatmeal thrown into the bath-water prevents soap clinging to the sides of the bath and makes rinsing easier. It also softens and whitens the skin.—Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 145 Gold St., Clifton Hill, Vic.

Each week I make a list of the small extra cleaning jobs I don't get round to. Then I let the children pick one each to do on Saturday morning.—Mrs. C. E. Moffitt, "Kent Farm," Central Tilba, N.S.W.

Save time collecting soiled clothing and linen by putting a laundry basket in the bedroom area of your home each night before you go to bed. Next morning get the family to drop their washing in and take it all to the laundry in one trip.—Mrs. S. E. Mill, 2 Ewing St., Terang, Vic.

If you chip your white stove or refrigerator, dab the mark with finely ground white zinc, then cover it with clear nail polish to preserve and restore its appearance.—Mrs. E. Reece, 3 Murrumbreena Crescent, Murrumbreena, Vic.

Use a soft paintbrush to dust picture-frame and mirror corners and other tricky crevices in furniture.—Mrs. L. Hope-Hume, c/- 52 Wilbur St., Rossmoyne, W.A.

A mixture of 2 parts olive oil to 1 part vinegar, rubbed on with a soft cloth, will remove scratches from furniture. It is particularly good for dark furniture.—Mrs. A. M. Harlock, 79 Aberdeen St., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

A sheet of transparent plastic on the floor of the refrigerator will stop hard-to-remove rust marks from tinned goods forming there.—Mrs. H. Dorrington, Jimboomba, Qld.

A real feather duster cleans venetian blinds more efficiently than one made from nylon or cotton. If you give the blinds a light daily dusting with it, they will never be a big cleaning problem.—Mrs. N. M. MacGregor, "Tinto," 3 Cromwell St., Cooma, N.S.W.

I cut a piece of aluminium foil to fit the splash tray under the quick-heating element on my electric range. This keeps the tray clean and if milk or coffee boil over it is a simple job to remove the foil and replace it.—Mrs. Janet Atherton, 17 Anne St., Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

To clean a copper pan, mix 1 tablespoon each kerosene and bicarbonate of soda. Rub the pan with this, then rinse with warm water, dry, and polish with a soft cloth.—Lilian R. Iversen, Box 288, P.O., Port Lincoln, S.A.

To prevent the bathroom mirror fogging, mix equal parts of methylated spirit and glycerine and wipe the mirror over with mixture.—Mrs. K. W. Porter, P.O. Box 1, Scottsdale, Tas.

To remove oil stains from concrete paths, soak pieces of cloth in strong phenyl and lay them over the oily marks. Weigh down with a brick and leave for 24 hours.—Mrs. J. Harlow, c/- 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

Rub ashtrays lightly with furniture oil after washing and drying them. This stops the ash sticking and makes them easier to clean.—Mrs. G. K. Smiles, Box 10, Dalby, Qld.

A good way to keep track of useful cleaning hints is to paste them inside appropriate cupboard doors. Put laundry hints inside the laundry cupboard, kitchen hints inside an upper cupboard, and so on. You will always have them on hand when you need them.—Mrs. A. Larkin, 393 Heath St., East Albury, N.S.W.

Spots

(Continued from page 13)

sponge with detergent and water; rinse with clean warm water. Blot off as much moisture as possible and dry quickly (with an electric fan).

Old urine stains can often be removed with a solution of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt, 1 quart water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. glacial acetic acid. Wet the area with the solution, keeping it damp for three to five hours, rinse with clean water, and blot; neutralise with a five per cent. ammonia solution, then shampoo the area.

WINE: Carpets: Sponge fresh stains thoroughly with clean lukewarm water, taking care not to wet backing. Squeeze fibres to remove as much wine as possible. Blot dry, then rub in a little glycerine and leave half an hour. Rinse with warm water and blot dry.

Another method is to sponge the stained area with a solution of $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. borax dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water. Leave half an hour, sponge with warm soapy water; rinse thoroughly with clean water.

WRITING INK: White fabrics: Dip mark in cold water, stretch, and cover with common salt. Squeeze lemon juice on to the salt, cover, and leave for a couple of hours. Rinse carefully and wash as usual.

Another method is to sprinkle the stain with oxalic acid, stretch it over a bowl, and pour boiling water through. Use this method on cottons and linens only.

Coloreds: Soak in sour milk and launder as usual.

Be kind to yourself

ABOVE all, be comfortable; wear comfortable shoes and comfortable clothes, but don't mistake comfort for sloppiness.

It may seem like a flight of fancy to talk about co-ordinated cleaning outfits, but if it makes you feel any better it's worth while considering.

If you throw on any old thing, you'll feel a whole lot worse and cringe every time the doorbell rings.

In summer try to get most of the heavy tasks done as early in the morning as possible while you are still fresh and the air is cooler.

If your figure will stand it, wear a gay pair of shorts and a loose-fitting top. A full skirt and pretty blouse or a loose-fitting muu-muu also give good freedom of action.

Tuck your hair tidily away under a scarf to save it from dust and grime; not just any old scarf, but the prettiest, most flattering one you can find, tied in the latest style.

For winter, stretch pants with a warm sweater are very easy to work in. The sweater shouldn't be too bulky or it can impede action. If you are not pants-minded, a trim skirt and sweater will look equally well.

As a matter of course, all the clothes you wear for cleaning should be washable—they are not likely to come through unscathed.

Many people favor flat heels for comfort. In fact, for a whole day's cleaning, it's easier on your legs and feet if you vary heel heights.

This doesn't mean stomping round in stilts one minute and dropping down into flats the next. But if you have been wearing flat heels all morning, change to little-heeled casuals for the afternoon.

Take care with your make-up. It's not only good for the morale, it prevents flying dust becoming ingrained in your pores.

Wear rubber gloves whenever you can, and give your hands a solid foundation of good hand or barrier cream.

Break the day with morning tea, lunch, and afternoon tea. The short rests will refresh you and a little nourishment gives you more energy to go on with afterwards.

Plan mainly for energy foods, but pamper yourself with a few little luxuries.

If you've always had a hankering for caviare, buy yourself a little pot (German, not Russian, if you don't want to break the budget) to try at lunchtime. If strawberries are in season, treat yourself to strawberries and cream with your mid-morning coffee.

On page 10 are 3 energy-filled drinks to keep your strength from waning.

Unless you are a keen cleaner, set yourself a time limit for these breaks or they are likely to go on and on and on, at the expense of Getting Things Done.

Plan a casserole dinner for cleaning day; prepare it the day before, then, when you are feeling frayed at the end of the day, there's little work involved.

Choose cleaning equipment with an eye to appearance as well as performance.

While performance must come first, if two articles work equally well and one is pretty and the other plain, you'll feel happier using the pretty one.

To keep yourself amused while you are working, put some long-play discs on the record-player for background music.

Who knows, if you pamper yourself hard enough, you may even come to look forward to cleaning days.



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to clean
windows*

Zippy window cleaner in a new squeeze pack. Zippy's built-in atomiser sprays on fast, sprays on easily. Wipes off in seconds. Leaves your windows clean and bright. Use it on mirrors and enamelled surfaces, too. Zippy, the easy way to clean windows. Costs so little . . . lasts for ages!

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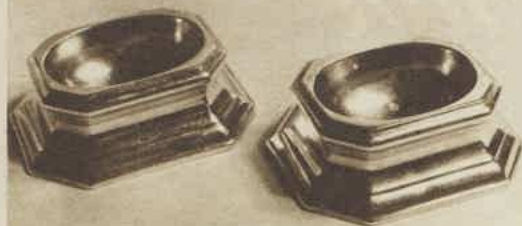
Collectors' corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, discusses readers' antiques, including a pair of salt cellars.

THIS pair of English silver salt cellars was shown to me at a recent antique display at Cowra. They belong to Mrs. R. S. Cobb, Lyndhurst, N.S.W.

It is always a treat to discover a rare and beautiful item.

This matching pair of trencher salt cellars are George II and bear the London hallmarks for 1727-1728. They were made by Richard Pargeter, an eminent goldsmith of the day. Note in particular the simple moulded form, which is characteristic of the early 18th century salt cellar. During the 16th century the standing salt container was con-



● Pair of old silver salt cellars.

sidered to be the most important article on the Englishman's high table.

An early reference to salt cellars appears in two books of manners of the day, "Curtsey" (Courtesy) and "Nuture" (Nature), published in 1508 (Henry VII), wherein a passage states:

"Set your salts on the ryght side where your Soverayne shall sytte . . . and at every end of ye table set a salte

cellar . . . and when your Soverayne's table, thus arrayed, cover all other bordes with salts, trenchours, and cuppes."

★ ★ ★
Can you enlighten me about a solid silver half hunter pocket watch? Markings are "John Barrer Lock No. 70019 warranted 800." It is stamped with the insignia of a lion.—R. R. Gillett, Midlands Junction, W.A.

Your watch is not more than 90 years old. The railway regulator and lever watch was not made before 1865. John Barrer Lock was not making watches until the second half of the 19th century.

The registered number, together with 800 (which indicated the case is Continental silver—below sterling standard) suggests that the watch could not be more than 90 years old. The fusee (barrel winding mechanism—hence the separate key) was fashionable until about 1890.



● Markings on the salt cellars.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these handy hints to help you in your daily routine.

TO give spinach a better flavor, sprinkle it with mint sauce. People who dislike spinach will find it has a new and pleasant taste if served this way.—Mrs. Rolles, 4 Freda St., Picnic Point, N.S.W.

Blankets should always be washed quickly, because the longer they remain in water the more likely they are to shrink. Add a few drops of turpentine to the final rinsing water and the blankets will dry beautifully soft.—Mrs. R. Beswick, Box 23, Sheffield, Tas.

A chocolate-coated biscuit, finely grated with a knife, makes a nice topping on cream cake, icing, or ice-cream.—Mrs. Lois Golden, 25 Etela St., Belmore, N.S.W.

To clean bottles, fill with warm soapy water, add small pieces of newspaper, then shake well. This removes all the dirt, especially near the neck.—Mrs. A. Krywecky, 43 Alabama Ave., Prospect, S.A.

When making baby's bibs or feeders from leftover pieces, such as flannelette, etc., place a piece of plastic between the two layers of material. This prevents baby's chest getting wet.—Mrs. R. Myers, Gilston Rd., Nerang, Qld.

To prolong the life of trouser pockets which wear out very quickly, line them with chamois leather. This will save a lot of time for busy housewives.—Mrs. E. Keeling, "Naygoondy," Phalempin Rd., Mt. Macedon, Vic.

Instead of the usual topping of mashed potato for shepherd's pie, use cooked noodles sprinkled with grated cheese. This combination makes a delicious and different topping.—Mrs. E. Fredericks, 32 Phillip Rd., Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

To prevent the hangers for drip-dry garments blowing off the clothes line hang them in small loops of old nylon stockings tied to the line.—Miss Rosslyn Humphrey, 9 Waldron St., Henley South, Adelaide.

If you wish to fill a small perfume dispenser from a large bottle, use a steel knitting needle with points at both ends. Insert one end into each bottle and perfume will run down the needle, thus avoiding waste.—Mrs. B. Clement, 14 Nassingham St., Kellerberrin, W.A.

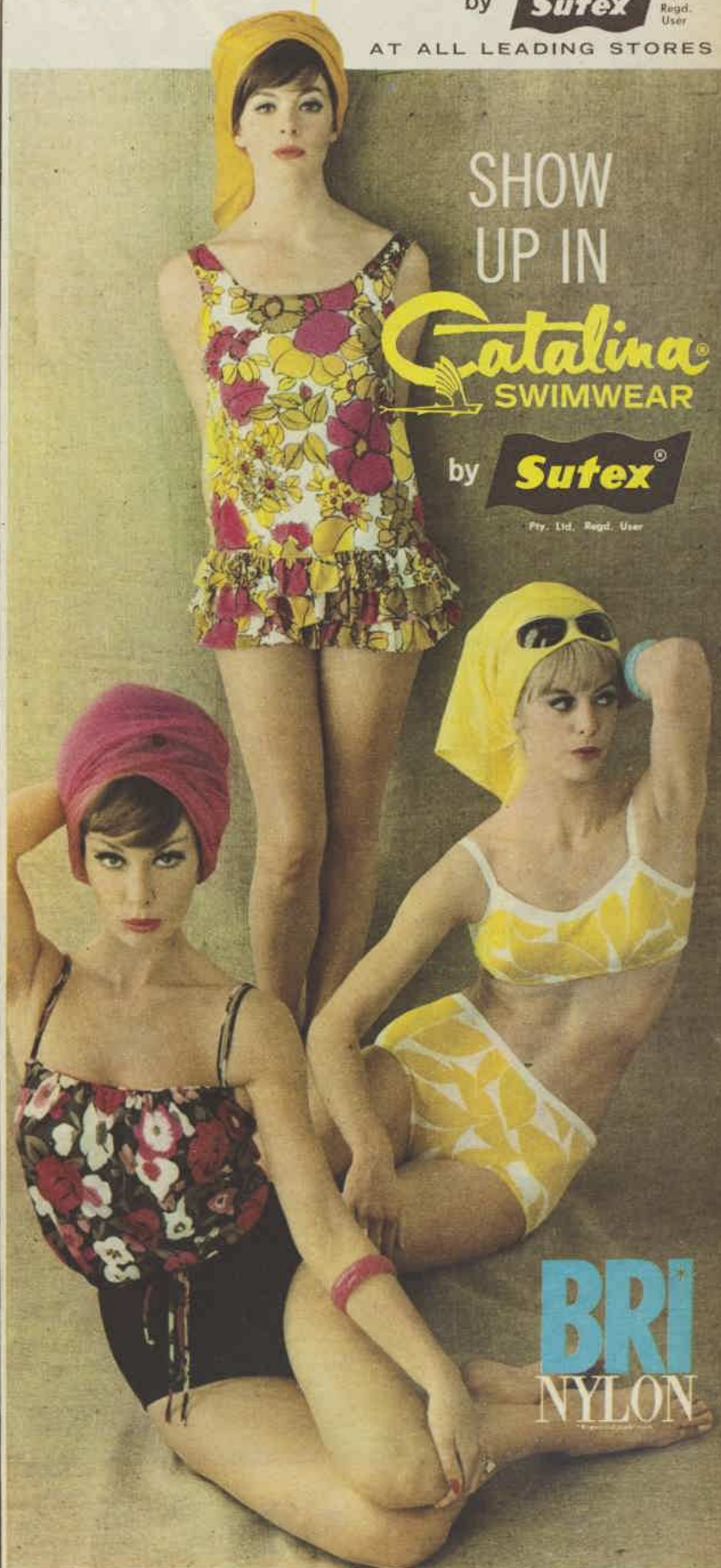
Plant a clove of garlic in your kitchen garden or in a pot. The leaves grow very easily and are excellent in soups, stews, and, used very sparingly, in salads. They are not as strongly flavored as the bulb (clove), therefore are not objectionable.—Mrs. H. Penn, 21 Kelvin Ave., Mildura, Vic.

If you have some pickle or chutney which has dried up, don't throw it out. Combine it with some stewing steak or chops to make a tasty stew.—Mrs. M. Amor, Spence St., West Dubbo, N.S.W.

To store plastic items such as tablecloths, sprinkle with talcum powder before folding. This will prevent cloth from perishing and will also eliminate any odor.—Miss M. Verheij, 168 Military Rd., Semaphore, S.A.

What makes a summer beautiful? You, in a Catalina swimsuit by Sutex. So show up on a big tidal wave of vibrant colours, faultless fit, glamorous styles.

SEE
Catalina
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SHOW UP IN

Catalina
SWIMWEAR

by **Sutex**

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BRI NYLON

(TOP) "Sea Gamin". You'll show up young in this swim shift with very soft ruffles on the skirt. Bri-Nylon tricot jersey with the silken look. Pink combination, turquoise combination. £7-19-11.

(CENTRE) "Nearly". Show up beautiful where the action is. To swim, to water-ski, to surf or just to sun on the beach. Bri-Nylon and Lycra stretch swimsuit, moulded lace bra cups. Red/white, black/white, citrus yellow/white. £5-19-11.

(BOTTOM) "Sunset Jewel". Show up like a jewel in Catalina's vibrant florals on dark grounds. Bri-Nylon jersey blouson over Lycra and Bri-Nylon pants. Pink/black, turquoise/black. £6-19-11.


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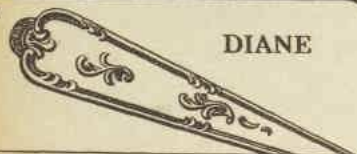


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Only silver lends that magic touch of splendour... only Grosvenor makes it possible to possess fine silver for so little. Each piece, with delicate balance and sculptured pattern, is an example of skilled manufacture. Inherent quality adds years of use, making Grosvenor the most inexpensive quality cutlery you can buy.

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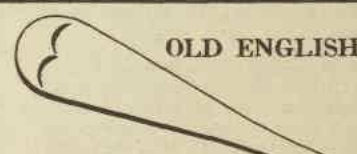
DIANE



GRETEL



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Elegant styling featuring tastefully rococo scroll carving on the handle. Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £19/19/-, with pearlex handle knives £15/15/-, with xylonite handle knives £14/14/-.

A distinctive pattern combining fine lines with an intricate, richly carved floral design. Complete 44-piece setting with silver handles £19/19/-, with pearlex handle knives £15/15/-, with xylonite handle knives £14/14/-.

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Page 50

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 14, 1964

One more
Tiger
in the
Bag!



See the gleam in Junior's eye as mother drops Tiger in the bag! A daily ration of tangy-mild, extra-nourishing Tiger Swiss Gruyere Cheese sets youthful appetites a-tingle, keeps active youngsters on the go! Try it!



Creamy Tiger Gruyere is available in the familiar triangle wedges; also in sandwich slices and bars. Buy some today!

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GET FORD PILLS
in red and gold plastic tubes,
6/6 and 3/9 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 14, 1964

Continued from page 37

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

This reasoned approval was a great relief. With renewed ardor I joined Pin in a fresh and more intensive examination of the character of Queen Elizabeth's half-sister.

That same evening, when I finished my session with Pin and came out of the house into the street, Nora was not there. Quite often, when the weather was fine, she would walk across the park to meet me and I would find her waiting under the lamp outside No. 212. Then, arm in arm, we would stroll back to the Crescent, where Miss Donohue, who fancied her talent in this direction, and enjoyed a tasty bite, made welsh rabbit on toast, with which we drank cocoa.

The concentrated application demanded of me by Pin had prevented further excursions to the country, nor had Nora herself proposed them. Although I sensed it only vaguely, never having grasped the full significance of these abandoned moments on the houseboat deck, Nora's attitude toward me had undergone a subtle yet material change. I felt that she was fonder of me than before, not quite in the same casual and mischievous way, but always encouraging me, and telling me how she hoped I might win the Ellison.

She seemed suddenly to be older, more restrained, and while we kissed with tenderness, something I could not define was missing—solicitude had taken its place. Lately, indeed, I had begun to imagine that something was worrying Nora. Although she denied this and brushed aside my inquiries she often had an absent look and at times appeared thoroughly depressed. As it was more than a week—an unusually long interval—since I had seen her I decided to call in at Park Crescent on my way back.

Here, however, I was unlucky. There was no answer to the bell, and though I took trouble to go round to the back court, no light was showing in any of the windows. I hung about for a quarter of an hour vainly hoping that Nora or Miss Donohue would turn up. Then I set off along the Crescent toward Craig Hill.

This was by no means my shortest route to Argyle Street, yet Craig Hill held a special attraction for me in the shape of a Jesuit church which, contrasting with the many conventional Pugin chapels of the city, was outstandingly attractive, at least to my mind, in a grim Romanesque style. Partly this was due to lack of funds, since the original design to marble the interior had been shelved, leaving stark arches and pillars of brickwork that cast medieval shadows across the nave.

Moreover, in the late evening the church was usually empty, darkish, and very silent, all of which I liked, and I will confess that I had the habit after leaving Park Crescent—it was in any case the nearest church—to enter this sanctuary not from pure religious fervor, which I could never claim, but with a trusting heart, in order to solicit heavenly aid for success in the Ellison, without which I felt I would not have a chance.

This evening when I entered, I proceeded to my favorite side altar where there was a replica of Simone Martini's Madonna that I enjoyed looking at, which usually put me in a proper petitioning mood and induced me to part with a penny, if I had one, for a candle. Tonight, however, I could barely

see it; all but one of the surrounding votive lights had gone out. A woman, opposite me, was presumably responsible for the single candle, since it was newly lit.

Most holy women who lit candles were invariably discovered on their knees with beads between their fingers. But this woman, who was young, merely sat, staring straight ahead, as though hypnotised by the tiny flickering flame she had herself created. Surprise, rather than curiosity, caused me to concentrate my vision through the intervening gloom, then, all at once, with a start of pleasure and surprise, I saw that it was Nora.

STILL I could scarcely believe it. Nora was not devout. I had now discovered that she was careless about such things as not eating meat on Fridays and her Easter duties. Indeed, she was apt to make jokes about holy water and holy smoke that worried me. Yet what happiness it gave me that, aware of my evening habit to light a candle, she should tonight actually have forestalled me and herself made the votive offering for my intention. My heart swelled with love and gratitude.

Still unseen, I contemplated her with a rapture that here I usually reserved for heaven. Yet she, too, against the background of the altar, her pale, pure profile, softened and made serious by her mood, was like a little madonna. I could wait no longer. Tip-toeing forward, I bent toward her and whispered.

"Thank you, Nora. Thank you for the candle . . . and everything."

"Laurence," she said, turning sharply.

"It's the nicest thing you could ever have done. I'll always remember it."

She looked at me. "Will you?" "Yes, I will, Nora. Even if I don't get the Ellison. What made you think of it?" She looked away.

"It seems I just did. I was sort of in that kind of mood. Strange, isn't it?"

"No, Nora. I believe it will help."

"I hope you're right," she said.

There was a silence. "Do you want to stay longer?" I asked.

She shook her head. I smiled at her.

"Then let's go together." Outside, as we came down the steps of the church, I took her arm.

"What a lucky meeting, Nora. I called at the flat but there was no answer. And it's ages since I've seen you. Shall I walk back with you now?"

She stopped at the foot of the steps.

"I'm not going back yet. I've a message to do . . . for Miss Donohue."

"Where, Nora?" "Why . . . down by Mortontownhall Street."

"I'll come with you." I spoke eagerly, prepared to step out. But she seemed to hesitate and I wondered if my inadvertent discovery of her offering for me had annoyed her, until a moment later she said: "Aren't you tired? You must be. After all that study and everything."

"I'd never be too tired to walk with you, Nora."

"Oh, very well, then," she said, after the slightest pause. "Come along."

We set off. Had there been the faintest note of impatience in her tone? Impossible. Yet, glancing at her sideways, I had the impression that she was not quite herself. The city was enduring a midsummer heat-wave and the evening was still and stifling. Under the street lamps she was pale, with a distant expression and darkish patches under her eyes. She was also unusually silent. But I was dying to tell her about my eventful day.

"I don't suppose you know that I've been running. And that I'm entered for the Berwick Sports."

"Yes, I did hear that was coming off. Apparently we're all supposed to be going in the Gilhoolleys' car."

"You, too?" I cried.

"It depends. To tell you the truth, dear Laurie," she

To page 55

HAZEL by Ted Key

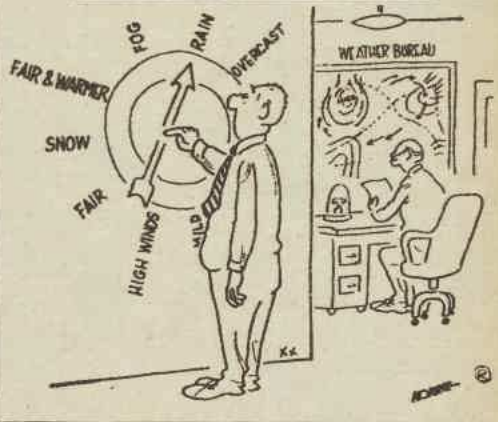


"Nice of you to stop."

FAIR WEATHER!



"Storm warning, old man . . . it's your wife!"



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MOSQUITOES, FLEAS, SANDFLIES AND OTHER BITING INSECTS WITH



KOKODA SPRAY PACK Insect repellent

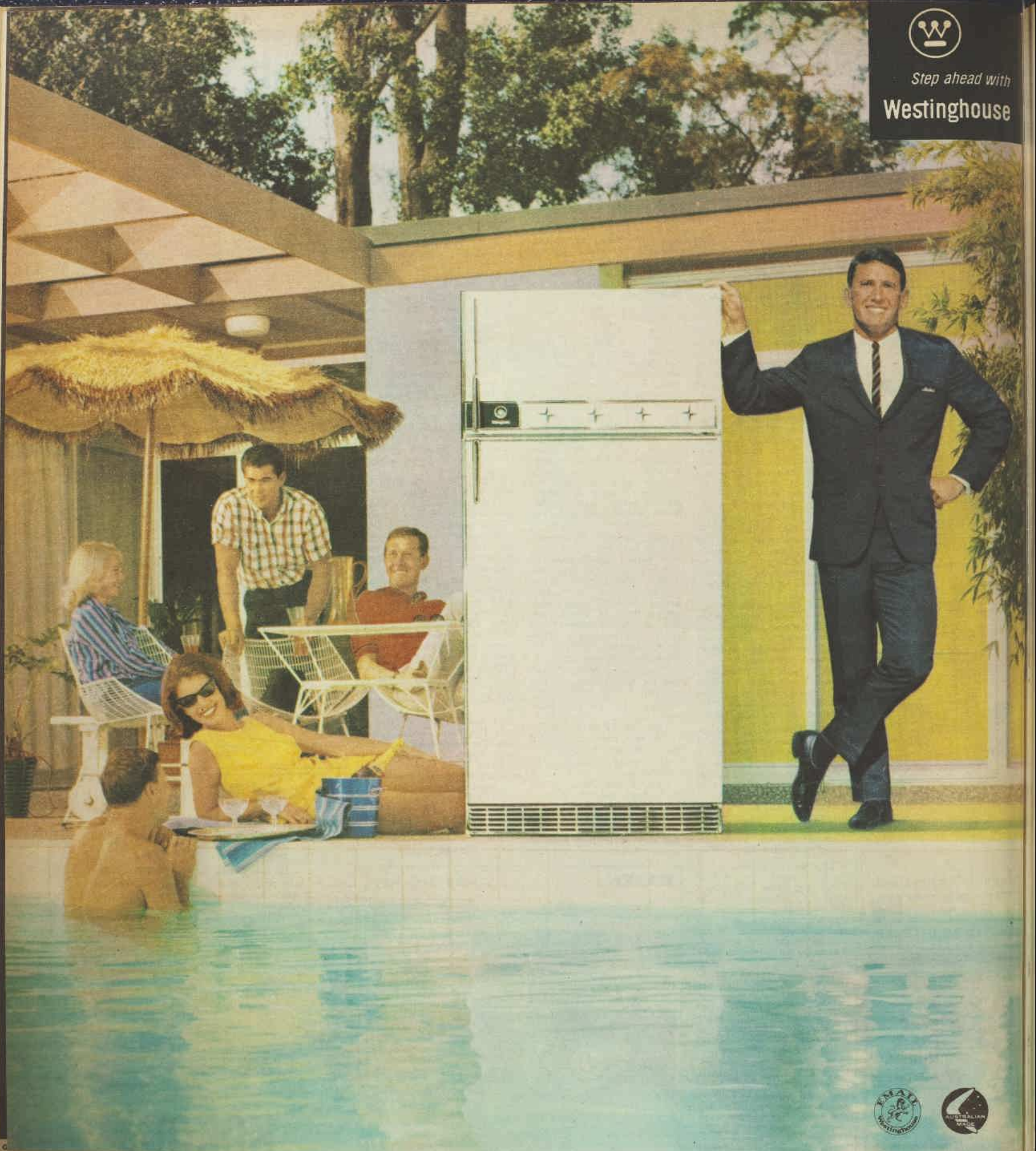
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Get 8 hours of complete freedom from annoying, biting insects with Kokoda. Just direct a fine spray of Kokoda on exposed parts of the body. Sweet-smelling Kokoda can be used safely on the face and neck, too! Simply spray into the hand and then apply. Kokoda—the most effective way to kill and repel mosquitoes, fleas, sandflies and other insects. Kokoda insect repellent comes in liquid in bottles and spray-pack tins, and cream in tubes — at your chemist or store.

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An era of opportunity; everyone reaching out; going places . . . doing more exciting things . . . looking for "plus" advantages in their everyday possessions.

In your home, for instance, the best in modern refrigeration such as this latest Westinghouse combination refrigerator home-freezer.

Here you have two doors to two separate compartments, each operating independently of the other—at just the right temperature for its own

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In the lower section, a spacious refrigerator (it never needs defrosting) which incorporates the exclusive Westinghouse moist-cold system. This guards your good fresh food, particularly cooked and uncooked meats, against drying out and discoloration and preserves goodness and flavour right to your table. Older refrigerators can't do this!

Capacity? Almost pantry proportions and designed to cope with the odd shapes and sizes of all those items, the bits and pieces, your family expects its refrigerator to hold.

Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes a new Westinghouse easy to own. It's guaranteed, too, so that . . .

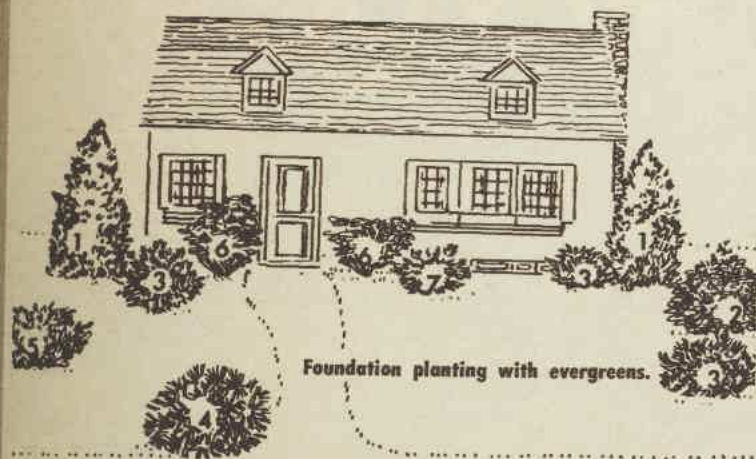
You can be sure if it's

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 14, 1964

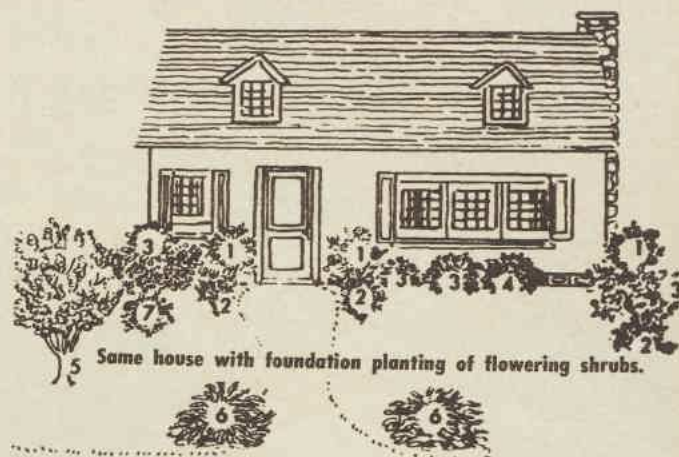
LAYING OUT A "HOUSESCAPE"

● "Housescaping"—planning the planting of trees and shrubs which frame a house—is illustrated in these two sketches. One house is framed in evergreens, the other in a variety of flowering plants and shrubs.



- The plants:
- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1—Chamaecyparis crippsii | 4—Mugho pine |
| 2—Thuya froebelii | 5—Juniper africana |
| 3—Meyers juniper | 6—Laurel |
| | 7—Pfitzer juniper |

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 87



- The plants:
- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1—Floribunda roses, red | 4—Spirea thunbergii |
| 2—Floribunda roses, yellow | 5—Crabapple |
| 3—Hypericum patulum | 6—Redleaf Japanese barberry |
| | 7—Rose panicle |

THESE suggested layouts are part of the landscaping section in a new book, "New Horizons in Houses."

It sets out ideas for paving of terraces, paths, entrances, and drives, and gives lists of shrubs, trees, and perennials, shade trees, and conifers.

The book deals with every aspect of planning a home, from the choice of the site, the detailed planning of the house and its interior to the garden

planted around it, and is illustrated with hundreds of drawings. The Australian edition has been published by the Australian Gas Association and The Australian Women's Weekly for the housing seminars given here by Mr. Stanley Edge, the housing authority from Washington, U.S.A.

The book will be on sale this month at newsagents and booksellers, and at The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres, price 10/-.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 88

Everything changes-nothing remains the same

Times change — incomes change — property values change — money values change — family needs change. Even though you may not be aware of it at the time, laws change — income tax laws, death duty laws, social service laws.

Few, if any of us can keep pace with all the changes and quickly make the adjustments necessary to keep our affairs in the best possible order. We need some help.

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP provides the kind of help needed.



4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

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- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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if this
is a dream
don't
wake me

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For the sake of your hair—look to L'Oreal 'COLOR-GLO', 7/10 at chemists and department stores

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If you would like personal guidance on the shade of 'COLOR-GLO' you should use, send a 2" snippet of hair to Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.



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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

turned to me, "I've been a little off color lately."

"I'm terribly sorry. What is it?"

"Oh, just a bit out of sorts. I'm sure I'll be all right soon."

"Then do come, Nora. The trip would be good for you."

"Well, then, we'll see."

We were at the end of Craig Hill and had turned into Mortonhall Street, crowded, as usual, and thick with traffic. Not far from Market Cross, near the Market Arcade, she disengaged her arm.

"This is as far as I'm going."

We stood on the pavement opposite the Arcade, a covered passageway occupied by odd little interesting establishments: a herbalist's, a queer sort of chemist's, even a fortune-teller, and a naturalist's shop with live tortoises in the window. It was here that Mrs. Tobin bought the ants' eggs for her goldfish.

"Before you go, Nora." It was difficult, I didn't want to keep harping on the subject, but I simply had to get this out. "Thanks again for your candle."

Again I thought I had offended her. But no; as she stepped off the pavement she gave me a faint, wry smile.

"Well, Laurie, as you probably know, I'm not all that religious, but when you want a thing badly enough you'll try anything."

I could not speak for an overflowing gratitude. Her manner, the very words she used, told me how much she was behind me in my effort. I waited till she had crossed the street, then, still uplifted, took my own short cut to Argyle Street and the Templar's Hall.

At half-past eight on the morning of Saturday, August fifth, I set out for the Criterion Hotel. Although the sky was still grey, the softness in the air was refreshing after the recent heat. I had said nothing to Uncle Leo of my plans. The good news from my mother made me hope that, if all went well, I should not be with him long. Her appointment in the Department of Health was now assured and she expected to be back in Winton within the next few weeks. She would then surely terminate my stopgap arrangement with Leo.

Although Terence had insisted on an early start, I expected that I should have to wait, but when I approached the hotel I saw that the red car was already drawn up outside the entrance with Terence in the driver's seat and Miss Gilhooley beside him.

As I hurried forward Terence waved his arm in greeting.

"Glad to see you, man. How do you feel?"

"Fine, thank you, Terry."

"Hop in the back then. The others won't be a minute, Nora's just gone in for a coffee."

As I stepped into the rear seat Miss Gilhooley half turned and exposed her gold teeth in a welcoming smile. She had on a showy, check coat and a flat saucer hat secured with her favorite pink tulle. She might be Miss Donohue's best customer,

her pretensions to these attributes together with her habit of prefacing every other remark with the words "I always say . . ." seriously offended me, even though she now greeted me with gracious condescension.

"Good morning, young man. I hope you're going to make a nice bit of cash for me today."

"Are you in need of cash, Miss Gilhooley?"

Terence gave a loud laugh.

"He had you there, Josey. We all know what the name Gilhooley stands for. But what's keeping Nora?"

"She must have had a rush getting here," Miss Gilhooley remarked. "I always say you should never rush. She looked quite faint, too, the love. Pale as paper."

A moment later Nora came through the swing doors of the hotel followed by Donohue. Urged on impatiently by



and undoubtedly her expenditure in Earle's was lavish, yet I had never known anyone who contrived to look so garish, an effect which she intensified by a variety of vulgar affectations.

She was always fluttering about, primping herself, touching up her hair, powdering her nose, looking in her handbag, patting herself in unexpected places, examining her fingernails, straining her neck, gesturing with genteel flicks of her wrists, or demanding unnecessary attentions from Terence with an air of languishing feminine charm.

Miss Gilhooley was neither beautiful nor youthful, and

Terence, who now got out and took up the starting handle from its leather strap, they joined me in the back of the car.

"Take the rug, Nora. There . . . on the rail. It may be chilly. Wrap up well, I always say, before you start." Miss Gilhooley offered this advice as Terence, after several swings, started the engine and, resuming his place at the steering-wheel, set us in motion.

Nora, who was sitting in the middle between Donohue and me, spread the rug over our knees. As she did so, she smiled at me, but did not speak. The car moved off.

Actually this was my first

experience of a private motor, and as we rolled through the main streets of Winton toward the Edinburgh road I gave myself up to the smooth luxury of our progress. Terence was an excellent driver; it seemed likely that he had driven this car many times, and I could now surmise why Miss Gilhooley possessed attractions for him beyond her rather meagre physical charms. They were both in a festive mood, laughing and talking with a vivacity that contrasted notably with the almost total silence in the rear.

Now it was impossible not to recognise that the split between Nora and Donohue had widened.

While he did, presumably for the sake of appearances, address an occasional perfunctory remark to her, she barely answered, but continued to look ahead with a pale, set face.

This did not suit Donohue at all, and presently, with a shrug, he abruptly gave up this pretence and, leaning forward in his best manner, began to devote himself to Miss Gilhooley, whispering in her ear, making her laugh, and competing with Terence for her attentions.

Nora gave no sign, her expression did not change, but after a time her hand moved under the cover of the rug and sought mine. Her fingers were so cold I began to chafe them.

"Are you all right, Nora?"

SHE looked at me and nodded.

"I've been a bit off lately, but the fresh air's helping me. I just wish I hadn't taken that coffee."

The others were so engaged, and Miss Gilhooley's spasms so shrill, there was no danger of our being overheard.

"Do you feel sick?"

"Just a little. It'll pass."

I gazed at her with concern. She did not look herself at all. Had Donohue's defection upset her to such an extent?

"If you don't feel well you shouldn't have come."

"I couldn't bear hanging about all day alone. Miss D.'s away buying in Manchester. And don't forget I want to see you run."

Did she really mean this? In her present state of mind I doubted if the race was even remotely in her thoughts.

At this point a diversion occurred. Terence had mistaken our route and now discovered, on consulting his map, that a wrong turn beyond Dunbar had taken us about fifteen miles off the direct route. Rather than risk getting lost in country lanes, it became necessary to go back to the coast road, a divergence which raised the question as to whether we should arrive in time for the start of the sports at two o'clock.

Conversation was now reduced as Terence pushed the car to its top speed, and with such effect that at twenty minutes past one we slipped through a narrow stone archway and entered Berwick-on-Tweed.

To page 56

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 167. — GIRL'S SHIFT

This pretty little girl's shift, featuring ships and bobble braid, is ideal for summer and is available cut out to make in white with red and blue, white with green, and white with tan printed poplin. Sizes 2 and 4 years 17/6; 6 and 8 years 18/6. Postage and dispatch 1/6 extra.

No. 168. — CENTRE OR TRAY CLOTH

This flower-design centre mat or tray cloth is available cut out to embroider on pink, blue, green, lemon, cream, and white Irish linen. Price is 5/6 plus 1/- postage.

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Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4869, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. Readers should address orders to Box 4348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1600 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4869, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Everybody's

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Continued from page 55

This was an old grey border borough, straddling the river Tweed where it entered the sea, with cobbled streets and twisting wynds, ringed by a medieval wall, with ramparts that overlooked the harbor. As we passed through the old arched gateway I felt at once that it would be a delightful place in which to wander round and dream.

Today, however, it presented a scene of activity that was clearly unusual, the main street alive with people, the central square crowded with cars, waggonettes, and farm carts, the entire town in a state of commotion that, from their comments, proved highly gratifying to Terence and Donohue.

"We must get a paper," Terry said, drawing up beside a newsboy and tossing him a coin. It was a small

double sheet — I saw the name: "Berwick Advertiser" — and Terence scanned it quickly.

"Is it in?" Donohue asked, craning forward.

"It is," Terence answered. "And it's good."

They both examined the page with every appearance of satisfaction until Miss Gilhooley, peeved at her temporary desertion, exclaimed: "Look here, you two, when are we going to get lunch? That looks like some kind of hotel over there."

"No, Josey, dear," Terence said. "The food there would kill you. We'll run down to the sports field, have a drink and a snack in the marquee, and on the way home we'll stop in Edinburgh for a big blowout at F. & F.'s."

I experienced a premoni-

tory thrill. F. & F.'s, the smart name for Ferguson and Forrester's, was the most famous restaurant in Edinburgh.

Terence was certainly going to treat us well. Before starting off again he turned and, with a smile of approbation, handed me the paper, pointing to the centre of the page.

"Take a look, young fellow-my-lad. That'll show you what they think of you here."

IT was a conspicuous box paragraph in a section devoted entirely to the sports, giving the times of the races, the names of the runners, and the probable betting odds.

A Dark Horse for the Mile.

The general belief that the Open Mile lies between Peter Simms, last year's runner-up, and the present holder, hardy veteran Harry Purves, may be rudely shattered just after 4 p.m. today by a young stripling from the West in the person of Laurence Carroll. This ex-schoolboy, who will be seen in the Blackrock colors, was recently timed over the measured distance at the ground of the Harp F.C., and rumor hath it, much to the annoyance of his trainer, that young Carroll showed a

clean pair of heels to the record. This will not be a long shot now, but for my money it's the best thing on the card.

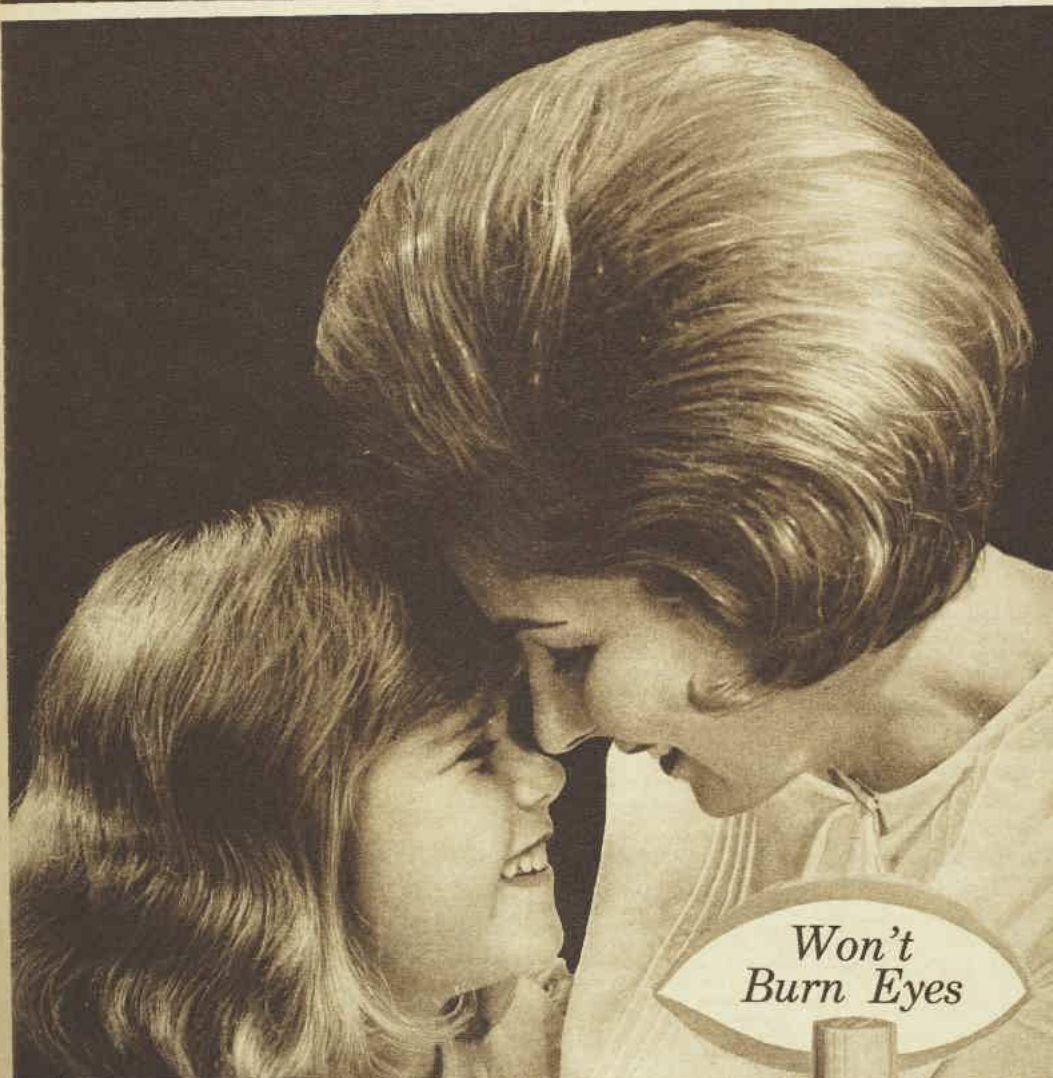
Glowing with pride, I lowered the paper. I wanted to show it to Nora, but now, bumping over a rough track, we had joined the crowd already making for the sports field, and she was leaning forward supporting herself against the handrail on the back of the front seat. I folded the paper carefully and put it in my pocket. I would show it to her later; in any case, it was something I wanted to keep.

Presently we came to the field, an expanse of flat, cropped downland stretching along the cliffs, neatly railed off, marked out with lime-wash and gay with flags, marquees, and a variety of booths that gave the place the air of a county fair. On one side was a small golf course, on the other the open sea. The situation appealed to me, and the fresh breeze blowing in from the ocean stirred my blood. I knew that I could do well here.

I jumped out of the car, and, while Miss Gilhooley and Nora went to the refreshment marquee, began to help untie the gear from the luggage

To page 58

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

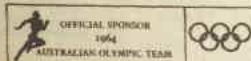


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baby your hair with Johnson's shampoo

Baby's hair... your hair... both need Johnson's gentle hair care. Johnson's, the won't-burn-eyes shampoo leaves hair soft, shining, silky and easier to manage.



Johnson-Johnson

AS I READ THE STARS

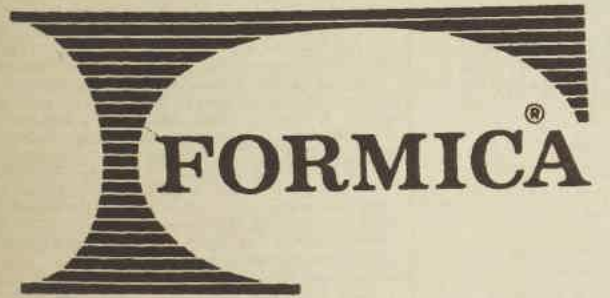
By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 7

- ARIES** (MAR. 21-APR. 20)
 - * Push your projects, but remember the 8th is adverse and you could lose your temper—and that there is a nasty confrontation of stars 12th-13th when you'll need caution in romance.
 - * Lucky number this week, 7
 - * Gambling colors, black, white.
 - * Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
- TAURUS** (APR. 21-MAY 20)
 - * Although single Tauruses may benefit romantically, married folk could find it tough, especially the 8th, 12th, and 13th, where an explosive situation could develop, requiring Taurus patience.
 - * Lucky number this week, 3.
 - * Gambling colors, grey, red.
 - * Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.
- GEMINI** (MAY 21-JUNE 21)
 - * Unwed Geminians could find it pleasant enough for romance until the 12th-13th, when influences allergic to love could menace emotional ties. Muddled judgment could cause travel accidents.
 - * Lucky number this week, 4.
 - * Gambling colors, rose, navy.
 - * Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
- CANCER** (JUNE 22-JULY 22)
 - * A domestic upheaval could be climaxed by one affecting both wedded and betrothed. Some could be betrayed by those they love, others be abruptly separated. The 12th and 13th are danger dates.
 - * Lucky number this week, 1.
 - * Gambling colors, green, lilac.
 - * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- LEO** (JULY 23-AUG. 22)
 - * This week could prove a testing time for many Leos. All departments of their love life could be affected. The 8th and the 12th-13th adverse for personal concerns, marriage, partnership.
 - * Lucky number this week, 9.
 - * Gambling colors, green, gold.
 - * Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- VIRGO** (AUG. 23-SEPT. 23)
 - * The affairs of Cupid take a turn for the better as the star of love happily transits your sign. But the end of the week could prove disruptive. Guard against car accidents.
 - * Lucky number this week, 2.
 - * Gambling colors, silver, red.
 - * Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- LIBRA** (SEPT. 24-OCT. 23)
 - * Make the most of your cycle of self-advancement and development. The 12th could see an out-of-the-blue change for many and the 13th could spell trouble in the home. Beware of accidents.
 - * Lucky number this week, 5.
 - * Gambling colors, red, black.
 - * Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
- SCORPIO** (OCT. 24-NOV. 23)
 - * A far from uneventful time could end up drastically and dramatically. The 12th-13th carry influences that could trigger off domestic upheaval. Watch out for double-dealing, stick to routine.
 - * Lucky number this week, 8.
 - * Gambling colors, tricolors.
 - * Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- SAGITTARIUS** (NOV. 23-DEC. 20)
 - * Perhaps you find yourself slowing up a little — just a shade — not as quick on the uptake. Not a kind week for love and marriage, taxing your optimism on the 8th and 12th.
 - * Lucky number this week, 4.
 - * Gambling colors, pink, blue.
 - * Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.
- CAPRICORN** (DEC. 21-JAN. 19)
 - * Possibly a friend, or friends, could intrude into the home circle and cause disturbance. It's best to travel alone this week. There could be lover's quarrels on the 8th, upsets on 12th-13th.
 - * Lucky number this week, 7.
 - * Gambling colors, violet, grey.
 - * Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- AQUARIUS** (JAN. 20-FEB. 19)
 - * Many had better get geared for delay and a lot of waiting. Saturn has back-pedalled into your sign. Those born 15th-19th February mainly affected. Unfavorable for career and marriage.
 - * Lucky number this week, 1.
 - * Gambling colors, orange, red.
 - * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- PISCES** (FEB. 20-MAR. 20)
 - * Best to keep away from friends, especially the 8th, 12th and 13th. There could be accidents and quarrels. A week when job and career are unfavorably in focus.
 - * Lucky number this week, 8.
 - * Gambling colors, brown, green.
 - * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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"How All-Bran helped clear my complexion"

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"We enjoy All-Bran for breakfast each morning"

Barbara Taylor and her husband Frank are modern, knowledgeable young people who realize that bulk is not present in many foods — for instance, meat, eggs, fish, milk and white bread contain almost none. So for breakfast each morning

they enjoy crisp, nut-sweet All-Bran with milk and sugar.

Follow the lead of this pretty young housewife

Make sure your own diet, and your family's, contains the essential bulk missing from so many foods. Start enjoying All-Bran for breakfast tomorrow . . . you'll feel all the better for it!

New confidence for Barbara

The addition of All-Bran to her diet has meant a healthier complexion and a new feeling of confidence in her appearance for Barbara. And both she and her husband are delighted that constipation can be prevented so easily and naturally, simply by eating this pleasant-tasting cereal.



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ALL-BRAN

All-Bran is a Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

ALL-BRAN... MADE BY KELLOGG'S

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 56

grid. Terence had not parked the car in the regular enclosure but behind the row where the bookmakers were putting up their stands. And now, as Donohue began to set up his board and a kind of platform made of sections that fitted together, Terence said: "Mart, don't you want a sandwich first?"

"Later," Donohue said. "You go . . . and take him."

As the principal participant in the great event of our day, this oblique and somewhat slighting reference to myself was not particularly agreeable. When I went off with Terence I said: "I daresay I should be careful what I eat. And not too much either."

"All you'll get here won't hurt you."

The truth of these words was borne out when we joined Nora and Miss Gilhooley in the long crowded bar. Miss Gilhooley had an outraged air.

"This is the giddy limit, Terry. What a low-down mob. And there seems to be nothing but sausage rolls."

"Just put up with it," Terence said, placatingly. "You'll have lobster and champagne tonight."

"Tonight's a long way off. And here's Nora, sick as a dog; she ought to have a cognac. I always say there's nothing like cognac to settle the stomach."

"Do you want a brandy, Nora?"

She shook her head. She did look sick and unutterably miserable, too.

"If I'm to have something I'd rather try some gin."

"All right." He pointed to a table in the corner of the tent. "Both of you go and sit over there."

Terry, who was extremely good at that sort of thing, managed to get two plates of assorted food and some drinks. Between us we carried them over to the table. Nora drank the gin but did not eat anything. Miss Gilhooley ate half a sandwich, then, with an air of wounded refinement, discarded the other half. I had a couple of sausage rolls, sanctioned by Terence, who finished what remained of the sandwiches, even absently consuming the half left by Miss Gilhooley.

HE then produced a round competitor's tag and handed it to me.

"That'll take you into the changing tent. I have your togs in the car. Get there in good time." He got up.

"Come along, Josey dear, we'll go out for a breath of air."

As they went off together I tied the tag to the lapel of my jacket. I was glad to be alone with Nora, anxious to discover exactly why she was so upset. Then, raising my head, I saw that Donohue had come into the marquee and was advancing toward us.

He sat down, and, glancing at me as though he wished I weren't there, said, uncomfortably: "I'm just going to start work. I thought I'd see how you were first."

I thought Nora wasn't going to answer, but after a moment she said, stiff-lipped: "Aren't you a bit late? If you do want to know, I'm feeling awful."

"Can I get you something? A gin."

"I'm sick of drinking gin. I seem to have been living on the blasted stuff. And you know I hate it."

"Now, Nora . . . pull yourself together. Things may not be as bad as all that."

"I'm glad you think so." I wanted to get away from this quarrel, but the bench

Donohue was sitting on wedged me in. I had to listen as, trying to control his temper, he said:

"Don't be a wet blanket, Nora. For heaven's sake make an effort. The party tonight will buck you up."

"I'm not going to the party," Nora said.

"What!"

"No, I'm not. I'm going to stay here in this marquee, and if I don't feel any better I'm not going back by car. I'm going to take the train home."

"What train?"

"The ten to six express. Yes, I mean it. I thought I mightn't stick it out all day, so I looked up the timetable before we left."

"You're not coming back with me?"

"No. And don't look at me like that."

"Not so long ago you were glad enough for me to look at you."

FROM THE BIBLE

● "For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile."

—I Peter 3:10.

"That's all finished now. And you are, too. Finished and done with."

Donohue was silent. Then he gave her a long hard stare.

"Well," he said. "If that's how you want it, go ahead." He stood up and pulled at my arm. "Come on, you. It's time I got you over to the secretary's office. I don't know why the hell everything falls on me. If we don't confirm your entry that'll be a washout, too."

We left Nora and went to the office, a square tent near the finishing line. Outside, Donohue paused and said, warningly: "Don't let on who brought you here."

"Why, aren't you coming in, too?"

"I've got my book to make," he said. As he was turning away he suddenly stopped. "And listen, if they ask you what your age is, you're sixteen past."

"But I'm not sixteen till the second of next month."

"You are now, you stupid young idiot, or you'll be disqualified before the race. And if that happens I'll break your damn neck."

I stared after him in angry dismay. What right had he to treat me like that? And what was all this pretence about my age?

Still indignant, I went into the tent. The secretary was a short, red-faced man wearing a Hawick tweed knickerbocker suit and a club tie. He made no disagreeable inquiries; indeed when I signed my name in the book he looked at me with interest and held out his hand.

"We want more of you sort here." He smiled, saving my damaged pride. "Good luck."

When I came out Donohue had gone to his stand. Terence and Miss Gilhooley were still not in evidence. I was almost two o'clock, and all the bookmakers had begun to call the odds. I walked slowly along the line, noting that the prices for the main event, the mile, were already chalked up on the boards.

To page 64

"I'VE
WASHED
MY HAIR
AND..

can't
do a
thing
with it"

Just-washed, fluffy,
fly-away hair is every
woman's problem

It's hard to comb, it stubbornly
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you control just-washed hair
that's 'all over the place'?
Rinse your problems away
with New TAME Creme Rinse.

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that makes hair fly. TAME
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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

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and Mrs. W. N.
Wheatley on their
choice of a site for
their home.

PLAN 508 is designed
for a particularly
beautiful site situated at
The Gap, just five and a
half miles from Brisbane.

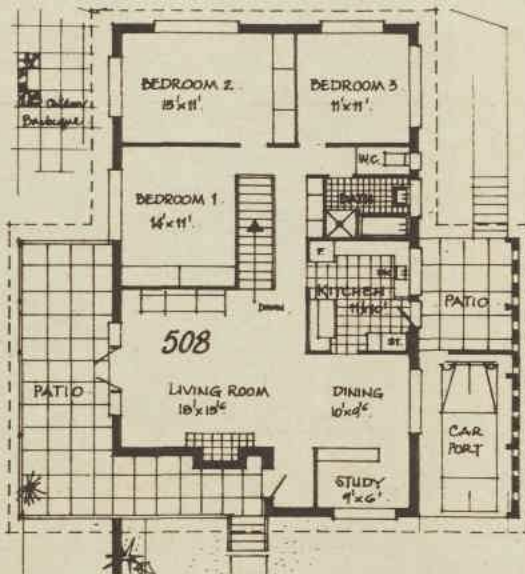
The site offers dual benefits
of being close to Brisbane,
yet, at the same time, retaining
a country atmosphere.
Ideas drawn up by Mr. and
Mrs. Wheatley to suit the
site (which slopes to the back
and with a north-east aspect
overlooking the golf course)
were taken to the Brisbane
office of our Home Planning
Centre for professional advice
and completion of plans.

The result was an ideal
house, practical in design and
conforming exactly to the
owners' wishes; allowing for
a rumpus area under the
house, yet affording easy access
to the front.

From a practical point of
view, the house offers them
complete cover at all times in
all weathers. Having two
carports — one to each level —
complete protection is ensured
in wet weather.

Groceries can be taken
from the car to the kitchen
door under cover and the
second carport gives dry access
to the house from the
rumpus-room and stairs.

Rumpus area and patio off



PLAN shows ample living areas and patios.

the living-room are sensible
areas for entertaining, set
aside from the other rooms.

The kitchen is spacious,
with an eye-level stove,
laminated board on all cup-
board doors for easy cleaning,
and vinyl tile flooring con-
tinued up under cupboards
to prevent kick marks.

There is a small break-
fast-room in the kitchen.

A tiled bathroom with sepa-
rate tiled shower and toilet is
situated adjacent to bed-
rooms, which all have sliding

doors and polished wood
wardrobes.

A brick fireplace allows for
extra warmth in winter
months; the front door is de-
signed side-on to the front
to eliminate westerly winds.

A brick exterior with tiled
roof and interior fibrous
plaster walls and ceilings
minimise upkeep and reflect
the owners' ability to find
comfort with taste on a rea-
sonable budget.

Excluding carports, the
house occupies an area of 12.2
squares in timber.

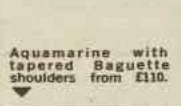
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THIS SUMMER SEE

● Sleeveless one-piece dress has a matching bare-armed coat. The coat has a narrow self-material tie at the neckline and is slit to form flying panels. Material is flowery chiffon.



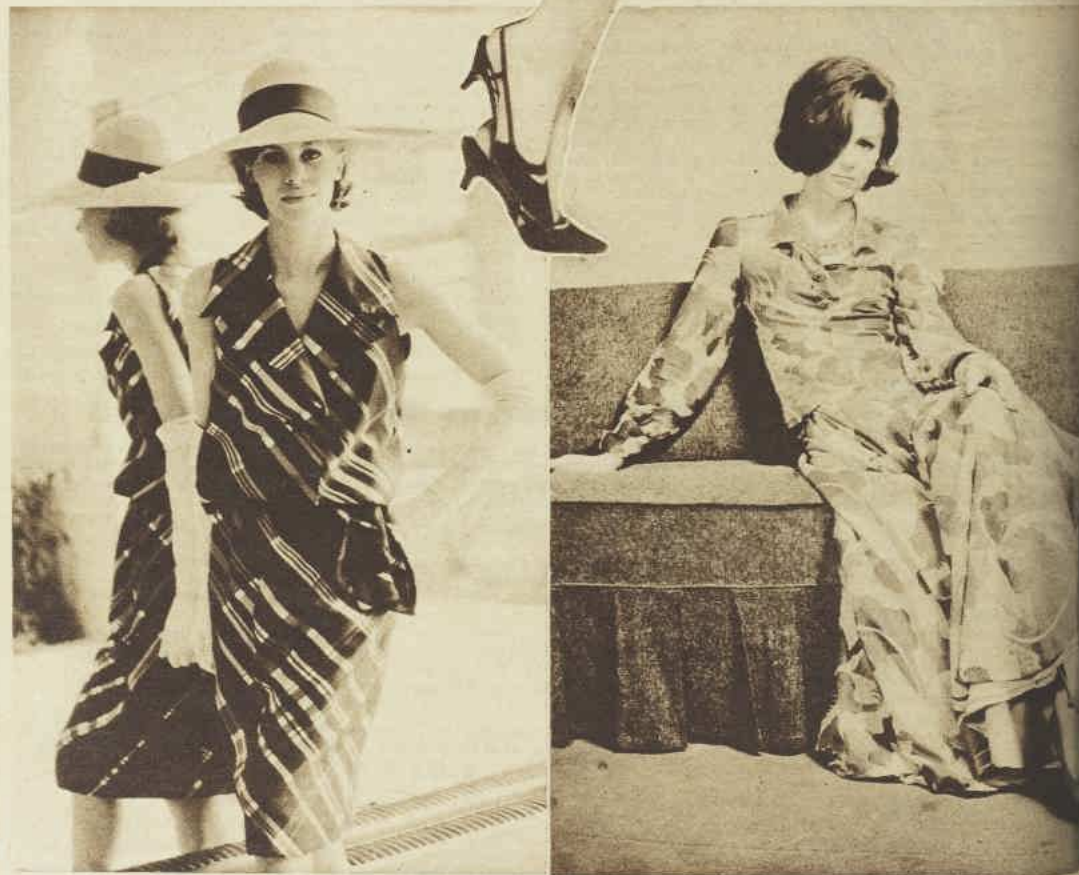
IT'S the year of the print, and a season when fabric manufacturers have whipped up every kind of design in a tangle of wonderful colors.

There is not a time of day, nor an occasion, when a print does not look summer-pretty and new all over again.

All the Paris top couturiers showed enthusiasm for flower-garden prints—some big and sprawled, some with blurred all-over patterns, others neat and precise.

Stripes are fashion's second choice, and they come in various widths and arrangements. Whatever your choice of design, remember this is the season to be the prettiest girl in print.

—Betty Keep



● Multicolored stripes on navy silk are seen in this easy-cut one-piece dress. The bloused bodice is sleeveless and has a soft tie belt. The skirt is slim. Dior design.

● Nina Ricci's exotic flower-printed chiffon pyjamas have a tailored long-sleeved top. The culotte-like trousers are designed to give the effect of a graceful skirt.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 14, 1964

Maison
type had
double to
purple.
The Austr

YOURSELF IN PRINT



● *Maison Dior's short-skirted discotheque dress, perfect for swing dancing. The halter-type bodice-top bares the shoulders and arms, and has a ruffle trim to match the double self-ruffle on the short-cut skirt. The print of the dress mixes nasturtium and purple. Note the established smooth-cut Paris coif that swings as the wearer moves.*



● *Giant flowers printed on white give a new look to the cardigan-type jacket, above, worn with a slim pink linen dress.*



● *Dress (right) in a neat, precise, flower-printed silk, worn with a sleeveless coat in tiny-check wool.*



● *Striped jersey silk is the material choice for a bellless shift (left). The design has a more shapely silhouette than last season's shift dress.*

● *Garden prints make news for summer suits. At left, below, a printed jacket and plain skirt; right, a suit in flower-printed linen.*



Dress Sense

BY BETTY KEEP

● The two-piece dress below is chosen to be made in printed silk. The dress is to wear at a formal luncheon.

THE request comes from a South Australian reader. Here is part of her letter and my reply.

"Could you please let me have a design and pattern for a cool simple outfit suitable to wear to a formal luncheon party at a city hotel? My bust is 36."

The material I have chosen is a print—a dark brown pattern on a white ground."

I suggest a two-piece dress—the design is illustrated below. The easy-fitting overblouse has a cowl-front neckline and is buttoned down the centre back. The slim skirt has a slightly gathered front and two side pockets. Above the illustration are further details.

"What would be the best thing for me to wear during a driving and camping holiday? My husband and I both hate jeans or dungarees."

A short easy-fit front-buttoned dress worn over brief matching shorts would be comfortable and, at the same time, attractive. Fabric is important: choose one of the new easy-care mixtures in a pretty print or stripe.

"Could you suggest some slimming styles for the larger figure? I am only 30, but have a 40in. bust. I would also like your opinion on fabrics and colors."

Your clothes should not be too close fitting; anything too tight is apt to make the large figure look larger. The two best fashions I know for the not-so-slim are a two-piece jumper suit with an unbelted, easy-fit top and a cardigan-type suit. The simple, easy lines of both these designs are young-looking and flattering. A small print is often recommended for the larger figure, but I consider a plain fabric in a color to flatter the wearer's eyes and hair is a better fashion bet. Avoid shiny fabrics and any fabric that clings.

"Having bought an expensive bra in my right bust measurement, I find it does not fit. Is there any way it can be altered?"

Only by a professional. You should never buy a bra without trying it on. The right bust size is definitely not sufficient guide to the correct proportional fitting.

6105.—Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6105, price 7/6 includes postage. Send orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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My self-esteem was further restored as I observed that I had been made joint favorite with Purves at evens, with Simms at two to one behind us. Indeed, at one board I was quoted at evens, with Simms and Purves both at two to one. I had now had quite enough of Donohue, I did not go near his stand, but from the crowd around him he appeared to be doing a roaring trade.

The report of a pistol shot split the air. The first event had begun. Pressing forward to the rails, I saw that it was the first heat of the hundred yards. Almost at once the second heat came up. I wanted to go to Nora, she was terribly on my mind, intermingled confusedly with a number of other worries that had begun to trouble me. Yet I felt that she wanted to be left alone and that

Continued from page 58

any interference on my part would only make things worse.

A strange passivity had come over me, an indefinable impression that I had been caught up by circumstances in which I could do nothing but submit. I remained at the rails and continued to watch the races.

As time went on and one event succeeded another, my nerves tightened. Restlessly, I moved my feet, and bent my knees, restoring elasticity to my legs. My moment of truth was approaching, I must not be late. Edging out of the crowd, I retrieved the Gladstone bag containing my togs from the car, then walked along the bookmakers' row to the changing tent, encouraged by

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

the fact that I was permanently installed as favorite at evens.

More people than ever were gathered round Donohue now, hands reaching out, clamoring to place their bets. Curiosity alone caused me to glance at his board. I could not believe it. With a painful shock I saw that, chalked up in plain figures, he was giving odds of five to one against me. Even as I went by he rubbed out the five and made it six. At that, the crowd around his board increased.

I entered the tent in a state of absolute incomprehension. The thing was meaningless. Had Donohue gone out of his mind? From the outset every step taken had been premised on the certainty that I

would win, and now, if I did, he would pay out six times what he took in. Suddenly, as I stood in a maze of mystification, a hearty grip brought me to myself. A lean, elderly man, bald as a coot, with a thin, weather-beaten face, wearing a red and blue striped jersey and old washed-out tight trunks that clung like a second skin to his sinewy legs, was shaking me by the hand.

"I'm Purves," He grinned, nodding toward the bench at the back of the tent. "And that's Simms. I hear you're going to knock the stuffing out of us old timers."

Simms, in the process of stripping, and practically naked, came forward. He was a much younger

man than Purves, about twenty-six or seven, solidly built, with short, muscular limbs and a thick chest covered with a mass of matted black hair. He did not look particularly dangerous, he was altogether too heavy. As for Purves, why the thing was ridiculous; he was virtually an old man.

"Well, good luck, youngster," Simms was saying good-naturedly. "May the best man win and the devil take the hindmost."

"Better get shifted, lad," said Purves. "The bell will be going soon."

I began to change. Some others were on the benches pulling on singlets or lacing up running shoes. A lanky youth, addressed as Chuck, whom I guessed to be about seventeen, was the only one near my own age. Most of my rivals seemed on intimate terms and, from their jocular references to past events, regular competitors at all the Border meetings. Beyond that I scarcely noticed them.

Out of the turmoil in my mind one clear certainty had emerged. Whatever trickery Donohue was up to would be scotched if I won the race. I took a long deep breath. I had come to win, I had promised to win, and by heaven I would win!

The clanging of a bell summoned us from the tent. When we filed out I counted the runners: we were eight altogether. Outside, we drew lots from a hat for positions. My slip, number 4, was at least moderately good. Then we came through a narrow opening in the railings into the arena. Hitherto I had not realised the full size of the crowd; now, with intimidating force, it struck me as enormous: a great massed ring of watching faces. But strangely, that ring receded as we lined up on the curved white starting-line. Leaning slightly forward, my eardrums tense for the starter's pistol, I was conscious only of the sun shining on the grassy track stretching in a wide oval before me, and of the fact that three circuits made the mile.

CRACK! I was off with the shot, sprinting across to the inside of the track and, as I had intended, taking the lead from the start. The rapid pad of footsteps behind did not disturb me. I was ahead and meant to stay there. Moving freely in the cool, fresh air, I felt I could go on like this for ever. How quickly the first circuit was completed. And now, as from a distance, but deliciously, in a foretaste of triumph, I began to hear my name shouted and repeated.

I was half-way round on the second lap when a runner, neither Simms nor Purves, but an unknown and unfavored contestant, unexpectedly thrust past me by a good three yards. Impossible to submit to such an insult. To the accompaniment of further wildly excited shouts I spurred hard, and with a burst of speed left him again behind.

But now the air was suddenly less cool and the movements of my limbs scarcely so elegant or easy. Nevertheless, the second circuit was achieved, I was still ahead, and only the final lap remained. Head up, heart pumping, I pounded on, conscious that I was flagging but praying that I could hold my lead. Alas, that prayer produced no answer from the celestial powers to whom it was addressed.

I was no more than half-way round when, with a tremendous rush, Purves shot past me, his leathery legs going like pistons, elbows flailing the air. Slogging along closely behind him came Simms and two others. I tried, but could not match this mass assault. My own legs, if indeed they now belonged to me, for they were entirely without feeling, would not respond. My lungs were bursting, my L-coat choked and raw. I knew that I was done. My name, no longer shouted, sunk in obloquy, was lost in the roar, dimly heard through the red haze that swam before me, of "Purves, Daddy Purves!"

Still going, but blindly now, I had the vague consciousness of

To page 65



CRUSTI

illustrated above

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

more shadowy forms gliding past me. As I staggered across the broken tape, only a single runner, one lone laggard, the youth called Chuck, was behind me. I had finished second last.

Mercifully the changing tent was near. Beat to the world, humiliated to the verge of tears, I tottered into it and hid myself. As I sat, bowed, with heaving chest, on the bench, Daddy Purves tried to console me.

"The mile's not your distance, boy. You'd have done well in the half. But never mind, you've years ahead of you."

I felt his kindness, but could not respond to it. What a fool I had been. Terence, too, to imagine that at my age, untrained, out of condition, I could compete with men, experienced runners, who did the Border Circuit, who were in a sense professionals. At last I pulled myself up, got into my clothes, flung my sodden togs into the bag and went outside.

Immediately, I ran into Terence. He had been waiting for me and before I could utter one word of abject apology he took me by the lapel of my jacket.

"What a time you've been!" he exclaimed, urgently, and before I could speak went on: "Now, listen, Laurence. You're not to come near Donohue or any of us. Don't come to the car. Not on any account."

"Why not?" I faltered. "Because I didn't win?"

HE hesitated, looked about him, and lowered his voice. "No, you idiot! As a matter of fact, there's been a spot of trouble over the bets. And it's much safer for you to keep out of it. It's all that damned Donohue's fault. What I thought was just going to be a lark has turned nasty. So what you'll do is this . . . you'll walk quietly into the town now and wait for us at the Archway. Remember where we came into the town?"

"Yes."
"Right, then. We'll pick you up there with the car in less than an hour. Here's a pound note if you want to have a snack or anything while you're waiting."

"I'm sorry I lost, Terry." Anguished, I managed to get it out at last.

He stared at me in a curious manner then, without a word, swung round and hurried off.

For a moment I stood watching him disappear in the crowd, then, with bent head, carrying the Gladstone bag, I slunk out of the ground by the golf course exit and started to trudge along the field road toward the town.

The road ahead, to my relief, was almost clear. Since the sports did not finish until five o'clock and the time now was not more than half-past four, only a few spectators had begun to leave the ground. Dead tired, I walked slowly, so sunk in my own gloom that at first I had no consciousness of the figure, walking with equal languor, not far ahead of me.

But suddenly, I saw who it was and, hurrying forward, called out: "Nora!"

"It's you!" She had turned, surprised. "Have you left the others?" I nodded miserably.

Terence told me to keep away from them. I'm to meet them at the Archway in the town."

"Why to keep away from them?" "They're having trouble over my bet."

She considered me palely, but with compressed lips.

"Did you win the race?"

"No, I didn't, Nora. I was practically last. They were all men far older than I. I didn't have a chance, in spite of all it said in the paper."

"What paper?"

We were now moving along the road together. I took the "Berwick Advertiser" from my pocket, unfolded it and showed her the box paragraph.

She read it, looked at me, read it again, then stared straight ahead. Under her breath she murmured something with such anguished bit-

terness, I felt relieved not to hear it. After that she was silent for a moment, then she seemed to draw herself together.

"My poor Laurence. You're not going to meet them at the Archway. You're coming home in the train with me."

This was an unexpected, brightening prospect.

"But won't they . . . keep on waiting for me?"

"They won't. Don't worry about them, for they aren't worrying about us."

"When is the train, Nora?"

"Ten minutes to six."

"Won't we have to change at Edinburgh?"

"No. Luckily, it's a through ex-

press. Before we leave we'll have time to get you something to eat."

"You, too, Nora." When she did not answer, I added anxiously: "Are you still sick?"

"I'm not altogether at the top of my form, dear Laurie. But I'm doing my best to get over it." She moistened her lips and made a fair attempt at a smile. "We've both been messed about a bit lately, but if we stick together we'll come out of it all right."

Taking it very slowly, for Nora apparently did not wish to hurry, nor for that matter did I, we reached the town. I had thought that all of Berwick had gone to the sports, but here the streets were

To page 77

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



tempt with your lips, your fingertips

(AND YOU NEEDN'T SAY A WORD!)

Not one! Now you're tempting — *without words*. And isn't it nice to be *subtly* inviting? Cutex *tempt* colours on your lips say a million things. And if only fingertips could speak! They'd burst with sweet nothings, too. This is how *he* feels about the new Cutex *tempt* colours . . . he can't resist them! Can you?

NEW *tempt* COLOURS BY
CUTEX

The world's best selling nail polish

tempt Peach, *tempt* Tangerine Lipsticks — 5/6, 6/11
Pearl Polish — 6/9, Creme Polish — 3/9
Also *tempt* Pink, *tempt* Apricot in Creme Polish



Sail through Summer



KELVINATOR 2-DOOR FOODARAMA with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. And for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. A special fan — that only Kelvinator has — circulates sub-zero air so frost can't remain. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — even on frozen food packages! *It's the fan that makes the difference.* Look for it in the deep freeze compartment!

Below, there's a big, family-size refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens up a whole new world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration. (Look smart and glamorous, too!)

Choose from 3 spectacular models — MODEL 694 (above) 14 cu. ft. — 315 gns.
MODEL 693 — 14 cu. ft. similar in all respects, but with Cyclic Fully Automatic Defrost — 299 gns.
MODEL 493 — 12 cu. ft. with Cyclic Automatic Defrost — 269 gns.
other Kelvinator models from only 129 guineas. Note: All prices quoted are slightly higher in some areas.

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new with a new Kelvinator

Summertime is *always* Kelvinator time.

But *this* summer that's truer than ever. We're celebrating 50 years as leaders in design and engineering. And we're doing it by offering you these new exciting 2-door models — *both years ahead in refrigeration.*

Just look at them!

Better still, look into them at your nearest Kelvinator retailer's store. He's celebrating this 50th Anniversary by giving you a trade-in that tops 'em all! Makes owning a Kelvinator easier than ever! Come on! Set your course for your Kelvinator retailers and sail through summer with a new Kelvinator!



FABULOUS FOODARAMA AT ITS BIGGEST AND BEST

You're looking at the greatest advance in refrigeration! This 15 cu. ft. Kelvinator Foodarama is Australia's only refrigerator-freezer combination with two separate upright doors to give the fastest, finest freezing and refrigeration in the one cabinet. The giant deep freeze has 5 cubic feet capacity. And there's exclusive 'NO FROST' system — an amazing Kelvinator development that uses a fan to circulate air so there's no frost ever on walls, shelves or even frozen food packages in either the freezer or refrigerator sections.

Price 359 gns. Just 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, 59" high.

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ORANGES ADD COLOR AND FINE FLAVOR

● Oranges give a fresh, delicious flavor and beautiful color to many dishes — main-course meats, desserts, and drinks are some of them. All the recipes in this four-page feature are enhanced with the flavor of oranges, and there's a recipe for any occasion.



ORANGE CHEESECAKE and Double-Delight Pie are two luscious desserts with a fresh orange flavor. The recipes are below.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

ORANGE desserts are well-known favorites, but have you tried the flavor of oranges in meat dishes? It teams specially well with white meats, as shown by the recipes for pork, chicken, and veal dishes with oranges given in this feature.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all recipes.

DOUBLE-DELIGHT PIE

One 9in. baked pastry-case.
First Filling: One cup milk, 1 dessertspoon custard powder, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar.
 Heat milk in saucepan, add cornflour and custard powder, which has been blended smoothly with water. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens; cool. Cream butter with castor sugar until smooth, beat in cooled custard, quickly spread over base of baked pastry-case; chill.
Second Filling: One cup water, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon custard powder, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped sweetened cream, grated rind of 1 orange, quartered orange sections.

Combine water, orange juice, and sugar, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Blend cornflour and custard powder with extra water, stir into mixture, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add butter, allow to melt. Cool slightly, then spoon over custard in pie-case. Return to refrigerator, chill well. Just before serving, spoon whipped cream on top of pie, decorate with orange sections, and sprinkle with grated orange rind.

ORANGE CHEESECAKE

Two ounces gelatine, 3 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, grated rind of 1 orange, 3 egg-whites, prepared crumb-crust, orange glaze (see next column), orange slices.
 Soften gelatine in cold water. Add boiling water, stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Rub cottage cheese through fine sieve, beat it gradually with sugar, orange juice, and grated orange rind. Add dissolved gelatine, beat thoroughly.

Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, turn mixture into crumb-crust, chill in refrigerator until set. Decorate with orange glaze and orange slices.

Orange Glaze: One cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.

Bring sugar and orange juice to boil. Stir in cornflour, which has been blended with the water. Allow to cook 1 minute, stirring constantly, until glaze is clear. Allow to cool slightly. Cover top of pie carefully, serve well chilled.

Crumb-crust: Half pound semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, 3 to 4oz. melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.

Place biscuit crumbs and nutmeg in basin, mix with melted butter or substitute. Press over base and sides of an 8in. spring-form pan; chill.

CITRUS BOWL

Six large oranges, 2 grapefruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Grand Marnier or Cointreau, fresh mint sprays.

Peel fruit, removing pith and membranes, slice into rounds. Place in glass dish, sprinkle with sugar. Pour over liqueur, cover tightly and leave several hours. Serve as dessert, very well chilled, and decorated with sprays of fresh mint.

Continued on page 71

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CONTINUING . . .

Oranges add color and fine flavor

ORANGE PORK CHOPS: This is a simple way to add extra flavor and color to a favorite dish. The recipe is below.

CHICKEN IN ORANGE-ALMOND SAUCE

One 3lb. chicken (cut into serving-sized pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch cinnamon, pinch ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup slivered blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, 1 cup orange sections, hot fluffy rice.

Heat butter or substitute in large frying-pan. Brown chicken pieces lightly, remove. Mix flour, salt, cinnamon, and ginger, blend into pan drippings to make smooth paste; add orange juice. Cook, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Return chicken pieces to pan with almonds and raisins. Cover; cook over low heat approximately 45 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add orange sections; heat through. Arrange chicken on bed of hot fluffy rice and pour sauce over.

ORANGE PORK CHOPS

Six pork chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon finely grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 extra teaspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water or extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice.

Mix together salt and flour; coat chops in this mixture, then brown in heated oil. Pour off all fat; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice to chops, cook slowly 30 minutes. Remove chops from pan, keep hot.

Mix together orange rind, sugar, teaspoon flour, water or extra orange juice; blend until smooth. Stir into pan in which chops were cooked. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Pour over chops, serve at once.

BAKED WHOLE ORANGES

Six large oranges, water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Wash oranges, place in large saucepan, cover with water; bring to the boil and boil gently 30 minutes; drain. When cool enough to handle, cut thin slice off stem end of each, remove core. Place oranges in baking-dish, fill dish 2-3rds full of water.

Combine butter and sugar, divide over oranges, spooning mixture into top of each. Cover baking-dish, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until peel is tender.

These are an unusual and deliciously flavored accompaniment to roast pork or ham. They can be baked in oven at the same time as the meat.

CHICKEN WITH ORANGES

One roasting chicken, bouquet garni, 2 large oranges, 2oz. butter, 2 onions, salt and pepper, 4oz. red wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 1 red pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons arrowroot, paprika, chopped parsley.

Quarter one of the oranges, put inside chicken with the bouquet garni. Rub half the butter over chicken, put in casserole. Fry onions in remaining butter, add to casserole with salt and pepper. Heat the wine in small saucepan, ignite, and pour over chicken. Add stock, cook (uncovered) in moderate oven about 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting every 15 minutes. Slice remaining orange, shred the pepper. Put into saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to boil, and drain. Add these to casserole after 30 minutes of cooking. When chicken is tender, transfer to serving-dish and carve. Reduce gravy slightly over high heat, thicken with the arrowroot, which has been mixed to a paste with little cold water. Add pinch paprika, pour over chicken. Dust with chopped parsley and serve.

WONDERFUL ORANGE-RICE PUDDING

Two pints milk, rind of 1 large orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cream, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, cinnamon-sugar mixture, extra whipped cream, glace cherries.

Scald milk. Peel the orange like an apple; keep rind in one piece, if possible. Add rind to scalded milk with sugar, rice, and salt. Cook, covered, in top of double saucepan until rice is tender (about 45 minutes); stir occasionally during first part of cooking. Remove orange rind.

Mix cream and beaten egg-yolks together; stir in small amount of hot rice mixture. Return all to saucepan, mix well together; continue cooking, covered, until mixture thickens (about 20 minutes), stirring occasionally. Stir in vanilla; cool. Pour into individual serving-glasses; chill, if desired. Just before serving, sprinkle over cinnamon-sugar mixture (mix 3 tablespoons sugar with $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon), top with whipped cream. Use glace cherry for garnish.

ESCALOPES OF VEAL WITH ORANGE

Four escalopes of veal, 2oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 oranges, 1 dessertspoon dry sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, salt and pepper.

Pound escalopes until thin, saute quickly in the heated butter until golden brown. Remove from pan; stir in the flour, then grated rind and strained juice of 1 orange with the sherry and stock. Bring to the boil, replace the escalopes, season, and cover; simmer gently 10 minutes. Meanwhile, peel remaining orange, removing pith, and slice flesh thinly into rounds. Place the escalopes on serving-dish. Reduce sauce a little if desired, spoon over, and arrange orange slices around. Serve immediately.



PORK WITH ORANGES

One loin of pork, salt and pepper, 1 small onion (diced), $\frac{1}{2}$ orange (peeled and divided into segments), 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, glazed orange slices.

Remove rind from pork, rub surface of meat with salt and pepper. Put into baking-dish, surround with orange segments and onion. Combine orange juice, honey, and vinegar, pour over pork. Roast in moderate oven, basting frequently with pan juices. Arrange loin on heated serving-dish. Skim fat from pan, strain juices into sauce boat. Surround pork with glazed orange slices, serve with the orange sauce.

Glazed Orange Slices: Two oranges, melted butter, brown sugar.

Slice oranges (without peeling), dip slices in melted butter. Sprinkle with brown sugar, bake in hot oven until sugar is melted.

LAMB'S FRY WITH ORANGES

One lamb's fry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, salt, pepper and cayenne, pinch dry mustard, 1oz. butter, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 1 large orange, extra butter, sugar, fluffy cooked rice.

Remove skin from liver; cut liver into thin slices. Combine flour and seasonings, dust liver slices lightly. Heat half the butter in frying-pan, brown liver quickly on both sides; remove and keep warm. Add remaining butter to pan, add onion and garlic, cook until soft and brown. Pour over wine, orange juice, and stock, simmer 1 minute; arrange liver on serving-dish, pour sauce over, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Cut unpeeled orange into slices, brown these in little extra butter, sprinkling with sugar. Garnish the dish with these slices, serve with fluffy cooked rice.

ORANGE NUT RICE

One pound freshly cooked hot rice, 2 medium-sized onions, 1oz. butter, 2oz. cashew nuts, salt and pepper, 2 large navel oranges, castor sugar, 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped chives.

Slice onions, fry until lightly colored in half the butter, adding the split cashews when onions are half-cooked. Season well with salt and pepper. Turn rice into bowl, stir in onion mixture with fork; cover and keep hot. Peel and slice the oranges, fry in remaining butter until golden brown, dusting with castor sugar. Pile rice on serving-dish, surround with orange slices and quartered eggs; scatter over the chopped chives. Serve as accompaniment to roast chicken.

FRESH ORANGE CUSTARD

Two large oranges, 4 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 3 teaspoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon water, 3 eggs, pinch salt.

Wash oranges, grate rind from each. Combine grated rind, milk, and sugar in saucepan, bring slowly just to scalding point. Blend cornflour with water, add gradually to milk and sugar, stirring. Beat egg-yolks with salt. Add to milk mixture gradually, cook until thick, stirring constantly. Peel oranges, cut into bite-size pieces. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into custard mixture. Pour custard over orange pieces. Chill before serving.

Continued overleaf



Continuing . . .

Oranges add color and flavor

FRESH ORANGE JELLY

One pint fresh orange juice, rind of 1 orange, rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 3oz. sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine.

Strain orange juice and set aside. Put orange and lemon rinds and lemon juice into saucepan with half the water and the sugar. Cook over low heat 10 minutes. Add remaining water to gelatine, soak 5 to 10 minutes. Add this to pan, stir until dissolved; strain and cool. Then add orange juice and taste — a little more sugar may be needed. Pour into glass dish, allow to set.

ORANGE-LEMON TEA FLOAT

One orange, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 4 cups freshly made strong tea, ice cubes, vanilla ice-cream.

Slice unpeeled orange thinly, remove seeds. Place in bowl with sugar, press (with wooden spoon or potato masher) until orange slices are limp and juice and oils from rind are extracted. Pour in lemon juice and hot tea; cover, allow to cool. Strain and chill.

To serve, place ice cube in each glass, fill about 2-3rds full with orange tea, top with ice-cream.

SUN-DRENCHED SPONGE CAKE

Four egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 4 egg-yolks, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Beat egg-whites in clean dry basin until stiff but not dry. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, continue beating until soft peak forms; set aside. In another basin beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in remaining sugar until smooth. Gently fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice and rind. Using an under-and-over motion, gently fold egg-yolk mixture into egg-whites until just blended. Pour into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool a few minutes in tins before turning out to cake-cooler. Cool; sandwich together with whipped cream.

TANGY ORANGE SOUFFLE

Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 1 cup orange juice, 3 eggs (separated), 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon orange rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Melt butter or substitute in top of double saucepan over boiling water. Blend in sifted flour and salt; slowly add orange juice. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; cool. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored; add sugar and pour over orange mixture. Add lemon juice and orange rind; fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased souffle-dish. Place in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until firm. Serve with whipped sweetened cream.

ST. CLEMENT'S PUNCH

Juice of 6 lemons, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 handful crushed mint, 1 quart boiling water, 1 cup orange juice, 2 bottles lemonade, crushed ice, orange and lemon slices.

Pour boiling water over lemon juice, mint, and sugar; allow to cool. Add orange juice, and just before serving add lemonade. Serve with crushed ice, decorate with orange and lemon slices. Serves 20.

PRIZE RECIPE

A RECIPE for crisp, crackling pork pieces served with sweet-and-sour sauce wins a prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest.

MALAYAN SWEET-AND-SOUR PORK

One and half pounds pork fillets (cut into 1in. cubes), seasoned flour, 3 tomatoes (cut into quarters), 1 sliced green pepper, 2 cucumbers (cut into quarters lengthwise, seed portion removed, then cut into 1in. pieces), 2 large onions (cut into quarters), 6 shallots (cut into 1in. pieces), oil for frying.

Marinade: Half teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 2 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons cornflour.

Sweet-and-Sour Sauce: One teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sesame oil (or other oil), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 10 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli sauce, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons water.

Mix all marinade ingredients well together in large basin, place pork pieces in it; marinate for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, heat oil in large saucepan, fry onion until tender but not browned. Add tomatoes, green pepper, cucumbers, and shallots; cook 2 minutes. Combine all the sauce ingredients, add to the vegetables; stir until thickened. Remove pork from marinade, toss in seasoned flour, fry in deep hot oil until golden brown. Serve pork and sweet-and-sour sauce in separate dishes.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Tordy, 23 Fifth Avenue (off Bukit Timah Road), Singapore.

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ORANGE RING CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 3 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice.

Cream butter, sugar, and orange rind until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add half the sifted flour with the milk and remaining flour with orange juice; mix well. Spoon mixture into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. When cool, ice with orange icing, decorate with orange sections and glace cherries.

Icing: One dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons orange juice, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar, orange sections, glace cherries.

Place butter or substitute and orange juice in saucepan and heat until butter is melted. Remove from heat, add icing-sugar. Beat well and spread on cake.

ORANGE-DATE SPONGE PUDDING

One and half dessertspoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream together butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, orange rind, and juice; blend thoroughly. Mix in flour, milk, and chopped dates. Beat egg-whites until they hold stiff peaks (do not over-beat), fold into butter and sugar mixture. Pour mixture into well-greased, lightly floured 9-inch square baking-tin. Set in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Spoon into serving glasses; serve warm.

CITRUS PARTY PUNCH

One pint freshly brewed tea, 1 quart cold water, 1 cup fresh lemon juice, 1 pint fresh orange juice, 3 cups pineapple juice, 1 pint chilled ginger ale, 1 cup sugar syrup (made by boiling briefly 1 cup sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water).

Allow tea to cool to room temperature, pour into punchbowl. Add remaining ingredients except the ginger ale and sugar syrup. Just before serving, add crushed ice, pour in ginger ale, and sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Makes 30 cups.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPES

BELOW is a low-calorie oven meal which the whole family, or your guests, can enjoy. Paprika Chicken, with a helping of the colorful vegetable-rice casserole, totals only 345 calories.

PAPRIKA CHICKEN

One 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chicken, 1 teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

Wipe chicken, cut into joints. Pack into buttered ovenproof dish, sprinkle over the combined seasonings. Bake in hot oven 35 minutes, then turn pieces and cook further 10 to 15 minutes or until tender. Serve immediately.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 225.

CARROT AND RICE CASSEROLE

Half cup raw rice, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups thinly sliced carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small onion (grated), 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Place rice in shallow dish, cook in hot oven until lightly browned (about 10 minutes). Place browned rice in shallow, lightly buttered casserole. Mix in carrots, ginger, orange rind, parsley, onion. Dissolve chicken cubes in boiling water, add butter, stir until melted. Pour over rice, cover, and bake about 25 minutes in moderate oven.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 120.

ALMOND ORANGE SLICE

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups ground almonds, extra 5oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into basin, add sugar. Rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Beat egg with vanilla, stir into flour mixture until it forms stiff dough. Roll out half the dough, line greased lamington-tin. Combine almonds, extra sugar, orange rind and juice, and lemon juice; mix well. Spread over dough. Roll out remaining dough, place over filling.

Trim edges, prick the top. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Ice immediately.

Icing: One and a half cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons orange juice.

Sift icing-sugar into basin, add orange rind, mix to smooth paste with orange juice.

ORANGE TODDY

Four cups orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 6in. stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 dessertspoon orange rind (grated), orange slices.

Combine all ingredients except orange slices in saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer gently 5 minutes; strain. Serve hot with orange slices floating on top.



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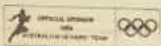


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Page 76

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 14, 1980

swarming with people, many of whom appeared to have come in from the surrounding country, and in an open space near the central square a sort of fair, with roundabouts, had been set up.

"It's fearfully busy," Nora said. "It must be some kind of holiday."

Looking around for a place where we could have a meal, she stopped outside a small restaurant with a bill in the window marked: "Tweed Salmon, Boiled or Grilled, 1/6 the cut."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Very much," I said. "Especially grilled." I had not tasted salmon since the days of those affluent lunches, now seemingly so distant, with Miss Greville.

We went inside. It was a simple eating house, steamy from the kitchen, and so full that we had difficulty in finding places. Nora ordered salmon for me and a pot of tea for herself.

"Eat something, Nora," I begged her. "Please do."

She simply shook her head.

WHILE we were waiting to be served, I said: "I still can't understand why Terence said they were in trouble."

"Laurence, dear," she said. "We won't go into it now. It was simply a dirty little trick to make some dirty money. They knew all along you had no chance of winning. But don't blame Terence too much—he's soft and selfish, but he's not a bad sort at heart. It was just fun for him. Donohue's the one who's to blame. He thought it all out." Her voice hardened. "I hope he gets well beaten by the crowd. But he won't. He'll get away with it as usual."

My salmon came at last. Served with a dish of potatoes boiled in their jackets, and slapped down before me by a man in his shirtsleeves, it was a noble cut from as good a fish that ever came out of the Tweed. I suddenly discovered that I was starving, and for a brief but active interlude my troubles receded. Only when I had practically finished did I observe that Nora had pushed her tea away untasted.

"It's so hot in here," she said, by way of excuse. "I think I'll go and wash."

While she was away I asked the man for the bill. This came to 2/9, and I paid it with the note Terence had given me, adding a threepenny tip from the change.

We started up the main street for the railway station. Unfortunately, this was situated at the summit of the incline on which the town was built. Although she made no remark, I could feel that Nora did not like the climb. But presently we arrived and found the booking office open.

Nora took out her purse and asked for two third-class singles for Winton.

"Thirty-two and ninepence, please. You want them dated for Monday? The early train leaves at seven-fifteen a.m."

"Monday!" Nora exclaimed. "We're going by the ten to six train tonight."

"There's no ten to six tonight."

Continued from page 65

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"But there is," Nora protested. "I looked it up specially in the timetable."

Silently he produced another timetable, leaned forward and, removing the pencil from behind his ear, pointed to the page.

"You see that little star, Miss. Except Sundays and bank holidays. And today, Fair Saturday, is the biggest bank holiday of the lot."

"Surely there's another train?"

"Nothing, Miss. And nothing to-morrow, either." Detaching himself from us completely, he began to add up figures on a pad.

Nora supported herself against the wall. I thought she was going to faint. An icy shiver contracted my skin.

"Nora, we'll have to hurry back to the Archway. Terence might still be waiting there."

"No," she said hopelessly. "They're sure to have gone."

"We must try. We must."

The Archway was not far from the station. We were soon there, and for nearly an hour we stood waiting, straining our eyes for the red car, never speaking a word, elbowed by the passing crowds, while the holiday traffic of the main street rolled and rattled past. Now it was almost dark.

"It's no use," Nora spoke at last in a beaten voice. "They probably had to run for it, and they have."

"Then what are we to do?" I said desperately. "Can we hire a

car to Edinburgh? And take a train from there."

"Even if we could I couldn't stand the journey." All at once she broke down and began to cry. "Laurence, I've kept up all day feeling like death, but I can't, I can't go on any longer. I've got such a bad stitch in my side if I don't lie down soon I'll drop. We must find some place to stay the night."

The hotel in the main square behind the fairground, despite Terry's slighting comment, had seemed altogether reputable. I took Nora by the arm—she now seemed incapable of voluntary movement—and brought her down the street to the square. The hotel had a sign: the Berwick Cockle. Streams of boisterous country folk were moving

in and out, yet I managed to steer Nora through the crush into the red-carpeted hall. After the street, it seemed a blessed sanctuary. But the man in the little glass office scarcely looked at us. The hotel was full, he said, full to the doors, they had been turning people away all day.

We went out. Across the square was a much smaller inn, the Masons' Arms. Leaving Nora outside, with instructions not to move, I squeezed my way into the crowded, smoke-filled lobby. It was packed with groups of men standing with glasses in their hands, laughing and talking at the pitch of their lungs. No one took the least notice of me.

I spoke to several men, asking for the office, before one pointed with his pipe to a plump, yellow-haired

To page 78



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Page 77

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

woman in a black dress who, from her general air of sociability, I had assumed to be part of this convivial gathering. I pushed my way toward her and with some difficulty succeeded in catching her eye. She had a red, amiable face that encouraged me. But my heart sank as she shook her head.

"You'll not find a room in Berwick tonight, lad. You might try Spittal, across the river," she said, doubtfully. "There's a pub there, just over the bridge, called the Drovers' Rest. They might give you a bed."

"How do I get there?"
"Turn second on the right. Down Cooper's Alley. It's just over the old bridge."

Outside again, I took Nora's arm. She was silent, unresistant, almost lost, hand still pressed against her side. The town was now in a ferment, crowds milling in the square, the fair in full swing, music from the roundabouts splitting the night air. Twice I took the wrong turning and had to get back to the main street, but in the end I found Cooper's Alley.

And there at the foot of the hill was the river, dark and smooth, rushing out with the tide. We crossed a narrow humpbacked bridge and came to Spittal village and to the Drovers' Rest. It was an old brick building, poorly lit and with few signs of accommodation. With nothing to distinguish it from

an ordinary public house, it did not give me much hope. Inside we were faced with a narrow stone passage that led to the bar. The sounds of voices, raised in discussion, emerged. I did not want to take Nora there.

On the right was a door marked Private. I knocked, and presently an old man appeared.

"We've been to the sports and missed our train home. Please give my cousin a room. She's not feeling well. I'll sleep anywhere you like," I said.

While, with palpitating heart, I held out the Gladstone bag conspicuously as evidence of our respectability, he examined us over his spectacles. He glanced from one to the other of us, and I knew in

my bones that he was about to refuse.

Just then a woman came out of the bar. She was about thirty, plainly dressed in a blouse and skirt, carrying an empty tray under her arm. She had a decent, competent look.

"What's the rub, Father?" she asked.

"This pair want a room."
"What!" she exclaimed, shocked. "Together?"

"No, ma'am," I burst out. "Only for my cousin. I'll walk about outside if you like."

There was a silence.
"Ye say you've been to the sports," the old man said.

"Yes, sir." To authenticate the fact I martyred myself. "Harry Purves won the mile."

The woman had been looking at Nora, then at me.

"They're all right, Father," she said suddenly. "She can have Number 3, and the boy'll shake down in the boxroom. But no tricks, mind you, or I'll throw you both out myself."

My chest heaved, I gave a great gasp of relief. Before I could thank her she had gone back into the bar. The old man shuffled into the room and brought out a key.

We followed him upstairs, where he opened the door of a small single room. It was a poor room, sparsely furnished, with faded wallpaper, and a cracked ewer, but the floorboards were scrubbed and the bed linen fresh and clean. Altogether my survey assured me, with relief and pride, that in our extremity I had done well for Nora.

"You'll sleep well here," I said, forced to keep my tone impersonal. "And be all right in the morning."

"Oh, yes, thank you, Laurie." She managed a faint, pale smile. "Just to be able to lie down and rest."

"Don't you want to leave that with her?" The old man was eyeing the bag, which I still clutched in a permanent spasm.

"Yes, of course," I agreed hurriedly, though it was no use to either of us.

I wanted to say more to Nora, beyond everything I longed to kiss those soft blanched lips, gently, with all the tenderness of my loving heart. But the old man still had his eye on us, though now with less suspicion. I simply said good-night, and went out of the room with him. As we moved along the passage, I heard the closing of her door.

MY futile exertions in that disastrous race and the struggle to find a lodging had left me almost dead with fatigue. The mattress on which I lay, on the floor of the boxroom, was not uncomfortable. Yet I couldn't sleep. Round and round, inextricably tangled, the events of this most unnatural day kept spinning inside my head. What a fool I had been, what a soft mark, so easily, so willingly duped, flattered into the belief that I was a paragon who must win today.

And what ironic diversion my idiotic credulity must have afforded Terence and Donohue as, from that first farcical trial at the Harp football ground, they led me on, with serious faces, stuffing me for the slaughter. Why did I lack the common sense to see that while I might run well enough for my age, competition against seasoned professionals, who habitually made the rounds of all the Border sports, was lunacy?

From the beginning it had been a hoax and it ended as a swindle. Donohue had planted the paragraph in the local paper and by offering excessive odds against me, had cashed in heavily on my defeat. If only I had won, and made him pay out five times over, ruined him in fact, what a triumph it would have been, not for me alone but for Nora, too, since from her own words I knew that she must hate him. But that, like most other things I had wanted in my life, was beyond me, an achievement realised only in my dreams, never by accomplishment.

Tortured by my own inadequacy, I turned restlessly on the mattress. It was evident that I had been born to fail and to be imposed upon. A sudden recollection, as from a distant world, of the Ellison added to my distress, less on account of the difficulty in getting to the University on Monday — the early train would be in Winton at least by noon — than from the settled conviction that, as I had failed in the race, I would fail there, too. Pin had led me on, not like Donohue, but from the best motives, merely to improve the standard of my education.

At this point, I drifted into troubled sleep, but not for long. Suddenly my brain snapped back to consciousness with the startled impression that someone was calling my name. I raised myself on my elbow, listening in the darkness. Sounds from the bar beneath

To page 79



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33 sun sheen
34 tawny sheen
35 pink sheen

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

and the distant hum of the fair in Berwick both had ceased. The faint scratching of a mouse somewhere in the room intensified the stillness. I was about to lie down again, convinced that I was mistaken, when again I fancied I heard someone call.

I jumped up, knocking my shins hard on the sharp edge of an unseen object, and felt my way to the door. Undecided, I stood there, listening with my ear against the panel, but hearing nothing. Yet if someone had called me it could only be Nora. Guardedly I opened my door. The corridor was in darkness, but half-way along a faint sliver of light showed beneath the door of her room.

I had not undressed, having merely taken off my jacket and my boots. Now, moving softly in my socks, I advanced to the lighted door and tapped on it with a fingernail. There was no response. "Nora," I whispered, "are you there?"

Her voice came back to me, indistinctly yet with an unmistakable appeal. I turned the handle and went in.

She was lying sideways on the bed with nothing on but her chemise, which had rucked up above her knees. Her eyes were shut and her hands half-clenched. The sheets and blankets of the bed, tumbled in a heap, were bunched in disorder on the floor. Worst of all was the strained, sunken greyness of her face. She looked older, almost ugly, scarcely recognisable.

"Nora," I faltered. "You called me?"

She half opened her eyes. "I couldn't stand it alone any longer. I've such a pain."

A FEAR that had hovered in the back of my mind during the day now took formidable shape. I might be a fool and a failure, but I had enough sense to know about appendicitis. I went forward to the bed.

"Do you still feel sick?"

"Yes. I feel awful."

"Nora," I tried not to alarm her. "We'll have to get help."

Still pressing her side, she did not answer. I took her free hand. It was hot, the palm moist with sweat.

"We've got to find out, it's dangerous not to. You must have the doctor."

"Oh, not yet." She gasped in another spasm. "We'll wait for a bit."

"We must," I pleaded.

"It's the middle of the night. You'll get no one to come. I'd rather stick it out by myself. Just stay with me."

"But, Nora . . ." I broke off, aghast that she wouldn't let me go for assistance.

"Please stay. If only you'll get me up to walk about the room, that might get rid of the pain."

She raised herself on one elbow and put her other arm on my shoulder. While I supported her, I was conscious of a bad, unhealthy smell in the room.

I thought she had been sick and that decided me. I put her back on the pillow. Without a word I went out and downstairs to the room marked Private. I knocked hard on the door, then, as no one answered, I turned the handle and went into the room, found the switch and put on the light. I was in a small comfortably furnished sitting-room. A clock, ticking on the mantelpiece, caught my eye. The time was half-past two in the morning. Another door, almost hidden by a curtain, led me into the kitchen, where, starting up from its basket before the red embers of a fire, a small dog began to bark and growl at me. Suddenly a sharp voice called out.

"Who's there?"

I called back, saying who I was, and that I needed help at once. For some minutes nothing happened, then, to my immense relief, the woman, who was the old man's daughter, entered the kitchen. Still tugging at the cord of her wrapper, she quietened the dog and stared at me angrily, her eyes swollen

with sleep, her hair, in a thick plait tied at the end with tape, hanging down her back.

"My cousin's terribly ill and in great pain." I got it out before she could start on me. "I'm sure it's appendicitis. It's awful to have to trouble you. But please come and see her. Or phone for the doctor now."

"I'll have a look at her. Go on, you clown. Don't keep me standing here all night."

I led the way upstairs and opened the door of Nora's room. The woman went in, at least she paused, one step beyond the threshold. Then, in quite a different manner, a voice that suddenly chilled me, she said: "Go to your room, you

And don't stir an inch out of it till I send for you." She shut the door in my face.

I could not disobey her, yet, back in the boxroom, I sat close to the door, in the darkness, listening, with every sense quivering and alert, afraid, dreadfully afraid for Nora. I shivered as I thought of her chalk-white face, so drained and sunken. I prayed that the doctor would come quickly. The operation for appendicitis was in itself serious and I knew also that if an inflamed appendix was not quickly removed it would burst, with fatal consequences.

The woman was still in the room with Nora; for perhaps ten minutes

To page 80



"For goodness' sake, Trudy—can't you dry your nails BEFORE we go out?"



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she had been there. Suddenly I heard her go downstairs. The box-room was directly above the lower passage and its old floorboards bare of any covering. Flattened out and straining my ears, I heard her go into what I guessed was the sitting-room. Almost at once she began to talk and although I could not distinguish the words I gave a quick sigh of relief. She was telephoning for the doctor. This went on for some time and when it ended I heard her come upstairs again.

An interval elapsed, insufferably long, before the doctor arrived. He was not long in Nora's room. Almost at once he went down to the telephone. I knew, with a slight shudder, what that meant. Then I heard him on the stairs again.

Now a few streaks of dawn were beginning to creep into the box-room, revealing a dusty clutter of

Continued from page 79

boxes, mops, pails, odd pieces of broken furniture, and other lumber. I went to the single window to watch for the ambulance. But when it swung into the still, grey street, I could bear it no longer. Retreating from the window I listened to the sounds of Nora's removal. I could not bring myself to look.

At last all was quiet again. I put on my boots and jacket, and half opened the boxroom door. I could hear nothing. Surely I couldn't be expected to go on enduring this suspense. Cautiously I came along the corridor. The woman was in Nora's room, with her sleeves rolled up and her hands on her hips, surveying a scene of appalling disorder.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Only one thought was in my mind. I said: "Will she be all right?" She spun round. Her face was a deep red, mottled and distorted with anger.

"I don't know and I don't care. You young blackguard, bringing that slut in here. I ought to turn you over to the police, that's what I ought. And I will, too. Just like they'll be after her."

I might be scared, yet I had to stand up for Nora.

"She couldn't help it."

"Couldn't she? I'll swear she brought it on herself."

"Brought on what?"

"You young twister, don't pretend you don't know. She's had a miscarriage."

Unable to speak, I stared at her dully, so shocked I lost all sense of where I was or what was making me shake all over. Then something within gave way. I covered my face with my arm and leaned against the passage wall.

The train, gathering speed after its stop at Glaisend, was on the last stage of its journey to Winton. Alone in the corner of the end third-class compartment I sat with commendable stillness, my hands on my knees, devoid of all sensation but that of profound apathy. For three hours I had been sitting like this, looking fixedly out of the window, dulled by the swift, confused passage of the landscape which

served to block off or at least submerge the sluggish current of my thoughts. I hoped this state of blankness would not leave me.

Then, the experience to which I had been subjected struck at me again. The net of deception that had entangled me was not the hardest to bear. Worse than that, worse even than my interrogation and detention by the police, when everything had come out, even the faking of the race, was the thought of Nora. Life was sordid and hateful. Could I ever believe in anyone or anything again?

The suburbs of Winton were now drifting past, the train had begun to slacken speed, and the ticket inspector, sliding open the corridor door, was again in my compartment. With a start, I surrendered the ticket the police sergeant had given me that morning and which had already been punched three times.

"Winton next stop." He was disposed to talk, since obviously he did not know that I had spent Sunday in Berwick gaol. "You've had a long journey, lad. And an early start."

I had to think for a moment before I could find an answer.

"You have, too, Inspector," I said at last.

He laughed. "That's my job. Are you going on a holiday?"

"No," I said, immediately, as though a button had been pressed, releasing the fixed idea in my mind. "I'm on my way to the University to sit for an examination at two o'clock."

"Are you now?" he said, impressed.

"I am. I've been working for it for three months."

"I thought you looked a bit hard done by. Well, good luck to you, lad."

I thanked him. He gave me a friendly nod and went out.

It was true, and I felt a strange relief to have openly established my intention. Perhaps, in my present state, this was no more than an obsessive compulsion, the reflex to those months of constant preparation. Yet I knew that I had given my word to Pin, and after the shambles of that shameful weekend I must try to keep it. Nevertheless, while I understood what I must do, while my movements were directed almost involuntarily toward that objective, I occasionally had difficulty in identifying myself with the individual who must perform them.

I got out of my compartment and walked along the platform to the Queen Street exit, taking pains, as I did so, to confirm that the train had arrived at 12.40, only five minutes late. I had no need to hurry, everything would be performed in a well-regulated manner. Although my ticket had been given up, I still had some coins in my pocket and, as it seemed correct to sustain myself before taking the examination, it became obligatory for me to have lunch. Not far down, on the other side of the street, I saw one of a chain of modest Winton restaurants. I crossed over and entered.

Although I could not realise this, all my actions were now controlled by an automatism, certain prelude to nervous disintegration, which, even had I tried, I could not have resisted. A clock on the wall of the restaurant above the entrance kept me informed of the time and at twenty past one I asked for my check, paid it at the cashier's box and went out.

A green tram would take me to the foot of Gilmore Hill. But I had to stand during the journey, and when we arrived at Gilmore Hill I was not feeling quite so competent, particularly in the management of my legs. I climbed the hill slowly, from necessity rather than choice. It had apparently turned warmer and I was also experiencing a strange retarding tightness at the top of my head. Even when I reached the coolness

To page 81

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of the cloisters this feeling persisted. The clock in the tower struck two as I entered the University Hall.

"Cutting it a bit fine, aren't you?" the man at the desk said as he ticked my name off on the list. He handed me the test paper, gave me an odd look and pointed to a vacant desk. I sat down and glanced about me, observing that the other competitors, about twenty in number, contorted in assorted attitudes of concentration, were already writing hard. I refused to be hurried. In an orderly manner I opened the exercise book on my desk and took up the test paper to study the question.

The Ellison Essay

Write an apologia of not less than two thousand words exonerating, as best you can, Mary Queen of Scots for her conduct in relation to Lord Darnley and with particular reference to the night of February 9, 1567.

I might have smiled—the temptation was almost irresistible—not because, at the back of my mind, something, or perhaps someone, had suggested that this, or a comparable subject, might turn up, but solely from the absurdity of the idea that in my present state I could ever bring myself to defend that royal adventuress, even if it were to win the Ellison for me a hundred times over.

CALMLY, aware that I was wrecking my chance of success, I dipped my nib in the inkwell and began to write. I did not hesitate, words flowed from my pen, and every word I wrote sprang from the hurt I had received. The period in Scotland covering the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had been my special study. I knew the full history of the unhappy Queen and now, invested with this urge from my subconscious, almost with malice, I scarified her mercilessly and with a subtlety of which I could not have believed myself capable.

Under the pretence of defending her, one by one favorable arguments were advanced then ruthlessly demolished, extenuating circumstances suggested, only to be crushed by the hard facts of history.

For more than an hour I had not once looked up, while my pen travelled to and fro across the white pages with a robot regularity. Devoid of conscious thought, it was automatic writing, nothing else, and no planchette could have more relentlessly evoked the past. The lines were now wavering on the page, patches of shadow floated before my eyes and when, in an attempt to adjust my vision, I raised my head and looked about me the tightness previously experienced at the top of my skull was transferred to an actual vertigo.

At the same time, giddily, it dawned upon me that most of the other candidates had handed in their essays, the time allotted must almost have expired. With an effort

Continued from page 80

I completed my final paragraph, blotted the page, and closed the book.

What next? I supposed I should hand it in. But that seemed altogether pointless, and besides, I had a strange disinclination to stand up.

Now that I had expelled my venom, rid myself of that fearful sense of outrage against decency, like a devil cast out, I felt weak and limp, altogether spent. The examiner, if that was the term I should apply to him, was leaving his desk and advancing slowly toward me. To my surprise, as he drew near and I could see him better, he appeared to be a clergyman, long, lean, and saturnine, complete with dog collar. Had I

noticed that when I came in? Surely not.

"You are the last." He was addressing me mildly, in a speculative way. "Have you finished?"

"I believe I have."
"Then may I take your book? It's just after four."

I gave it to him. He was watching me out of the corner of one clerical eye.

"You've written a lot," he said rather ironically, turning the pages. "I trust you've been kind to the poor woman."

"No I haven't. As far as I'm concerned she was just a two-faced little schemer."

"Indeed!" He raised his eyebrows, and said nothing more.

Holding on to the desk I stood up. I was reluctant to leave it, but somehow, with a pretence of normality, I got out of the hall. Outside in the cloisters someone was waiting. It looked like Pin. If so, he was in a state of fearful agitation.

"Laurence! I've looked everywhere for you. Where were you?" I put my hand to the top of my head to see if it was still there.

"I can't exactly remember."

"Can't remember?" He was weaving in indistinct outlines, as though seen underwater. "Have you done a good essay?"

"No, a damned bad one. I answered it all the wrong way. And I told the examiner so."

"The examiner! Oh, heavens, that was the Professor of Divinity himself."

"Well, I don't care. It was the truth."

"Laurence, are you ill?"
"I don't think so. It's just that my head aches. I feel not myself any more."

"Oh, dear, what have you been doing to yourself? Where did you sleep last night?"

"I remember now. In gaol. They let me go this morning. Said there was nothing against me. The sergeant even gave me breakfast. But it was all hateful while it lasted. They had thought I was the cause of it all . . . and of Nora. That I was . . . I was . . . I was . . ."

He began to weave more and more, growing larger and larger,

To page 82

A SONG OF SIXPENCE



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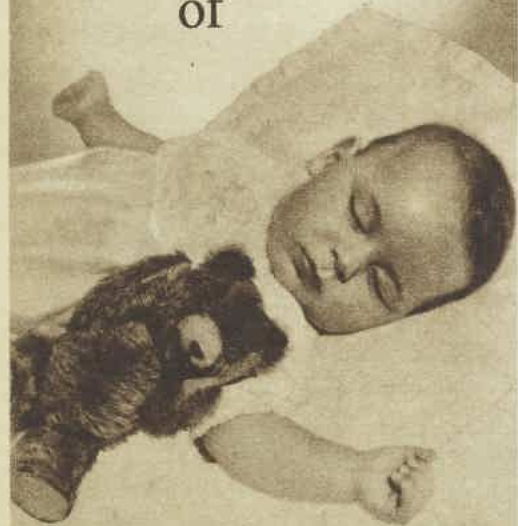


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 14, 1964



What
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Continued from page 81

larger, like some queer aquatic monster, and finally faded away altogether in the wave of universal darkness that swept down and absorbed me in its black, rushing tide.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon some six weeks later, I had been lying down, but now I was up and moving about the still unfamiliar flat my mother had rented. At last I was beginning to feel better, dimly to realise myself again, to know that I was making the journey back, out of that dark and spectral country in which my breakdown had so long confined me. It was not easy to forget the fear and horror of that shadowy period wherein my mind, narrowed to a single minute focus, was fixed in tormented apathy. The paths of my return had been tortuous and difficult, yet this morning the doctor had said to me: "You're out of the woods now my boy, and soon you'll be clear of the undergrowth."

The most joyful symptom of my escape was my ability to look outwards, away from my imprisoned brooding self, and to see things with an eye in which a spark of interest had begun to glint.

Thus, again, I examined the flat. It was small and very empty, made up of no more than a kitchen and a single front room with a tiny bathroom between, but it pleased me. The front room, which I occupied, was furnished with nothing but an iron bedstead, one chair, and a rickety folding bureau, but the wallpaper was new, in color a warm rich red, and when the evening sun came in, as it did now, the room glowed with a rosy flush that flooded and filled its emptiness. The kitchen, into which I wandered now, had the usual fittings, sink, built-in cupboard and dresser, and, in the curtained alcove, that unique Scottish feature, a concealed box bed.

But the main attraction of the flat was its height. Situated on the top storey of a working-class tenement recently erected by the Winton Corporation on Clarkhill, it afforded a sweeping open view of the rooftops and even, on clear days, of the Ochil Hills away to the west. Later I was to learn that in securing it my mother had been specially favored by virtue of her new appointment with the city.

The nickel alarm-clock on the mantelpiece told me it was not far off the hour of her return and, in the new lightness of my mood, I asked myself if I might not attempt to prepare our evening meal. Although the wool-works tasks I had been set had improved my sense of co-ordination, this had not been fully restored.

I was afraid that I might drop things, and our store of crockery was not large. However, I succeeded in nerving myself to begin. Slowly and carefully I filled the kettle and, surprised by its weight, put it on the stove. I then spread the tablecloth and began to set out the teacups. I found the loaf in the cupboard and the bread-knife in the drawer. There was no disguising the fact, however painful the admission, that this big serrated knife frightened me. No one who has not experienced a breakdown can remotely realise the agonising phobias it may induce.

But now, shame and the

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

will to prove that I was well again forced me to grip the knife and cut some slices of bread. But my heart was still racing as I set them under the gas ring to toast. All that remained was to cook the sausages, a rare treat in store for us tonight, and the gift of my faithful visitor. Annie Tobin did not bring flowers, she had a practical mind and knew my fondness for "Annakers." She brought also news which, while surprising, touched me not at all. Nora and Donohue, constrained perhaps by the ecclesiastical powers, were to be married. It meant nothing to me now.

A SENSE of accomplishment pervaded me when I had finished grilling the sausages. I felt that Mother would be encouraged by this evidence of my recovery. It was not that I particularly wanted to please her, although in our earlier days together this would have been my motive. Our relationship was not the same. No longer did I feel for her that intimate, all suffusing, all encompassing jealous love. The cord was severed. I respected and trusted her, I was fond of her, but whatever the afflictions I had suffered, these had killed the passionate complex of my childhood.

Perhaps my mother's altered attitude, still affectionate, yet restrained, had contributed to the ending of those transports. Although this change had begun, insidiously, after Father's death, her sojourn in the convent had markedly altered her. She

had become more serious in manner and disposition, and in a striking way altogether more religious. In our early days at Ardencaple she would go to church on Sundays uncaringly, with a sort of light-hearted complaisance, and solely to please my father.

Now, every morning she rose at six o'clock and before going to work went out to Mass at seven. No doubt conventual discipline had imposed its pattern upon her. Yet the change in her nature was deeper and more fundamental in its origin. Estranged from her own family, and with our Carroll associations now irrevocably severed, she must have felt herself a solitary figure, compelled to stand against the world alone.

Still, the moods of sadness that later afflicted her, and which eventually settled into a permanent melancholia, had not yet asserted themselves. She knew how fortunate she had been in receiving the Corporation appointment and was especially happy in her new work, which had to do mainly with the inspection and rehabilitation of rickety slum children.

Although she gave no apparent sign of this, I could not fail to realise that Mother's main anxiety was centred upon me. What on earth was to become of me? Through my mad efforts at the Ellison I had thrown away my one slight chance of attending the University. At the age of sixteen a return to school seemed equally out of the question, and if it were not how could I expect my mother to support me for another two years

with no assured prospects at the end of them?

A step sounded on the outside staircase and I heard a key turn in the door. Mother came into the kitchen wearing the navy blue coat and skirt and the neat turned-up blue chip hat with the Winton Corporation badge, all of which made up her new uniform. She smiled and exclaimed: "Why, Laurence, you've made the supper."

"The sausages seem all right. But I've very cleverly burned the toast."

My reply seemed to please her.

"That's how I like it." While she was changing I went into the front room to straighten my bed. As I folded the coverlet at the window I saw that Pin, who had not infrequently come at this hour in an effort to console me, was stumping toward the common entrance to the flats. He had completed his "Annals of Ardencaple," but, alas, no publisher seemed to want the book, and soon he would go back to the village to finish his days on his meagre pension.

When I finished folding the bedcover, the sharp staccato of Pin's peg on the pavement was still ascending to me and I saw that he was pacing to and fro in a manner manifestly indecisive and disturbed.

I went and put two more slices of bread on the stove. When I returned to the window Pin had gone. Apparently he had decided to depart. I just caught sight of him as he turned the corner of the street. And yet, mysteriously, some ten minutes later, when we had begun our meal, the bell of the flat door rang and there, when I answered it, was Pin.

"Laurence," he said at once, "I've been waiting for your mother, outside, and at the tram stop, but she seems to be unusually late."

"She's here," I said. "She came back early."

He appeared somewhat disconcerted by this information. Indeed, when he came into the clearer light of the kitchen, I saw that his general air was disturbed.

He sat down and accepted the cup that Mother handed him. His hand was slightly unsteady, so that some of the tea spilled into the saucer, but he was becoming more assured. He gave me a side-long solicitous look.

"How are you today, Laurence?"

"Much better, sir. If

To page 84

Fashion FROCKS

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is falling 400 miles through space back to Earth, watched by Qork and astronomers. The huge alien waits in his drifting spacecraft to see if Mandrake can help him. NOW READ ON:



Continued from page 82

A SONG OF SIXPENCE



there's anything on your mind I'm quite able to hear it." He gave a sigh of relief. "In that case I'll go ahead. I did think of speakin' first to your mother. To see if it might set you back. But now I may as well admit that I've just come from the University and, as you've guessed, the results of the Ellison are out." He took a slow drink of tea and went on, in a flat voice, not looking at me.

"You probably remember the nature of the question, an apology for Queen Mary, and I can assure you that most of the candidates fell over themselves to gild the lily. They didn't see the catch in the question, in the words 'as best you can,' and by heaven I didn't see it myself. They fell into the trap and practically beatified her, and with a panel of judges made up of two Presbyterian ministers and a Divinity professor by the name of Knox, they were dead from the word go."

His voice was rising and becoming so hoarse that he had to gulp down tea. "By some chance, however, some turn of the unpredictable, there was one candidate who, unable to sustain any favorable evidence, found himself forced to condemn, in the strongest terms. I understand that his essay was an immense satisfaction to the judges, a vindication of their own belief, and the subject of the highest praise. They've given him the Ellison, unanimously."

I began to feel queer all over. There was a strange, strained expression on Mother's face as Pin went on: "Laurence, there's supposed to be someone up above who looks after fools, especially if they're young fools with some sort of ability."

He could contain himself no longer. Jumping up suddenly, knocking over his cup, he flung his arms about my neck, hopping with me in a kind of one-legged dance. Half stifled, I scarcely heard his shout of victory. But I knew that by an amazing fluke, a freak of circumstance over which I had no control, I should go to the University after all.

At that exultant moment everything seemed settled. Our future was assured at last. The thought of the long and wearying struggle that must lie ahead never entered my mind. Yet for the next five years we were to fight a battle with circumstances that wore us to the bone. While my mother's position with the Corporation was assured, her weekly wage was pitifully slender, scarcely enough to provide us with the bare essentials of life. Yet somehow by a miracle of economy and self-denial she managed, and all without assistance, except from Simon, who himself had so little, yet who sent an occasional small contribution from Spain. From the other relations nothing was asked or given. Bernard continued to muddle along in great comfort in the condemned

Lombard Vaults, somehow evading all orders for their demolition, while Leo silently and implacably went on to amass a stupendous fortune. In that laudable process his meanness and parsimony increased to such a degree that Annie finally left him and sailed from Greenock to join her son in Canada. It was a sad moment for me when I saw her off on the City of Montreal.

On the rare occasions when I passed Leo in the street he pretended not to see me. Even then I was struck by his look of emaciation, and when he died, years later, completely alone in a miserable room in the Gorbiewlaw Templar's Hall having been sold for some fantastic sum—there was more than a suggestion that death was due, at least in part, to starvation. In his holograph will, from which health-food societies were the main beneficiaries, there was a clause specifically dispossessing his nephews and niece from any inheritance whatsoever.

THE only one to suffer from this manifestation of family feeling was Nora. By that time my own medical practice was flourishing and Terence, shelving Miss Gilhooley in favor of the proprietress of an old established Dublin hotel, was then extremely well off. But Nora's marriage, arranged in an atmosphere of reparation—a futile idea on both sides of straightening things out—was a disaster. Donohue could never be anything but Donohue, he was seldom at home, and when he finally disappeared Nora was left stranded in Liverpool with three young children to support.

All this, of course, still lay in the future and meanwhile Mother and I were struggling along on shillings and pence. It is sad how little I then thought of her heroic self-sacrifice, and how often our relationship turned strained and difficult. As a student of comparative anatomy I was not now devotionally minded, while her religious fervor had become intense. On other matters, too, our ideas were in conflict, and we had periods of estrangement when to me her withdrawn, tight-lipped silences had the semblance of martyrdom.

I am sure I was to blame. Yet amiability and good temper do not come easily when one is hungry, ill clad—for years I remained garbed in Shapiro's camouflaged effort—isolated by an obvious poverty, and worried to death by the constant threat of failure. Although in my first two terms the record shows that I took honors in botany and zoology, every succeeding examination loomed as a terror from the knowledge that if I did not pass I was finished.

But at last, slowly and wearily, like a storm-beaten ship staggering toward the

shore, we came in sight of the promised land. I passed my final examinations, the graduation day arrived, and Pin came from Ardencaple to join my mother at the ceremony.

As I pushed my way out of the Bute Hall to meet them at the Union, where, to avoid the crowd, I had told them to wait, I drew a long deep, triumphant breath, conscious of my new personality: strong, reliant, and successful, equal henceforth to any emergency. Now I knew that the ingenuous softness of my youth was gone. Never again would I permit myself to be imposed upon. Never, never would my heart get the better of my head.

At that moment when I had almost reached the doorway, I felt a touch on my arm. Despite the grey hair, which aged her markedly, I knew her at once. Miss O'Riordan. She had seen my name amongst the list of successful candidates and had wanted to see me capped. When we had talked for some minutes—she would not come with me to the Union—she placed a small, religious-looking leather case in my reluctant palm.

"I'm sure you've broken the one I gave you. Or lost it. So here's another. So you don't forget."

After she had gone I glanced at the case with mixed sensations, mindful of my soulful performance at the Presbytery so long ago, and only too well aware that when I got home I would drop the beads in a drawer and never give them another thought. Suddenly, under the pressure of my fingers on the soft leather, I felt a faint crackle. I opened the case. Yes, the rosary was there. But Miss O'Riordan had tucked in beside it a neatly folded Bank of Scotland five-pound note.

Oblivious of the press around me, I stood there, quite motionless, so overcome by this opportune kindness which would enable me to get the few instruments I needed to apply for an assistantship, that slowly, inexorably, against all my efforts, my throat tightened, my vision was blurred with moisture.

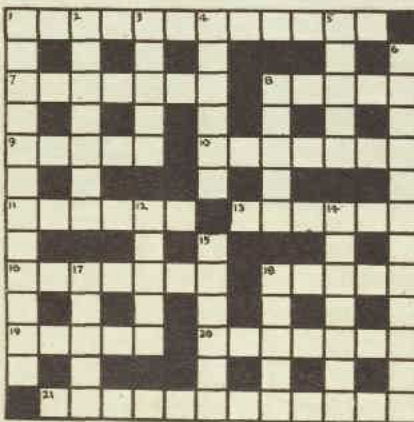
No, it was no use—I had not changed, and never would. There was a soft spot in my nature, a strain of weakness, a sensitivity that would never harden. All that I longed, and had striven, to be—cool and stoical, detached and aloof, a true Spartan—was beyond me. Marked ineluctably by my singular childhood, too unbringing in which too many women had participated, I was, and always would be, the victim of every sentient mood, the unwilling slave of my own emotions.

The End
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This humid science is for shy dictators (12).
- A drop of water (7).
- Covered approach to a doorway (5).
- Onward (5).
- Endanger, though, in the beginning, I'm a Persian fairy (7).
- Forbear, the broken side followed by a saint (6).
- Grind underfoot (6).
- At the side (7).
- A spirit with cold water (1, 4).
- Russian river (5).
- Reduce to bondage seven and not quite all (7).
- Gadgets indicating how much rum is still in the bottle? (6-6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- On most intimate terms (4, 3, 5).
- Dogs ran for these fabulous monsters (7).
- This old Japanese gold coin goes in no bag (5).
- One of the Muses (6).
- This person heals or prepares preserved food (5).
- They do things thoroughly (5-7).
- His son was Tom (5).
- Its capital is Damascus (5).
- Near art (anagr., 7).
- Though Abel takes it (6).
- A craze for this flower arose in Holland in the first half of the 17th century (5).
- Division of church is in beer (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



From the Sydney Gazette:
WEDDING

On September 3rd, 1810, at
St. Philip's Church, Sydney,
James Webb to Ann Peat, by
William Cowper, Chaplain.

A MARRIAGE IN MACQUARIE'S DAY

By
CHARLES SWANCOTT

Mr. Swancott is an artist and retired timber merchant who has made history his hobby. He lives at Woy Woy, N.S.W., and has written a series of books on the early history of the Gosford, Wyong, and Hawkesbury districts. This story is an imaginative account, within a factual framework, of the events leading up to the wedding.

THE great August flood, following on many earlier inundations, bushfires, and native forays, finally decided James Webb to leave his farm at Yellomundie's Lagoon on the Hawkesbury River.

He set to work on a long-planned shipyard and joinery workshop on his land at No. 2 Back of the Barracks, Cockle Bay, Sydney.

His old friends Gregory Blaxland and Captain Steward were adjacent neighbors.

Charles Peat, who was living in a rented cottage on the Rocks behind the Hospital, saw clearing operations on the waterfront and asked for work.

Webb had some qualms about employing Charles on account of his fondness for drink. Charles was well aware of his failing and told James that he could pay his wages to his wife at the end of each month.

"If I 'aven't any money," he said, "me wing's clipped. I can go and cadge a rum or two from me cobbers if need be, and I don't get too tight. Give me money in me pocket and I feel like Santy Claus an' 'ave to shout for the mob, and before the day's out you'll find me lying in the gutter dead to the world with all the little dogs barkin' at me."

James set him to work digging the pit for the "necessary" in the yard; excavating and blasting a well in the solid sandstone; splitting posts and rails and pitsawing palings and timber for the cottage; cutting poles, props, and girders for the shipyard, timber racks, and blacksmith's shop; excavating the slipway for the bed where his boats would be built; and whatever rough work was required.

Soon the erection of a weatherboard cottage was under way, using the customary materials—wattle and daub inside the studding, with roof of thatch.

With the assistance of John McDoel, a cabinetmaker bound to Isaac Nicholls, James fashioned the doors, windows, and mouldings of cedar. He built a brick chimney with a fireplace large enough to take a huge log and whitewashed the outer walls. When completed, it would look like a prosperous crofter's cottage such as James had known in his native Scotland.

Charles worked steadily from daylight till dusk; occasionally he came bleary-eyed and heavy after some Sunday drinking, but on the whole he did his work to his employer's satisfaction. James kept him in tobacco and gave him an occasional nip each day.

Charles brought his lunch with him as a rule and boiled the billy for tea, but when they had overslept his wife or daughter Ann brought over his meal at noon, tied in a neat bundle.

Ann was then just eighteen, shaping into a splendid woman.

FROM the beginning Ann and James were attracted to each other. James was nearing middle age, but was strong and well set up, bronzed with his outdoor life, and, though he had no false conceit of himself, was a free man of some substance and enterprise and a cut above the ticket-of-leave men and soldiery who comprised the commonalty of Sydney at the time.

It was a relief for Ann to leave the squalid house on the Rocks with its brawling neighbors and see a new home shaping in spacious grounds and clean air, in which she began to hope that she might enter as mistress.

There was something reminiscent of Will Shakespeare's Moor of Venice in the growth of their friendship. She listened to the story of his life and adventures in strange lands, of the customs and habits of their peoples, and of his early boyhood days in Scotland. Under the spell of her interest he waxed eloquent; memory refreshed itself and recalled many long-forgotten things of the past that thrilled her.

She was long-limbed and walked with ease and grace, and on many Sundays they went on picnics together, sometimes through the Domain, past Palmer's farm and the rush-cutter's bay, out to the Signal Station on South Head. They crossed the Tank Stream by the bridge near the Governor's house, or, if the tide was out and there was only a trickle of water in the stream as it widened out at the mouth, they were able to walk over the sand at the semi-circular Quay and go round Bening's Point through the farm cove.

On another day they would go along Sergeant-Major's Row past the cemetery and the brickfields, up hill and down dale beyond Ultimo, along the Parramatta Road through Grose's Farm, over the little brook before they came to Johnston's Annandale Farm, then crossing over Johnston's Creek to call on Neil McKellar at his Petersham farmhouse, "Glendaruell."

James and Neil had been good friends when Neil was in charge at the Green Hills.

Yet again the couple would venture out in another direction past the Town Common or "exercising ground," avoiding the gallows standing on the road north of Woolloomooloo and making their way beyond Foveaux's Farm at Surrey Hills to Botany Bay.

At times they went over in William Blue's ferry to the North Shore and walked in whatever direction their fancy led them.

ON a December day they strolled round the foreshores of Cockle Bay to John Macarthur's estate, "Pymont," and found a party of ladies and gentlemen from Parramatta who had come down by water with Mrs. Macarthur. They were lunching under a spreading figtree near the crystal-clear spring which gave the estate its name.

Mrs. Macarthur saw James. She excused herself to her friends and came over to meet Ann. She chided James prettily, telling him that it was time he took a wife and became a family man.

When they begged to be excused from joining her guests—on the ground of lack of time and the unsuitability of their walking attire contrasted with the silken-clad guests—she wished them "good fortune and much happiness."

They spent many days picnicking in James' skiff on the harbor—fishing or cruising among the many bays and estuaries from the Heads to Parramatta or exploring the little islands. If the wind dropped they drifted idly, whiling the time away with their fishing-lines or just dreaming and relaxing in the golden days. On warm spring days they sailed down to Manly Cove and walked through scrub to where the ocean waves pounded on the golden sands. There were many days to be treasured later in memory.

It was inevitable that they should decide to marry.

The newly installed Governor, Lachlan Macquarie, brought to the colony many of the restrictive puritanical ideas of his homeland. He immediately objected to the settlers carrying on their vocations on the Sabbath Day and issued an order directing all constables to arrest offenders.

The activity of James was perhaps the primary cause. He had ignored the faint sound of the bells of St. Philip's on the hill above him, though he heard in the hush the sound of the feet of the troops

To page 87

• "They trooped down behind the couple in the rather rough track from the church . . ."





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A marriage in Macquarie's day

From page 85

marching from the barracks to church parade and the clop-clop of horses' hoofs and the squeak of carriage wheels as they bore the worshippers up Church Hill.

He could hear the squealing of the fiddlers from the Regimental Band and the shrill voices of the Orphan School girls' choir raised in the anthems.

He was driving nails into the weather-boards of his cottage and during the quiet drone of William Cowper's sermon must have made sufficient noise to disturb the august listeners.

Captain Antill waited on him early next morning with a summons to attend Government House on the instant.

The red-headed, rather horse-faced Governor eyed him through narrow and rancorous orbs. His lip was down on his shoelaces. "Guid Lord, mon, ye're a Scot. I'm aye surprised at ye, mon. Why hae ye nae regard for the Sabbath?"

James explained that he was anxious to finish his house as quickly as possible so that he could be married.

"That's aye a guid reason. I presume ye're now a mite impatient. I'm glad ye're to be marrit instead of livin' in sin, like so many of your ungodly neighbors. Gi'e my regards to the lady. I wish you both luck. But no more bangin' and sawin' on the Sabbath morn, mon."

THE couple began to make definite arrangements for their marriage and James inquired as to the necessary procedure.

He knew that no convict, male or female, could be married or the banns proclaimed without the Governor's sanction. Free people like themselves, if they wanted to marry without the publication of the banns, simply obtained the Governor's permission to do so without payment of a fee.

Ann wanted the pleasure of hearing her banns read in church, so they called on the chaplain, William Cowper, to arrange details and have the banns published in due course.

The new cottage consisted of a front bedroom, a dining-room, kitchen, and front verandah.

The land sloped sharply to the water's edge so that the front of the cottage seemed to be on stilts, but these were sturdy piles of ironbark sunk into the rock.

From the bedroom's oriel windows and the open verandah there was a fine prospect of the wooded foreshores round Johnston's Bay, Pymont, and Balmain. Beyond Benelong's Island rose denser forests on the northern shores of the harbor.

After a long day's toil James liked to sit and watch the sun dropping beyond the distant hills and see the last rays gild the sails of the sloops as they idled past on their way to their anchorages at the Market



● Governor Macquarie, by the convict artist Richard Read, sen.



● Sydney from the northern side of the harbor, by the convict artist Joseph Lycett. Cockle Bay, later to be renamed Darling Harbor, where James Webb had his small shipyard, is at the far right.

Wharf or scurried outward bound on their various ventures.

On many evenings the southern and western skies were blackened by cloud-banks and lightning played hide-and-seek among them to the clamor of the thunder-claps, which sounded like the angry voice of God.

The wind whipped the cloud fringes to shreds and hurled down drenching squalls of rain that blotted out the waters before him and sent him scurrying indoors. But these showers were a blessing. It was a happy sound to hear the water running from the gutters into the well behind the cottage, though in these storms the usually placid windmills on the Rocks above whirled like dervishes and shrieked crazily.

With McDoel's help, James made a window-seat under the bay window and fashioned from seasoned cedar a solid bedstead, a chest of drawers, a dressing-table for Ann, chests for holding linen and clothing, stools, chairs, and tables.

Ann's mother, her sister Susannah, and her friend Eleanor Robinson were soon busy helping her select materials for curtains and hangings from the shop of Mary Driver in Chapel Row; in sewing her mattress and pillows and stuffing them with feathers; in hemming sheets, towels, and tablecloths; and with the hundred-and-one things that the feminine heart delights in doing.

There were visits to the godown of Robert Campbell to buy materials, brass trays from Benares, Eastern matting, and blue gurrah earthenware pots; to Mr. Crook, in Bell Row, for flat-irons, tea kettles, and iron cooking-pots; and to Mrs. Driver's for tumblers, wine glasses, plates, cutlery, buckets, and basins. There James also bought the wedding ring for Ann.

He gave her money to buy materials for her wedding dress, shoes, stockings, and other clothing. With Eleanor, who was a clever seamstress, she made a dress of grey silk which showed up her dark hair and bronzed skin.

At Ann's urging, James went along to David Bevan's store in the High Street and bought his wedding outfit—an English broadcloth suit, frilled shirt, socks, and pair of English boots.

They had planned to have a quiet morning wedding with a combined breakfast and housewarming for Ann's people and a few friends in their new home, but

James was surprised and Ann overwhelmed with happiness by the people who were already in the church when she entered on her father's arm.

JAMES was proud of Ann's appearance and the glow in her face when the chaplain pronounced them man and wife. They entered the vestry to sign the register. Like most of the women of the time, neither Ann nor Eleanor could write, and both made their marks. James determined then that he would soon teach Ann to read and write.

Robert Campbell had been his best man. The Governor had sent Captain Antill with a kindly message and the gift of a silver candle-snuffer for Ann. Mrs. Macarthur had driven over, as she said, to see them

and others brought rum and spirits, so that there was ample excuse for many happy toasts.

Two fiddlers and a drummer from the barracks had, by chance or at someone's suggestion, joined the party. The rugs were pulled up and soon the company were jigging to the compelling music.

The day was well advanced, the food consumed, the wine-cask drained, and the dancers weary when, at last, with kisses for Ann and back-slapping and handclaps for James, the company left them alone.

James had arranged with cedar-getters in the Five Islands and the Hunter River for supplies for use in his boat-building and also for sale to the public.

He began to advertise in the "Sydney Gazette," and soon taught Ann the mysteries of lineal and superficial measurement so that she could deal with customers in his absence.

For their daily lessons he bought pens, pencils, ink, and writing-paper from Mrs. Driver, who, after the death of her husband, had moved her business to No. 36 on the Rocks. He also bought some packs of playing cards so that they could amuse themselves in the evenings. Ann was not a stranger to the art—there had always been card-playing in her home. She was already a skilful player, though rather apt to gamble on the turn of a card.

They called at Mr. Stroud's small library in Sergeant-Majors' Row, but his collection was rather scholarly for their tastes. They found a volume of the complete works of Shakespeare (though the print was woefully small) and a book of Bobby Burns' poems, which James bought to read to Ann and to which she listened entranced.

She was quite a good housekeeper, having experienced the difficulty of making ends meet in her childhood home, where her father was a poor provider.

She amused James with the details of her shopping—pork and beef were 1/4 and mutton 1/6 a lb. at John Gandon's butchery in Bell Row; wheat bread was 12½d. and corn bread 5½d. the 2lb. loaf at William Kelly's bakehouse, close at hand in Church Row; fowls were 3/- each and eggs 2/6 a dozen, but if she strolled up Bell Row to Mr. Muckle's shop in Back Row East she could buy sugar, coffee, soap, lard, and oil at better prices than at shops nearer home.

It would appear that they had made a happy marriage.

ANN PEAT was the sister of George Peat, who was to become well known for his ferry across the Hawkesbury River.

Caltex House, in Kent Street near the southern entrance to the Harbor Bridge, now stands on James Webb's land.

The windmills mentioned were in Windmill Street, now Princes Street.

Back Soldiers' Row, to which James' land faced, was to be Kent Street. High Street and Sergeant-Majors' Row were to become George Street.

Pitt's Row was to become Pitt Street; Bell Row was to be Hunter Street. Chapel Row was to be Castle-reagh Street and Back Row East to be Phillip Street; Church Row was to be York Street.

safely in double harness. She brought a young greyhound puppy for Ann, a bundle of plants for their kitchen garden, and a painted wooden tea-caddy with its lock and key, sent with good wishes from her husband.

Kable had come with Underwood and Gregory Blaxland, and there were many of James' friends and shipmates from the Hawkesbury. They trooped down behind the couple in the rather rough track from the church, and the small home was filled to overflowing.

There was food aplenty—roast ducks, chickens, and sucking-pigs. James' river friends did not come empty-handed; their womenfolk had baked bread, pies, and pastry, and brought down fresh lettuce, tomatoes, cream, milk, butter, and jars of honey, jams, and preserves.

Campbell had sent a cask of Cape wine

"Oh, East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet . . ."

—Rudyard Kipling

THE MEETING OF



● She's wearing the elegant and highly practical sam-soo.



● Peasant "pyjamas," sam-soos minus glamor, are comfortable.



● Girl models a cheeky cheongsam outside Raffles Hotel, Singapore.

It doesn't do to underestimate the women of Malaysia

THE invitation came by telephone, and I accepted at once, and eagerly. This was my first party in Kuala Lumpur, the exotic capital of Malaysia, and I was agog to see a local home—my hostess was a Eurasian with a wide acquaintanceship, married to a European — and meet women of the diverse races living side by side in the city.

Just as I was about to hang up I remembered I didn't know the customs of local society, and wailed into the receiver, "But what will I wear?"

There was a moment's astonished pause as my hostess digested this, and then she said gently, "Wear whatever you like, we're air-conditioned."

"No, no," I protested frantically, "I mean what are your other guests wearing?"

Again there was a thoughtful pause, and then my hostess said kindly:

"Well, the Princess will wear either her formal stiff long silk skirt and boat-neck jacket or else a sarong and her kebaya, and, of course, a lot of jewellery. She has a new mauve kebaya, transparent voile, tightly cut to hug the bosom and waist, and she plans a lavender bra underneath for a two-tone effect. You know, she's enormously interested in advancing the local batik industry to equal the Indonesian bateks, so she may be wearing a new sarong, and I dare say she'll wear purple opera pumps from Bata with very high heels."

My mind reeled as I tried to visualise this bizarre combination, and my hostess resumed after a reflective pause:

"And Madame Wu Soong always wears a cheongsam—she has an ivory satin one trimmed with gold, utterly exquisite—and Madame Parani wears the most beautiful saris in town, either gold-embroidered unicolor silk, or silk multicolored print, and the Sikh ladies will wear white, of course, pantaloons and chemise. I thought to wear a pink linen dress, with pearl embroidery around the neckline."

Finally, and belatedly, I understood: I could wear anything I chose.

The house was one of many up-to-date California-ranch-style houses in the so-called swank part of town, although with so many new suburban areas developing around the city it's difficult to fix on any particular area as the preferred locale.

This particular house was atop a hill overlooking Kuala Lumpur and facing the distant mountains; it grew out of a profusion of brilliant shrubs and bushes, had an enormous velvety lawn, and a semicircular driveway led to the entrance.

Because of the tropical heat, the party was at present indoors, but would move outside after sunset for the buffet dinner by lantern-light.

Entering the house, I found myself in a tasteful mixture of the best of the Orient and Occident—Western (and welcome) air-conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting, indirect diffused electric light, ice-cubes, a fine hi-fi and stereo set and record collection. The Orient contributed carved teak furniture, silks for the upholstery of chairs and sofas, delicate brush paintings and screens, Kelantan silver trays, bowls, and spoons of intricate design — probably the finest handmade silver in the world today — and profuse flower arrangements that were individual works of art, prizewinners every one of them.

"It looks like a masquerade"

Standing on the threshold of the large and crowded living-room, looking around for my hostess, I was at once aware that beyond any doubt this was the most colorful gathering I had ever attended.

I thought back to the Paris, London, and New York parties and realised why this scene before me was so different, although the white-clad waiters and trays of cocktail glasses and canapes were similar enough.

In the Western capitals we women dressed alike; we all wore dresses, for one thing, and our skirt-lengths were pretty much alike, depending how closely we followed Givenchy or Simonetta.

We did our hair in recognisable and approved prevailing fashion and wore hats of various degrees of idiocy. Not one of us was without gloves and purse, sheer hose, and high-heeled shoes.

In a word, we conformed.

Here nobody conformed.

My hostess, catching sight of me, waved, and I moved toward her through the group, passing a tall Sikh lady whose bare toes showed through the gold straps of her flat sandals, brushing against a velvet bodice with several inches of naked midriff all swathed in transparent graceful gold-embroidered sari-silk, saying "excuse me" to a chic woman whose ivory thighs showed through the high side-slit of her simply tailored sheath, and finally reached my hostess much as a drowning swimmer suddenly finds land underfoot.

After a quick, sharp look at me, she took my hand and squeezed it understandingly.

"It looks like a masquerade, doesn't it?" she sympathised. "You soon get used to it."

"But what language are they talking? How shall I make out?" I murmured.

My hostess looked at me in surprise.

"Why, talk what you like, English, French, Malay, Mandarin, Hindustani, they're all multilingual."

I'm multilingual myself, as are many Europeans, but my collection of languages isn't quite as esoteric as all that. It occurred to me that since this was a party consisting of wealthy or career women, such erudition came about because of a costly education and I said as much to my hostess before she could start me on a round of introductions.

"That would have been true in the past," she agreed, "but today the child of the poorest-paid laborer is apt to babble three or even four languages fluently."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Of course. That's why the Asian women of tomorrow will be considerably different from the stereotype the Western world has come to accept. You'll see for yourself in due time. But now I want you to meet Madame Parani," my hostess insisted.

Madame Parani smiled at me and promptly engaged me in an animated conversation which I followed mechanically, for I was entirely distracted by the beautiful rubies she wore on the sides of her nostrils.

As she turned her sleek black head to

acknowledge a passing greeting, I saw magnificent ruby hairpins stuck into the great bun at the nape of her neck.

"How are you finding Kuala Lumpur?" she asked in precise, clipped English. "Isn't it confusing? You must let me take you on a tour of the city. I'll show you all the Indian things, the temples, the shops. You needn't go to India to buy wonderful Indian things, we have it all here, even Kashmiri walnut and crewel embroideries.

"Ah, here you are," she said then, catching a Chinese woman by the elbow, "you must meet Madame Wu Soong. She has her own gift shop stocked with the finest things you can buy in the East."

Princess' sarong showed a leg

One look at Madame Wu Soong, with her perfectly permanented and curled bouffant hairdo, convinced me that if her shop were half as elegant as she it must be a fabulous place, indeed.

The high mandarin collar of her short-sleeved cheongsam was embroidered with green-and-gold thread, a great jade brooch matched her jade earrings, and on her slim wrist she wore a wide jade bracelet cunningly made of intertwined links.

"Oh, good, I'm so pleased to meet you," she said in unaccented English, so that I had no idea whether she had been educated in England or the United States. "The Princess has been asking for you. Let me take you to her."

I must state here what I learned later: there are a great many Malayan princesses because there are 11 royal houses in the country, each headed by a sultan or rajah who functions as a governor. The daughters of each house — and the families tend to be large — are princesses.

The Princess — in the promised two-tone mauve with a Nile-green and magenta cotton sarong wound about her hips and hanging to the floor, but so draped that one shapely leg was visible as she turned to me — welcomed me in French.

She stood next to a girl who very much resembled her, a girl with a charming *cafe-au-lait* skin, black, lustrous wide-set eyes, curved lips over excellent glistening-

THE TWAIN

By



SUSAN YORKE

Miss Yorke, a well-known novelist, spent her childhood in the Far East and teenage years in America. In private life she is Mrs. Edgar Shuttleworth. Her husband has been a rubber planter in Malaya, and they recently settled in Sydney.

white teeth, and smooth black hair piled atop of her small head, who was dressed in a neat travelling costume, the duplicate or original of which I had seen recently on a "Harper's Bazaar" or "Vogue" cover. She carried what I recognised to be a Hermes bag with a pair of gloves slipped through the catch.

"This is my sister," the Princess said. "I've just picked her up at the airport and driven straight here. If we went home first there would be the whole family to greet and we'd never have got here. She's flown in from Paris, but spent the night in Singapore."

There was a brief commotion not far from us and then laughter.

The pigtail of a Sikh lady, hanging far down her back, had made a swoosh as she turned and it had knocked over a frosted daiquiri from the cocktail salver in a waiter's hands.

I moved from woman to woman, chatting briefly, confronted with low-cut scoop necklines that showed the swelling of the bosom, with modest and restricting high cover-up collars, with deep lace-edged V of the Malaya jacket (kebaya).

People near me greeted each other in sounds I couldn't even identify. I was chagrined at my language deficiency, and goggle-eyed at the exotic attire of the guests. As the party thinned out I took my hostess aside.

"This is all very well," I told her, "and I understand they're dressed to kill. But what do they use for everyday wear?"

"But exactly the same!" she protested. "Perhaps not quite as recently purchased, that's all. Madame Wu Soong will wear a cotton cheongsam in the store, but it's just as exquisitely made."

"Well, then," I persisted, "what about the woman in the street? The ordinary woman? Mrs. Average-Everyday Woman? The working woman?"

My hostess looked amused.

"But I tell you, the same. Perhaps not as lavish, but still kebayas and sarongs and saris and cheongsams, and the Chinese laboring woman wears a half-cheongsam, like a jackets and trousers—like pyjamas."

"And what do they eat?" I pressed.

"Rice, of course, and curries, fish, fowl, vegetables. The Moslems won't touch pork,



● Students at the University of Malaya, in Kuala Lumpur, prefer to wear simple skirts and blouses.

(Pictures by courtesy of Qantas.)

and the Hindus won't touch beef, and the Chinese touch everything and are distinguished cooks—the Chinese restaurants are the best in town and always crowded."

She patted my hand between hers. "You'll see for yourself. Tomorrow."

There were a great many "tomorrows" during my years in Malaysia and I came to know, respect, admire, and like the Asian women for their remarkable stamina, their attention to their looks, their energy and competence.

Wide skirts for bicycle girls

As I moved in no particular confining society, I sometimes found myself within the same hour saying "goodbye" to the Princess in her gold-threaded handwoven Kelantan silks and "hello" to the pyjama-clad Hakka road-workers, whose cartwheel hats were fringed to fan their faces, carrying yokes of balanced pails filled with stones or earth as they built a road from the capital eastwards into the mountains.

I was also interested to note the "uniform" the teenage girl students wore, always a circular cotton skirt and a white or pastel sleeveless blouse.

Mistakenly I thought this emulation of

Western dress expressed admiration until one of the girls told me candidly:

"But Westernism doesn't enter the picture at all. We go to school by bicycle and the only decent and comfortable way for a girl to ride a bike is to have a wide skirt, and these wide skirts are cheap and comfortable. You don't expect us to wear pyjamas, like the peasants and the backwoods people, do you?"

These fragile-looking, flower-like creatures with their tiny waists and flawless complexions were a very practical breed indeed.

During my first months in Malaysia I was disconcerted to see women doing physical work usually associated with men only. Both the Chinese and Tamil women—the first in black or bright blue cotton pyjamas, the second in old saris—work as rubber-tappers or weeders on the large rubber plantations.

I once followed a tapper to see how arduous her work was, beginning with dawn muster just before six and ending with the latex collection at two in the afternoon. I found this particular woman was a skilled tapper, cutting the tree neatly to let the sap run into the cup below the cut.

It was cool under the trees until around nine, and then the heat gradually increased. Her work was constantly in the shade.

Around 11, when her quota of trees had

been tapped, she met some fellow tappers where several areas adjoined and they lunched together, picnic style. Each had a tin container divided into three parts, one for rice, one for curry (meat, fish, or vegetable), and one for tea.

After resting, she began collecting the latex from the cups and pouring it into pails. This work got harder as the pails filled up; they had to be lugged from tree to tree and finally hitched to a yoke and balanced over the shoulder to be brought at a jog-trot to the collection shed.

The jog-trot was the easiest for not spilling the full pails. I experimented with two pails of the same weight, promptly lost both, and gave myself a blister on my right shoulder.

Fortunately most female tappers end their rounds close to the collection shed, or else are picked up at a designated point by lorry and brought, with their pails, to the sheds.

Another thing I had to get used to was seeing women, mostly Chinese, engaged in building construction and roadwork.

I looked at these closely to see if they were thin, undernourished, and staggering under the weights they carried. Almost all were robust, healthy — flashing their teeth

To page 90

The meeting of the twain

at me in some ribald joke — muscular and far from thin.

While they toiled they protected their hands with a swaddling of cloth, like a loose glove, to keep the skin soft and free from sunburn.

Most women, however, as in Europe, are homemakers and this in itself is a familiar full-time occupation. There isn't much house-cleaning, as there isn't much furniture; in tropical countries the custom is to sit on the ground or on the wooden floor for sheer coolness, and to lie on woven rush mats. Cushions and upholstery are frankly uncomfortable unless there is air-conditioning.

But there is considerable year-round outdoor work, for in the rural areas, which predominate, each household has its own chickens, goats, ducks, perhaps a cow, and every Chinese household has pigs. Around the houses are fruit trees grown both to feed the family and for seasonal road-stand selling, a pin-money business, as it were.

Most communities have some land in common, where fields are planted for rice and tapioca, banana trees, and rubber trees are planted, and often coffee bushes as well. Here men and women work together.

The whole country has a mania for potted plants, whether lavishly planted and cultivated as in Kuala Lumpur's largest club, The Dog, or on urban window-sills, or Malay verandahs in the countryside.

Even the poorest, most shiftless dwelling still has its potted plants, free for the gathering by the roadsides.

They are a kind of status symbol: the more the pots and the more luxuriant the plants, the better you are thought of. After six months in Malaysia, I found myself industriously gathering plants, potting them, arranging them in tiers in great wicker baskets and woven plant-holders, and by the time I left the country I was as potted-plant besotted as any one.

No commentary on Malaysian women should be complete without special mention of the women of that all-Malay-populated State on the China Sea, renowned in tourist literature for its "Beach of Passionate Love," the State of Kelantan, home of Malay arts.

Here I had the opportunity of watching a Malay woman at her loom.

"I can only do this when I find a free morning or afternoon," she explained, lead-

ing me into the shade under the floor of her house, which was built, like all Malay houses, on high stilts.

Instead of the usual accumulation of live-stock, I found a loom, and on it a piece of silk with a design of a huge gold rose repeated at intervals.

The silk flashed in the gloom; it was a turquoise "changeant," supple to the touch. The weaving of Kelantan silk by native women, done in their spare time, is a secondary industry much encouraged by the Government.

"And of course," the woman said to me as she began to manipulate the intricate shuttles, "all weaving stops during the monsoon season. You should hear the wind and rain howl around here!"

Examining the silk closely, I recognised it as the kind my first princess had worn at that initial Kuala Lumpur party, and I said as much.

"Oh, we weave special pieces for the noble houses. Some of the sultans insist on their own patterns—you'll see them if ever you attend a court ceremony," she said casually.

"It's seasonal work, it's piecework, and there are always complaints at the irregularity of our output and faults in the weaving," she went on. "But if there weren't an occasional fault," she pointed out reasonably, "how would this silk differ from machine-manufactured silk? And as for regularity of output, how can I know when I'll get time to work on the loom?"

"If the baby is sick I have to nurse her, or if my husband needs help with the nets how can I also make time to weave? And I can only work during daylight—there's no light under here."

Then she smiled at me and added confidentially, "And sometimes, to be honest, I just don't feel like weaving."

At the other end of the pole is her direct opposite, the industrious, ambitious Chinese woman who would no more "not feel like" working than she'd feel like not breathing.

When I was solemnly promised that in every single native village I could count on finding a beauty salon run by a Chinese woman I derided the very idea, but after travelling throughout the country I had to admit this was the truth.

"Is your beauty salon good business?" I inquired doubtfully of the Chinese proprietress in a remote village of wild Pahang.

The salon had a sink with running water, some wooden chairs, a solitary monstrous hair-dryer, and a full assortment of nail-polish, hair-curlers, shampoos, powders, rouges, lipsticks, and other cosmetics.

Two-race hairdos

"It is steady business," she told me, pleased at my interest. "My customers are both Chinese and Malay."

"The Indian woman has only one hairstyle and it is so simple she can fix her hair with her eyes closed—two braids while she's a girl, sometimes looped together for feast days, and a sleek back-sweep with a bun at the back when she's married."

"But the Chinese and Malays are conscious of hairstyles, and we have good thick black hair that you can do a lot with."

She waved her hand at a series of portraits thumb-tacked to her wall, magazine color reproductions that had appealed to her.

"I can do up-swept, side-swept, poodle cut, and all the variations," she said proudly, "but not what you're wearing. That style must be terribly hot around the neck."

I wear a page-boy and she was quite right. For Malaya it was such a hot coiffure that I usually swept my hair behind my ears, but in honor of visiting her I'd gone to the bother of fixing it properly. If she didn't approve of my hair, she commented favorably on my dress.

"Where was that made?" she asked.

"In Singapore. By a Chinese tailor." We spoke a sort of kitchen Malay, as distinct from bazaar or rajah Malay, with some words of English and a great many gestures. Now she nodded approvingly, plucked my arm and led me to a curtained alcove. Here I found a large mirror, an old pedal-type sewing-machine, and a table piled with yards of cotton.



● Asian film star Maria Menando wears a glamorised version of the Malay national dress—a kebaya (jacket) and sarong, with shoulder scarf.

"My side-business," she explained, "when I have no beauty customers. I'm also a dressmaker."

Having seen the dexterity of Chinese women, I am convinced they know how to sew from the moment they are born. And, being intensely money-minded, every Chinese woman I ever met is a genius at calculation, many of them as much at home behind the cash-register as the immortal Frenchwoman with her tabby on the counter.

Are there women in the Malaysian Government? There are indeed. All three races, Malay, Chinese, and Indian, are represented in official capacities in the departments of health, education, information, and tourism. As in other Governments, they are a small minority, although an increasing one.

Now for the big question: What do the Malaysian women think of European women? No matter how artfully I put this question, how much I hid it in deceptive verbiage, it was always side-stepped.

Until one day, in exasperation, I discussed the matter with a Chinese friend (also a beauty-salon owner, but in one of the large towns) and she explained to me the apparent reluctance in answering.

"Ask yourself," she said, "what can we know of European women? What European women do we see? We see the wives of the rubber-plantation or tin-mine managers—they live an entirely abnormal life isolated on great estates, housed in bungalows staffed by servants, often remote from a club or town or even other plantations. Surely they're not representative of the average European woman?"

I had to admit they were not.

"Then who else is there?" she demanded. "There is the European tourist, mostly American. The great majority are middle-aged or elderly, or retired couples, travelling on a cruise, having a shopping spree or a sightseeing tour, but not acting as they would if they were back home. So they're not representative, either."

"The truth is, we just don't know European women, except through the movies, and movies are often confusing."

Reflecting on this, I now understood why I'd never been given an answer to what I had considered a simple question.

Another facet of the life of Malaysian women that much interested me was their relation to men. On this point there was complete unanimity, although expressed in several ways: the women agreed they were apparently subservient to their men, an attitude that speaks well for their perspicacity.

I stress the "apparent" because although every woman I ever spoke to about this subject promptly informed me that her husband, or father, or brother was boss in the house, she sooner or later let it drop that she got her own way.

As one talented Indian woman connected with the medical profession told me with a twinkle in her eye over a cup of tea in a Kuala Lumpur garden:

"The male ego is something fortunately omitted from the female constitution—we have other faults. Accordingly it must be dealt with to keep it healthy so that its owner can operate at full capacity. This requires, on our part, both flattery and tact to maintain the illusion of superiority."

"What happens if this illusion isn't maintained?" I asked cautiously.

"You know as well as I do," she returned. She is a well-educated woman in her fifties, competent and gifted. "The male has to prove his superiority somehow, so he takes to wife-beating, or promiscuity, or drunkenness if he can afford to. The male is still the same creature in the Orient as in the Occident—why shouldn't he react the same way?"

Better education

Whatever the role of women may have been in the past in Malaysia, the future is bound to show some surprising changes for one simple reason: the Government is enforcing compulsory education for boys and girls alike and today the daughter of the poorest rubber-tapper gets an education unlike her mother and grandmother.

This means the coming feminine generation of the 1970s will be something entirely novel in the Orient; many Malaysian young women will speak four languages, an incomparable asset for both job- and husband-getting.

This is because the official language of the country is Malay and the Government is insistent all its citizens speak the language of the country, as elsewhere in the world. The commercial language of the country is English, so that parents ambitious for their offspring see to it that the English taught in schools is absorbed. This applies not only to the big schools in the cities but also to the small school-shacks on the remotest rubber estate.

Naturally the Chinese and Indian population speak their native languages in their homes, so their children automatically and effortlessly acquire a third language.

As all races of children play together and attend school together wherever possible, it is obvious that when the little Chinese boy pulls the pig-tails of the little Tamil girl she had better speak her mind to him in a language that will affect him, so she will pick up Chinese. And he, to answer back, will probably use Tamil.

Because of the difference of religions of the three races, it is doubtful whether inter-marriage will increase as a result of greater language communication. It is interesting to note that when a Malay family adopts an orphaned Chinese baby—and these are never lacking—the child is reared like a Moslem and treated in every respect as a Malay no matter how obviously Chinese he or she may look.

What is certain is that because the young Malaysian woman of the 1970s will have education and languages at her disposal, she will widen her horizons and enter many fields of endeavor.

She will undoubtedly travel if she can, and as more foreigners come to Malaya, as tourists, with the diplomatic corps, and on business, her knowledge of the Occidental world will be based not on puzzling motion pictures but on actual contact with people.

And in the light of the centuries-old tradition that man is the master the South-East Asian women, no matter how educated, how gifted, how competent, will have the finesse to maintain him in that position, illusory or actual. My compliments to her.



● Indian girl in Malaya models a sari — a length of material draped round the body. It is worn with a short-sleeved top.

GAILY STRIPED Thai silk (left) was left over from sunroom curtains. Made by Tricia in one hour, it now doubles as a formal for balls or a hostess dress for home. "Mod" doll, called "Eloise," was an idea for a fancy-dress party.

● Eighteen-year-old Tricia McFaul, of Sydney, likes to mix and match her two favorite hobbies — interior decorating and dress-designing.



DELIGHTFUL bedroom (above), designed and decorated by Tricia McFaul, has an old-world charm. Tricia's beach-shift was pretty use for material left over from bedroom curtains and bedspread.

IN fact, most of the colorful collection of home-made clothes in her wardrobe can be tracked down to match the dining-room chair coverings, the bedroom curtains—or even a lampshade in her father's study.

For Tricia makes all her clothes from furniture fabrics.

"I adore fashion with a 'different' look," says Tricia, "and furniture fabrics give plenty of scope for that with their off-beat designs and vibrant colors.

"For instance, a plain shift is nothing new. But if you want it to be, you simply go to the furniture department of any store and buy gay orange, red, and yellow tablecloth linen

(always a good buy for shifts as it 'hangs' well and never needs bothersome lining), and a length of curtain braid—the kind with those mad little loops where the bobbles should be.

"Cut the material into a simple A-shape, add two outside pockets and a matching 'shift' scarf (they go behind the ears and have three points instead of four), edge with braiding wherever you like—and the result is sure to catch on with your friends!"

Tricia, who has been sewing "since my dolls-

SHE DECORATED THE HOUSE—AND HERSELF

Teenagers

WEEKLY

clothes days," recently graduated from the Mary White School of Art in Sydney, where she studied painting, pottery, textile design, and interior decorating for 12 months.

Her first job was to help with the renovation and re-decoration of her parents' new home at Bellevue Hill.

"The house was awkwardly designed," said Tricia, "so we knocked out walls and rearranged many of the rooms before actually decorating.

"For most of the house, I supplied only the actual ideas and plans for color schemes, fabrics, and alterations I thought necessary.

"But I wanted my bedroom, which used to be part of the absurdly large main bathroom, to be completely my own work—I wanted to surprise my family, when it was finished, with my technical as well as (I hope!) my artistic ability."

So for two months she worked on it, with frequent expeditions to antique auctions, and even Tempe Tip.

"Tempe Tip" is the popular nickname for Sydney's Salvation Army Collection Depot, which is

A FURNITURE FORMAL is how Tricia describes this striking ball gown (left). Trimmed simply with tiny self buttons, it features Tricia's favorite Empire Line and slightly belled sleeves—and matches her mother's favorite lampshade.

really situated at St. Peters. It is one of the favorite haunts of antique-lovers, who go there and buy old pieces of furniture and silverware given to the depot by people who wish to help the charity. Many valuable things are often found there, for a few shillings, by people who are experienced in the Saturday-morning rush.

"Cheated"

Among the "bits and pieces" she collected were: A little Victorian wicker-work chair, typically decorated with spiral motifs and a heart-shaped back (she cleverly sprayed it with white paint to match the rest of the bedroom furniture), a tiny 18-century oval-shaped mirror ("not very practical—I can only just see my face in it—but pretty"), a charming little print, exactly reflecting the pretty deep rose, white, and gold color scheme of the room.

"But more than anything I wanted a Queen Anne style bed with a canopy," said Tricia. "I think there's nothing more elegant than period furniture.

"However, when we eventually found one it was rather large, and the room proved too small to 'carry' it successfully."

So Tricia thought of a way to cheat.

She encased her old bed in a two-sided "box" made of plywood, carved a 9in-wide scallop trim which she then nailed to the long side of the roof, and painted the

whole construction white.

She then added a deep rose cotton side-curtain (the color was carefully picked to match the striped curtains and bedspread she had sewn, and was also used for the chair and window-seat covering).

The result? A very effective and original modern adaptation of a Queen Anne canopy bed!

"My other big problem

was storage space," said Tricia. "I specially wanted the room to be small and cosy, but any bulky pieces of furniture were taboo."

The problem was solved ingeniously.

Tricia simply fitted the long window-seat with six compartments suitable for stowing away everything from shoes and clothing to magazines and souvenirs.

— Mary Ellen Johnson

DINING-SUITE dolly-dress (below) again features Empire Line, with button trim and delicate pearl beading on scalloped Peter Pan collar and Empire band. Matching hair-band with bow on top is typical of the mad "dolly look"—London's latest feminine fad.



Letters

Study tips passed on by seniors

IN our system of education it is necessary for students to choose certain subjects for their final examinations. Most students find this a difficult task. Frequently, examination marks are no indication as to whether they can cope with a subject the following year.

The solution to this problem may be for students who have studied various subjects to visit lower classes at the end of each year. On these visits they would give their opinions and experiences about the subjects they had tackled that year. This would be a valuable guide to students, as it would be "first-hand" information. — *J. McClure, Mt. Waverley, Vic.*

U.S. interest

I AM a 16-year-old American teenager who, through a pen-pal, has become interested in your magazine.

When I saw my first copy of *Teenagers' Weekly*, I was surprised to see how similar the ideas and problems of Australian teenagers were to my own. However, I was amazed at the urgency placed on saving enough money to buy a car or to travel. I understand that Aussie teenagers graduate from school at about 16 and go to work soon after. What's more, you have good, solid jobs that pay well.

In America, we don't leave high school until we are 17 or 18, and even then it is hard to find a good job without going on and completing a college (university) course.

I believe that the Australian way of placing responsibility on to a teenager at 16 helps him mature more quickly and makes him a better person later on. — *Sandra Williams, Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.*

Parent trap

MANY teenagers condemn their parents for their lack of understanding, finding great difficulty in discussing even minor problems with them.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

But is it parents' fault? These days wages and working conditions are good. Life is comfortable and easy, and there is plenty of money to buy what we want.

Our parents, however, have known a different world, where many subjects were not discussed freely and working conditions and wages were poor. They have known war and the Depression.

Such contrasting eras could not help but produce people of contrasting or clashing ideas.

NEXT WEEK:

- *Elly May, the cutie in the popular TV series "The Beverly Hillbillies," has inspired new home-spun-looking casual fashions in America. A page of color pictures shows how applicable they are to the Australian summer scene.*
- *There are fascinating color pictures (one wonderful underwater shot) of, and story about, the Sydney teenager who recently set a skin-diving depth record.*

Our parents are entitled to their views and have had many more years than we have to form them.

Perhaps all of us should try to meet our parents, and their ideas, halfway. — *Miss J. L. Cockrum, Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

Go East, etc.

IN view of the fact that Australia is the only major English-speaking country in Asia, Eastern languages should replace, or take equally as important a position as, languages now taught in our secondary schools.

It is important we do this because of our commercial and geographical ties with Asia. Australia is relying more and more on the East for trade relationships and common ground is inevitably necessary. — *Elaine Albers, Burwood, Vic.*

Army girls

NATIONAL Service training should be compulsory for women. Recently this subject was brought up in Parliament, and the idea was put forward that National Service would perhaps give women some discipline.

Women should be taught how to handle a gun and should be given at least three months' instruction in first-aid. — *Rosemary Bennett, St. Peters, N.S.W.*

Sacrifices

I AM always being told that if I want something badly enough I must be prepared to make sacrifices and save up for it.

But Australian adults don't seem to be setting a very good example. They expect the Federal Government to increase defence expenditure, but they want more possessions and luxuries than before.

If we are patriotic enough, we all should be prepared to make sacrifices for the safety of our country. — *"Partisan," Maryborough, Qld.*

Date status

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, teenage boys select their girlfriends as if they were some kind of super status symbol. A boy attains the respect and admiration of his fellows when he escorts the most beautiful or popular girl in the group.

Only as a boy matures will he learn to choose a girl because he likes her — whatever the other boys think. — *J. MacDougall, Cammeray, N.S.W.*

Be popular

MANY teenagers just aren't popular, but here are ten good ways to help you become so:

1. Let people know you like them.
2. Don't have one set of manners for the people you want to attract and another set for everybody else.
3. Think of ways to make others feel important.

4. Admit your mistakes cheerfully.

5. Don't poke fun at others just for fun.

6. Listen politely to other people's ideas, even if they sound silly.

7. Act as if you are having a good time, even if you aren't.

8. Don't be a name-dropper.

9. (Especially for girls.) Don't break a date once you've made it — even if someone "better" asks you.

10. (Especially for boys.) Avoid calling anyone a fool.

— *Anne Parkinson, Wangarratta, Vic.*



HOW SHOULD PEN-PAL LETTERS BE SIGNED?

• Quoting a first pen-friend letter from a boy to a girl that had been signed "With all my love," J. Bruce asked what other readers felt about the signing of pen-pal correspondence . . .

AS I correspond with 25 overseas pen-pals in 19 different countries, I feel I have a right to give my opinion on the way in which pen-pals sign their letters.

The usual way my overseas correspondents have signed their letters include "Yours sincerely," "Your pen-pal," and "Your overseas friend." This is usual for the first few letters; then it changes to "Yours ever," "Yours," etc., later.

I have been writing to several girl pen-pals for a long while, and through our letters have become good friends. Our usual ending is "Your loving friend," "Yours affectionately."

I am 15, by the way, and agree that first letters, particularly in the case of a boy to a girl, should be signed more formally. — *Christine Richards, Beresfield, N.S.W.*

PEN-PAL friendship is a gradual thing, established only after several letters are exchanged. Therefore, the signing of the first few letters should not be as personal as later ones.

So, in my opinion, endings

such as "Yours forever," "My one true love, Theodora," are way, way out. Rather I would suggest something like "Yours sincerely" (an old favorite), "Hopefully," or simply "Your friend."

Then, as the friendship grows, so do the signings-off, e.g.: "All my loving" (applied to Beatle fans only), or, for more conservative types, "Your loving friend."

Personal touches are also quite effective in letters such as these, but, of course, that is up to the person concerned. — *Jerry G. Morrissey, Boural, N.S.W.*

THE closing salutation for pen-pal letters should be friendly and simple. It should read just "Your pen-pal," "Yours," and then your name. Or even "Yours sincerely."

READERS SAY

To sign the letter "With all my love" is a little ridiculous for pen-friend letters unless you have corresponded with the person for a number of years and have come to know him or her particularly well.

From my own experiences I have found that the pen-pals who correspond regularly are the ones who sign themselves just "Your pen-pal (or pen-friend)." — *Barbara List, Beccroft, N.S.W.*

I CORRESPOND with a Scottish boy, and so far have received two letters from him. The first one was signed "love," then he had crossed it out and put "better not" in brackets. The second time he put in "love" (?).

I wonder if he will keep getting braver! — *Miss Noeline Frank, Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.*

ALTHOUGH I have been writing to my boy pen-pal in America for a while now, he has only got as far as signing "Lively yours."

I have several pen-pals, and after three or more letters, my girl pen-pals and I have been signing "with love."

J. Bruce is right in saying that the boy pen-pal was going a bit too far in his friendship, as it was only a first letter. — *M. Morrissey, Coonabarabran, N.S.W.*

Beauty in brief:

HINTS TO FRESHEN YOUR SKIN

WHEN you slip into careless eating habits your complexion usually reflects them sooner or later.

Getting back on the right skin diet takes a bit of willpower at first, but the fact remains that you can seldom have your complexion and eat impulsively, too.

If this crisis should arise, better switch to a strict health regime right away.

The vitamins that keep the skin refreshed and help improve the texture are A, B, C, D, and E; these are found in milk, butter, eggs, beef, liver, citrus fruits, yeast — and sunshine.

Milk, of course, is a famous beautifier. Drink plenty of it, if you can, to help you on the way to a clear skin.

And take it easy on starchy, fatty foods and soft drinks — at least for some time to come.

— *CAROLYN EARLE*

The stars' STARS — and you TROY IS SO STRONG-WILLED

KNOWING TROY DONAHUE (born on January 27, 1937) as well as I do, I have to say that—like many Aquarians (January 20 to February 19)—he is not easy to understand for two reasons.

One is a studious and deep-thinking strain. The other (it always surprises

people) is the strong will of Aquarians. This reveals itself in a taste for excitement and danger.

I PREDICT that around the end of the year Troy will make a world tour.

IF YOU share Troy's birth sign . . .

Aquarians are the most reliable of people — you think deeply about things

and show determination. Generally, you are kind and full of sympathy, preferring to achieve your aims without fuss.

You reveal a genuine ambition to rise above others.

I PREDICT that you will have much success with a recent plan.—**MAURICE WOODRUFF.**

• More stars next week.



Troy Donahue

BANDSTAND

By BRIAN HENDERSON



FILMLAND FLASHES . . .

Jazzman Miles Davis is making his movie debut in "The Cincinnati Kid" . . . Diane Cilento and husband Sean Connery are still talking about coming to Australia to film "Call Me When The Cross Turns Over" . . . Sir Alec Guinness will star in the film of the controversial book "Dr. Zhivago" by Boris Pasternak . . . Lee Remick will make her singing debut in the movie "Hallelujah Trail" . . . Bob Hope (visiting Australia near the end of the year?) and Bing Crosby to make another "road" picture — "The Road To India" . . . Shelley Fabares will co-star with Elvis Presley in "Two Round Trips To Rome" early next year. The film will be shot in Hollywood . . . A TV series will be made based on "Kissin' Cousins" with George Hamilton as the star.

How to get on television

● About a third of the mail we receive in the office is from people wanting to appear on television's "Bandstand."

SOME people seem to think we use the same people over and over again on the show. Despite these accusations occasionally levelled at us, we are continually looking for new talent. Which brings us to the subject of auditions.

Artists who appear on "Bandstand" are seldom taken straight from the auditions. We sometimes audition special people for a particular show we have in mind, but these are generally people who have had professional experience.

To apply for an audition write to TCN9, Artarmon Road, Willoughby, N.S.W., giving full details. But a word of warning—and this is a subject we have discussed in an earlier article—the days of the singer with no knowledge of music or movement are long gone.

Very few "finds" emerge from an audition of untrained performers. Look at any of the "Bandstand" family and you'll find some professional backgrounds. So obviously a knowledge of music and movement is an enormous help.

In the "good old days" a performer with personality but not much voice could get by, as would a performer with no personality but a good voice. Now when we audition we look for both.

Question: How do I get experience?

Answer: The best way is to look for the occasional amateur appearance at a dance or concert. This will give you the groundwork you require.

So when you apply make sure you are ready.

When people come to us for an audition we don't necessarily expect them to make an instant appearance on the show the following week. But if we see some latent talent we are prepared to develop it.

A word of encouragement . . .

Scarcely anyone does a good audition. Let's face it, it is a nerve-racking ordeal,

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); TNT9 (Launceston); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

and most people would like to try again straight away. Many new performers complain of colds and sore throats the night before their audition.

These are points we always keep in mind and we are more than sympathetic toward those who start in the wrong key or whose voice cracks due to nerves.

I don't believe that I have ever told anybody that they would never become a singer. I feel if you really want to do something you will.

Good luck.

Horror group

I hear there's a new group in the States who call themselves "The Modern Mon-



sters." A girl and five fellows, they call themselves Ripper Lorre, Quasimodo, Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolf Man. They're being managed by a barrister who says they'll out-Beatle The Beatles.

Disc-ussion

For jazz fans this should be an album to watch for: Sammy Davis is recording an LP with Count Basie. The arranger is Quincy Jones.

Allan Sherman of "Hello Muddah, Hello Fuddah" fame, is bringing out a 1964 version called "You Need An Analyst."

Still set to the music of "The Dance Of The Hours," it's supposedly even funnier, but like a lot of comedy discs the novelty wears off once you've heard it a few times.

The Rolling Stones must have really killed them in the States, as they are set for a second tour starting October 24 after they've been to Belgium, France, and Germany.

The Stones are set to start

shooting their first film in January next year.

A whole bunch of records from Universal Record includes new and re-releases.

"Rockin' and Stompin' with Col Joye" includes a number that could have been a hit single for him — "Say, Momma"; other good tracks are "Half As Much," "Oh Yeah Uh Huh," and "The Buzzard and the Oriole."

"Satchmo — Collectors' Items." The 64-year-old Louis Armstrong is currently on the charts with "Hello, Dolly," and when we tell you that this album includes "Shadrack" the Armstrong fans will know exactly what to expect — it's a gas.

"The Lady Sings — Billie Holliday." While on the Armstrong subject, another collectors' item with the incredible Billie Holliday. Most of the big names Armstrong has been associated with are long gone—people like Billie Holliday, acknowledged tops in her time. So this album is a must for her fans.

● Does it really matter what a group is called? The Undertakers, a group of English lads with a funeral gimmick, found out the hard way. Their name, image, and dress were not acceptable to the public. So the five Liverpoolians bought new, grey modern suits (see above), altered their image completely and renamed themselves "The Takers." So what happened? They have been booked for TV shows and they have a new disc out. It's an old drifters number, "If You Don't Come Back," a great chance for THEM to really come back to the big time!

ENTRIES IN OUR ROAD SAFETY CONTEST CLOSED ON OCTOBER 6

ROUND ROBIN

GAMES, BUT NOT MUCH FUN

● Cupid has been given accommodation at the Tokyo Olympic village, but he doesn't seem to have much hope of doing any good at the Games.

JAPANESE bridal outfits can be hired in the Olympic village women's quarters by any girl competitor who wants to get married in Tokyo.

The bride would be able to hire a Japanese wedding kimono and be tizzed up with traditional make-up and hairdo.

A quaint idea. The bride, of course, would have to have a yen (or so) for the service.

But how, pray, could a couple do much courting — what with all the curfews and other restrictions?

The Australian team, for instance, has a 10 p.m. curfew. Even at the fun and Games that Cinderella ran in, the team didn't have to turn in (to mice) until midnight!

The boy who carries an Olympic torch for a girl competitor will find her as closely guarded as a harem beauty. Thirty-two Japanese policewomen have been assigned to guard the women's quarters.

They are well equipped to nip in the bud any male intruders. Each cop carries a whistle, handcuffs, ropes, and is a judo expert.

If a male visitor cannot produce a pass he will be grabbed and tossed out.

This could lead to some ill-feeling. A shot-out shot-putter would be put out.

The only men, apparently, who can enter the women's village are official cooks.

I hope, for the girls' sakes, that the cooks do not prepare only Eastern dishes.

Otherwise, the nearest the lasses will get to Olympic marriage will be running shoes and rice.

— Robin Adair



● Yummy St. John is only 14, but she is riding higher than the pillarbox she is pictured using as a seat. The English schoolgirl has just cut her first record, a beat number called "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey." And that's not all. A distinctive stage outfit—Paris dress with beret—could be big fashion for teens.

THE CLASSICS

BRITTEN: Orchestral works

FEW living composers have had the success with both the public and the critics that the English composer Benjamin Britten enjoys now at the age of 50.

Britten is a composer of extraordinary genius and originality, and it is no slight on him to say that his all-round success has been helped by the fact that his music, while not old-fashioned, does not present great problems to the listener who is unused to modern music.

One of his most approachable works is the "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" (or "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell"), which was deliberately written for easy understanding — but is no less a brilliant piece for that.

In a new Decca recording this piece appears in an authentic performance with Britten himself conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.

It is paired with one of Britten's most admired works: The Serenade for tenor, horn, and strings, a song cycle written (like the "Young Person's Guide") in the early 1940s.

The soloists in this fine performance are Peter Pears (for whom the cycle was written) and the Australian-born horn player Barry Tuckwell.

— MARTIN LONG

BEFORE



BRYAN, the "boy next door" for years.

AFTER



BRYAN, the Beatle-type.

"Mod" clothes . . . only two haircuts in five months . . .

By **KERRY YATES** **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BRYAN DAVIES?**

• The "new look" Bryan Davies — back from London with a new hairstyle, new clothes, and even a new voice — has caused quite a stir among fans.

EVERYONE keeps telling me how I've changed," said Bryan recently "but I don't feel any different — I'm just glad to be home."

Bryan is back from five months in London, where he sang on several television and radio shows, made four records, and "gathered many valuable trade tricks."

Bryan, 20, left his young "boy next door" looks in London and returned to Sydney with a long, brushed-down, Beatle-type hairstyle and a selection of the latest "mod" clothes.

"Sure, I've changed my image," he said, "but I had to. My manager thought I looked so old-fashioned when I arrived in London, compared with the singing stars over there."

"I had to be 'with it' to be noticed there and although I thought my clothes and hair were strange at first I like them now. My 'new look,' as people describe it, is just 'me' now."

"I didn't have to do anything special for my hairdo — I just brushed it down and let it grow," Bryan said. "I only had two hair trims the whole time I was away."

"But changing my clothes fashion was not as simple," he said. "I could only bring a few things home on the plane with me. But I've brought lots of mod-inspired ideas and plan to build a complete new wardrobe."

"The mods are a group of teenagers in Britain who are revolting against convention, especially in fashion. They want to be different and some of their clothes are really crazy. But some are very sharp."

"I chose the points I liked and my clothes are a modified and even conservative version of what most mods wear," he said. "Some of the boys wear things like polka-dot shirts, matching eye - shadow, and leather shoulder-strap bags—but I'd never go as far as that, of course!"

Bryan's new look has roused mixed feelings in his Australian fans. "I was surprised it caused such a stir when I arrived home, because I was so used to it by then," he said.

"I had letters from people asking, 'What happened to the old you?' and from others who like me better now. But I think it'll just be a matter of time before everyone accepts me like this."

Girl approves

One fan who certainly approves of the new Bryan is his girlfriend, Sydney schoolgirl and young actress Jackie Weaver.

"I never liked Bryan's brushed-back hairstyle before, and was always trying to get him to grow it and brush it down at the front," she said. "I didn't like it so long that it curled up at the back when he first arrived home — but he's had it cut a little, and I think it's great now."

"And I love all his new clothes — the high-collared shirts, square-toed leather boots, and especially the three-piece suit."

The suit, of herringbone tweed, features the latest slightly bell-bottomed trousers, high three-buttoned coat and matching tailored waistcoat. Bryan wears an old guinea hanging from a gold watchchain.

"It's so old-fashioned, it's modern," Jackie said. "Everyone seemed to like it when he wore it to a party the other night. But they laughed at my dolly-skirt."



BRYAN DAVIES wears his English "mod" three-piece herringbone tweed suit, with gold guinea hanging from watchchain on his waistcoat. Friend Jackie Weaver is in a quaint dolly-skirt that Bryan thinks is "cute."

Bryan wanted Jackie to have her pink wool ankle-length dolly-skirt made because he thought the London girls looked so cute wearing them.

"And I think it suits Jackie because she's so tiny — 4ft. 11in. — and it makes her look taller," Bryan said.

"She's the dolly-skirt type, too — because she likes to wear the Mary Quant white stockings and never wears lipstick. I think girls look really feminine in the long skirts."

Jackie, who at 17 already has done quite a bit of acting and singing in pantomimes and television shows in Sydney, is very excited at the moment about the offer of a recording contract made to her after a successful singing audition recently.

"I want to be an actress — when I've finished my Leaving Certificate studies this year," she said, "but I'm thrilled with this opportunity. I haven't made any definite plans yet, though."

Even Bryan's future is not definite yet, he said.

"But for the next six months I hope to concentrate on personal and television appearances in Sydney and interstate, and I'm very excited about a new record — a new sound for me—that I've just made."

"I have changed my singing style a little — I used to sing almost anything," he said, "but now I'm concentrating on a more 'beaty', almost Liverpool sound."

While he was in London Bryan had dinner with Australian singers Judy Cannon and Patsy Ann Noble.

"They both seem to be enjoying London, although Patsy was a little down in the dumps because her fiancé had just flunked his law exams and his father insisted they could see each other for only an hour on Sundays!"

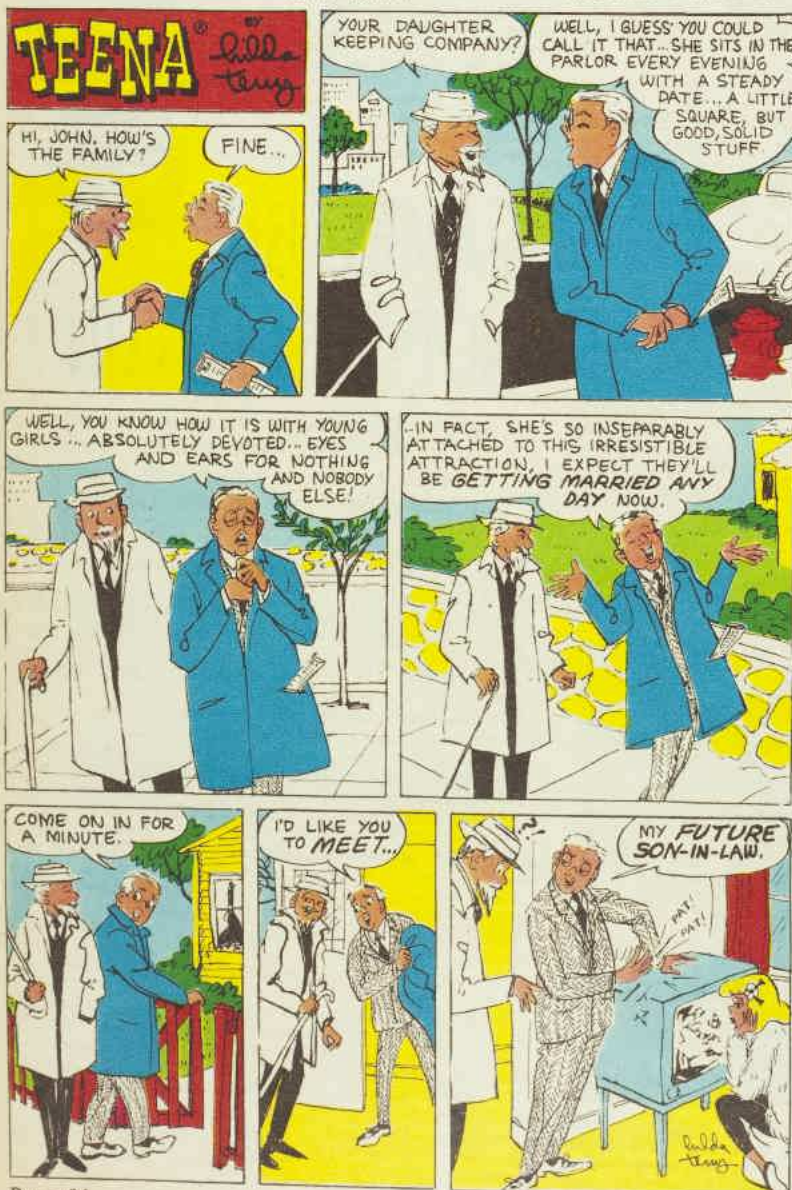
"I went to Ascot — the famous racecourse — but unfortunately I couldn't even see the horses, it rained so heavily that day," he said. "But I was nearly knocked down by a Rolls-Royce on the way home — and I looked up and was surprised to find the driver was film star Jack Hawkins."

Food fads

"I picked up some crazy food cravings overseas," Bryan said. "I could eat smoked salmon for breakfast, lunch, and tea, and I'm mad about peanut butter and beetroot on toast."

"I had a good time away — I saw a lot of England (including Manchester, where I was born and lived until I was two, and my family came to Australia) and I spent a few days in Paris, and a week in Honolulu on the way home."

"In fact, all round I would say it was a very successful trip for me," Bryan said. "Looking back, I think the experience benefited me more personally than professionally. I feel I've grown up."



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER by LOUISE HUNTER

● "Recently my 19-year-old boyfriend asked me to wear his friendship ring. I gladly accepted, but last week I found out that it was the same one he gave to his last girlfriend. Do you think this is right, as it seems like second-hand love to me."
—"Friendship," W.A.

WHEN you consent to wear someone's friendship ring it means that you are a friend — only. Surely you couldn't expect that you would be this boy's first and only friend? I think you are taking the matter too seriously.

"MY friends warn me that I am a prospective hen-pecked husband because of my girlfriend's strong will. She means a lot to me, but I realise that she is very independent and is used to getting her own way. I know I will have my hands full if we

marry, but I cannot help but think it wrong to allow her to go on in her own way without some sort of firm hand. What can I do or say to her?"
"Anxious," Qld.

Nobody can tell another adult person what he should do, and I think you are making a mistake if you enter into marriage with the idea of changing your girlfriend.

That's a sure path to unhappiness for you both.

Have a heart-to-heart talk with your girlfriend and tell her of all your doubts about her strong will — but remember, this is her personality, and you probably would not have been attracted to her in the first place if she was different.

★ ★ ★
"WE are three 16-year-old high-school students and we have a very close friend who seems to have a bad case of hero worship. She is always being influenced in everything by a younger girl, and our friend won't go anywhere without this other girl. If this girl doesn't like something, our friend claims that she doesn't like it either. According to our friend this girl is perfect in all respects—dress sense, figure, looks, voice, etc. The four of us have been firm friends for many years and we don't like to see our friend turning into an exact replica of this girl. Please tell us how to cure our friend of the misapprehension that this younger girl is perfect in every respect."
"Trio," Vic.

Your friend might be suffering from a bad case of hero worship — but I think you three are suffering from a bad case of jealousy.

Don't meddle in your friend's affairs. It is up to her, and her alone, to choose her own friends.

★ ★ ★
"MOST of the girls at my school and of my age (14) get pocket money each week. I've asked my father for just a few shillings a week, but he keeps telling me how ungrateful I am. He says he gives me money when I want to go to basketball or somewhere and that he gives me money for clothes, within reason. Sometimes I just break down and cry because I just want to feel a little bit responsible and be able to save up for something worth while. Do you think I am being selfish, as my father says?"

"Broke," N.S.W.
I do think pocket money is a good idea for teenagers because it does teach them the value of money and they realise quickly just how much effort has to go into saving for something special.

Try to explain this to your father and promise that if he will give you a set sum each week you will never come to him for money for clothes or "bits and pieces."

And stick to your bargain. But if he still doesn't want to give you pocket money there isn't very much you can do — he's your father, and what he says goes!

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



Vilene

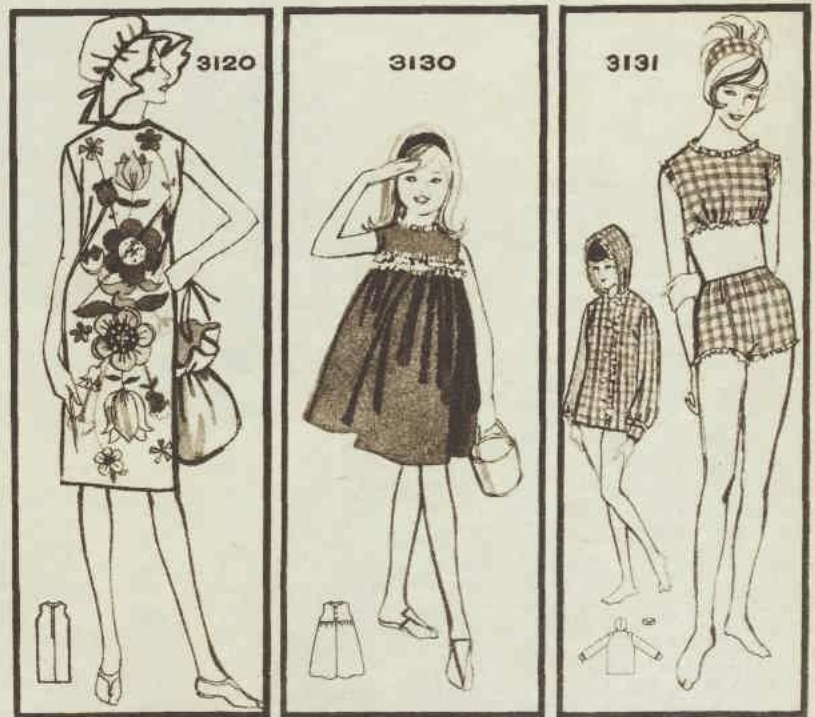
VILENE INTERLINING ADDS THE HIGH FASHION LOOK.

Overseas designers used Vilene to achieve these flowing lines and there is a Vilene quality for every fabric weight. Vilene is washable, dry-cleanable and drip-dry—has no bias, can be cut in any direction for added economy. For free booklet "Sewing with Vilene", write to: Vilene Studio, 7 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Vilene is fully guaranteed—always look for the name 'Vilene' on the selvedge.

Butterick PATTERNS



3102.—Cool two-piece dress. Sleeveless overblouse has bias tape trim and purchased tie. Darted slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
3123.—Another smart two-piece. Semi-fitted sleeveless jacket with notched collar. Darted straight skirt. Pattern also includes a scooped neck shift and overblouse, and long pants for sportswear. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.
3113.—Semi-fitted, step-in shift dress cut in larger sizes. Pattern also provides long sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

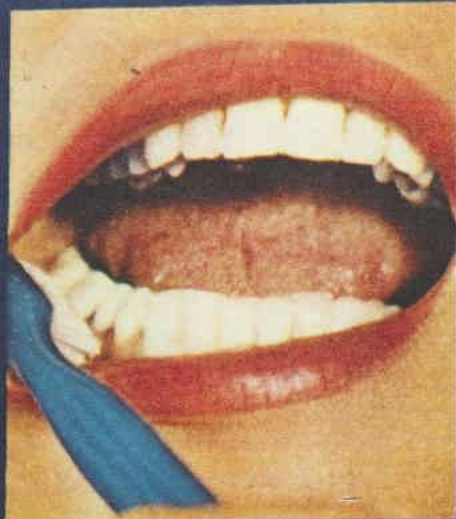


3120.—Easy-to-make beach set. The shift is designed for panel prints, bias tape binding on neckline. Drawstring beach bag and beach hat are also trimmed with bias tape. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
3130.—Pretty beach or play dress for 4 to 12 years. The skirt is gathered into a high, lace-trimmed yoke. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.
3131.—Young Junior & Teen beach and sportswear. Hooded beach jacket with long, barrel cuffed sleeves. The bra top of the bathing suit has a low scooped back which buttons at centre. Darted shorts have back-zipper opening. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

| | | |
|---------|--------|------|
| NAME | DESIGN | SIZE |
| ADDRESS | | |



1.

BRUSH OUTER SIDES OF ALL YOUR TEETH

Hold the brush with the sides of the bristles pressed against the gums. Teeth should be brushed (in a circular action) in the direction they grow — down on the upper teeth, up on the lower teeth. Brushing correctly — with Nyal Fluoride — can really cut down on the number of cavities.



2.

BRUSH INSIDE YOUR BACK TEETH

Use the same brushing action as for the outside. Brush from the gums. You will find this awkward at first, but with practice it becomes easy.

How to Brush your Teeth...

Correct Brushing Helps to Keep Teeth and Gums Healthy



3.

BRUSH BEHIND YOUR FRONT TEETH

Holding the brush vertically, pull it upwards over the gums and backs of your lower front teeth. For the upper front teeth, pull the brush downwards and forwards over the palate and the backs of the teeth.



4.

BRUSH THE CHEWING SURFACES OF YOUR BACK TEETH

Brush these surfaces with a backwards and forwards action. Two golden rules for dental health: (1) Brush after every meal or snack. (2) Have a regular check-up with your dentist every six months.

This advertisement is inserted by the makers of NYAL FLUORIDE Toothpaste in the interests of dental health.

NYAL—the pleasant-tasting FLUORIDE with the refreshing mint flavour! Your dentist will tell you that NYAL FLUORIDE hardens and strengthens tooth enamel—provides an effective anti-decay barrier.

Four sizes:
2/9, 3/10, 4/10, 5/10

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